THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

LY

O

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Psed by

DI VALLEE

and

LICE FAY

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.
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PROGRAMS

O RADIO STARS EARN THEIR PAY?

BING CROSBY

CLEARS UP A MISTAKE

—and gives a tip on clear radio reception

1

NEXT DAY—AT THE MOVIE STUDIO

2

3

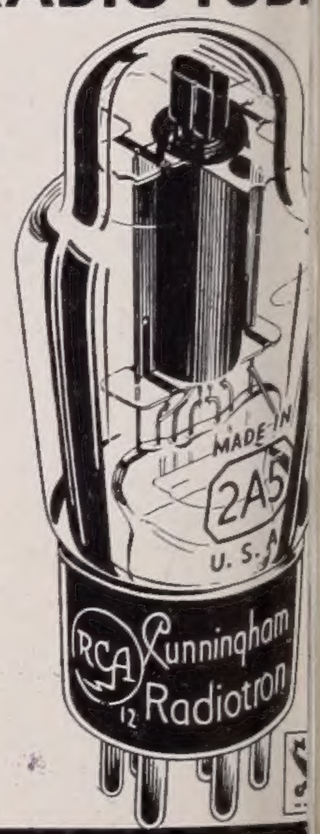
4

5

6

GET RADIO AT ITS BEST WITH MICRO-SENSITIVE RCA RADIO TUBI

THERE'S a new thrill in store for you when you replace old tubes with these new Micro-Sensitive RCA Radio Tubes. For true-to-life reception a radio tube must be sensitive enough to pick up a microscopic electrical impulse—the millionth part of a volt. RCA Radio Tubes give you "Micro-Sensitive" accuracy. Have your dealer test your tubes today. Replace worn tubes with the only tubes guaranteed by RCA Radiotron Co., Inc., to give these 5 big improvements:



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3 Uniform Volume
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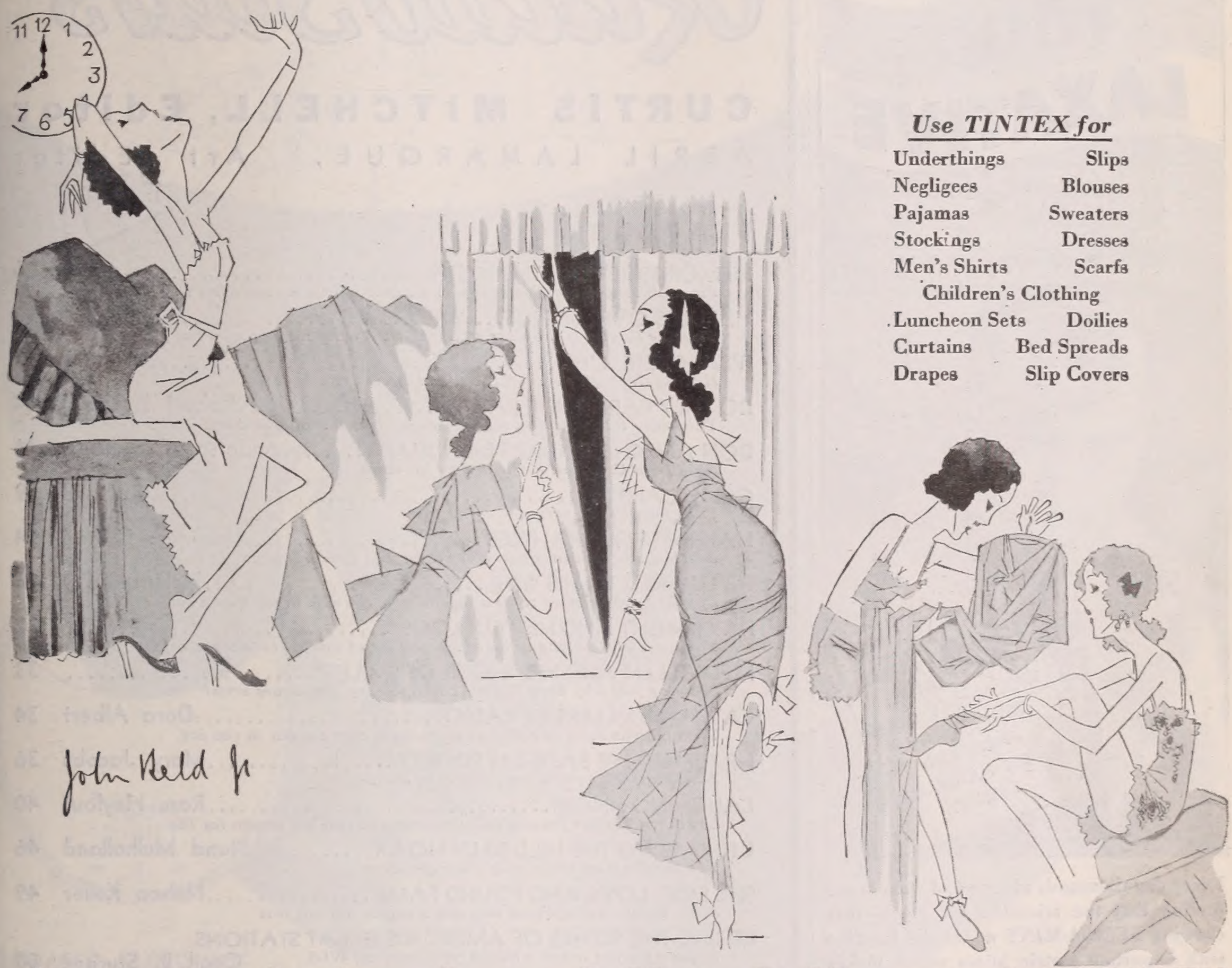

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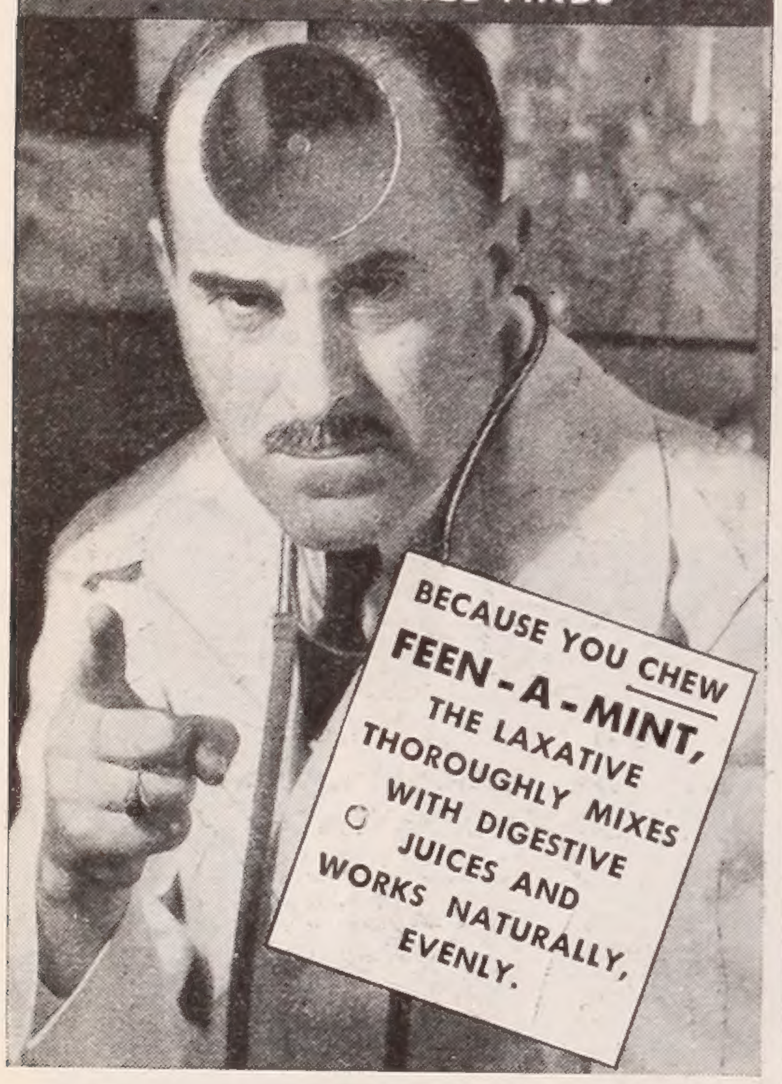

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The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

CURTIS MITCHELL, Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

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COVER DESIGN BY MARLAND STONE

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IS AS HOT AS KLIEG LIGHTS . . .

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They not only prevent embarrassing stains but actually make your dress *last longer* by safeguarding it at the underarm—the point of greatest wear. Ask for Kleinert's Dress Shields where you bought this magazine—25c a pair will assure you the *guaranteed* protection of the genuine.

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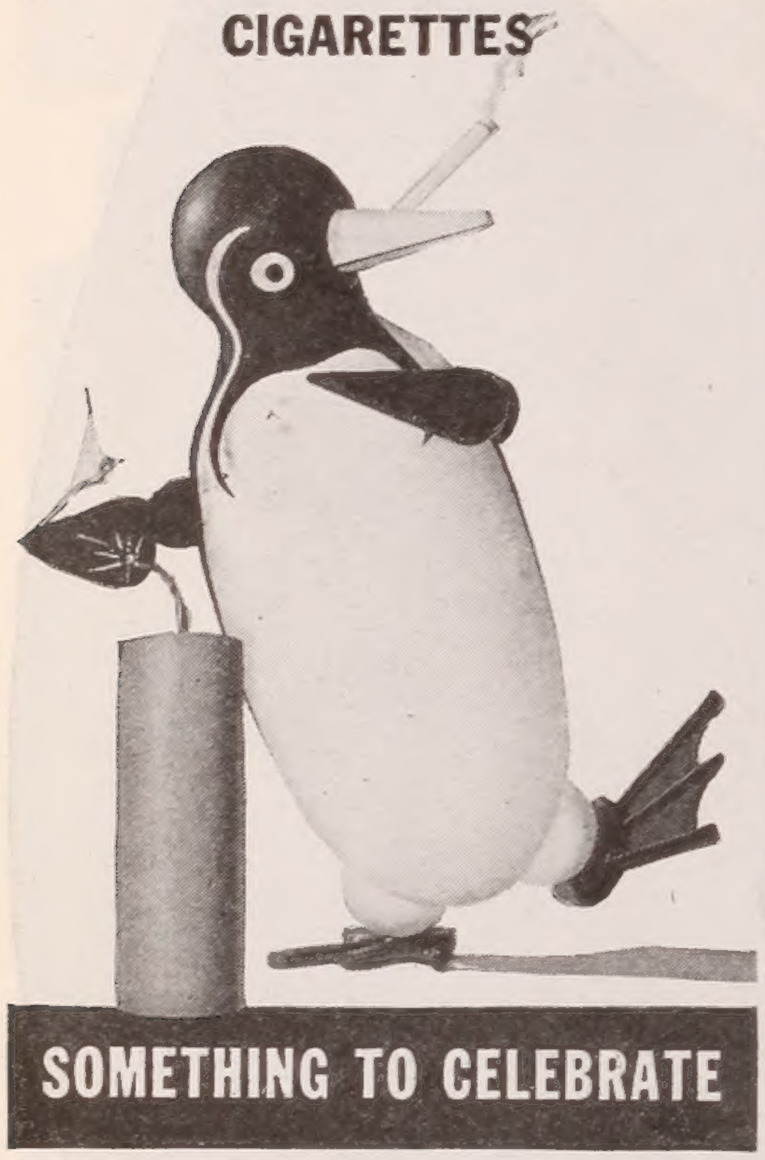

When will you, too, sign this declaration of smoking comfort? *"Down with cigarettes that dry our throats. We want a refreshing smoke. We want Kools"....* (signed) *"A nation of contented Kool smokers."* KOOLS are mentholated, mildly. The smoke is cooler, but the fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved. Cork tips protect lips. Finally, FREE coupons packed with KOOLS bring gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and other merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for illustrated list.

FREE HANDSOME GIFTS...

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Tommy McLaughlin, that great big Irish baritone with a laugh in his song, has been pulling gags—and getting away with 'em—ever since he was knee-high to the proverbial grasshopper. He sings over CBS and NBC.

MEMORIES REVEAL the TRUTH

What is your most vivid childhood memory? Here is an amusing way to discover why you are what you are. Try it sometime

WHAT incidents do you recall most vividly from your childhood? Remember back not only to what you did, but why you did it. If you cared what other people thought, if you were sensitive to what they said, if you acted on impulse usually instead of reasoning things out, nine chances out of ten you are doing the same thing today!

Because our childhood memories reveal the truth about us, a group of radio stars were asked what incidents they recalled most readily and vividly from their childhood. In telling about them they unconsciously revealed themselves.

"Why, the thing I remember from childhood is such a silly incident," said Jane Pickens of the lovely Pickens sisters. And she giggled a little as she told about it.

You know, of course, that she was brought up on a great, sprawling southern plantation. One day a pig got out of his pen. He was a little red pig with a round belly, who had won many prizes.

Jane saw him running away and started running after him. He ran from her as fast as his fat little legs would carry him. So there they were, the two of them, the pig determined not to be caught and Jane determined to bring him back.

What happened? Jane ran the pig to death! She ran after him and he ran away from her until finally he dropped dead from exhaustion at her feet. Jane, poor child, hadn't known that roly-poly pigs like that are very short winded.

"It's such a silly incident," repeated Jane. "I can't imagine what in the world made me think of it."

Silly? Perhaps. But almost any other girl in her place would have gone for help. Even in her childhood Jane wanted to bear the brunt of everything, herself. Today, she

the same way. Not only does she range the music for the broadcasts the Pickens sisters, but sees that e musicians are ready, selects the ngs, and doesn't ask help from yone. She hates to delegate re-onsibility to other people.

"I realize," she says, "that there ust be lots of capable people who uld take care of some of the de-ls, but somehow I like to see to em myself." The kind of a girl o just dotes on responsibility—t's Jane Pickens.

Just the opposite is Tommy Mc-ughlin, the baritone you enjoy over th CBS and NBC. All his life he s been getting into scrapes and lling all sorts of gags trying to get t of them. The result of all this y dodging is that he usually gets deeper and deeper.

HERE was the time, when he was a young lad in school, that he ought home a report card marked, eportment V. P." That meant ery Poor," of course, but Tommy ed to convince his parents that it ant very perfect.

And there is a grand story which tells on himself, which happened en he was attending college in Los geles. He had an appointment at friend's house at eight o'clock in e evening. It was past eight thirty, d he had miles to go! His father s very lenient about letting him e his car, so into it he dashed and gan speeding "like a bat out of ll." Just as he drew up before his end's house, a motorcycle cop ew up alongside and handed him icket.

The last thing in the world that mmy wanted his father to learn s that he had been speeding. When went home late that night, he left e summons he had received at his end's house, and begged him to try square it.

He was supposed to appear in urt the next morning. As the nutes dragged by and he heard thing from his friend, he became ribly nervous. So, he went to the efect of the school during the re-ss period, told him what had hap-ned, and asked for the day off to port in court.

That was an old gag in that school. henever the boys wanted an after-on off to go down to the beach, ey pretended they had to appear in urt for speeding.

The prefect was wise, much too se. He told Tommy that he could e the day off if he would show him e ticket.

It was still at the house of Tom-y's friend, and there were only about teen minutes left of the recess riod. Once more Tommy dashed

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap

Clothes can't gossip—no indeed! Yet the very linens you set on a tea table—if they're a little dull and grayish—can tell tales on you. They can say that your clothes are poorly washed—that dirt is still hiding in them. So you seem careless to others—when it isn't your fault at all. It's your soap that's to blame—it doesn't get ALL the dirt out.

But change to Fels-Naptha Soap—and "Tattle-Tale Gray" scampers off forever! It's bound to—for Fels-Naptha is *one* soap that has the ability to *loosen* dirt completely. It *coaxes* grime out of tiniest threads. It gets clothes clean clear through—*dazzling white!* And here is why: Fels-Naptha is *not only* marvelous soap—*golden richer soap.* But it holds *lots of dirt-loosening naptha,* too.

And the beauty of it is—Fels-Naptha is *safe* for everything! Never harsh like "trick" soaps. You can trust your filmiest chiffons and silk stockings to Fels-Naptha. It's a real pal to your hands—for there's soothing glycerine in every bar. And it's thriftier, too. *You can now buy Fels-Naptha at the lowest price in almost twenty years.*
Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

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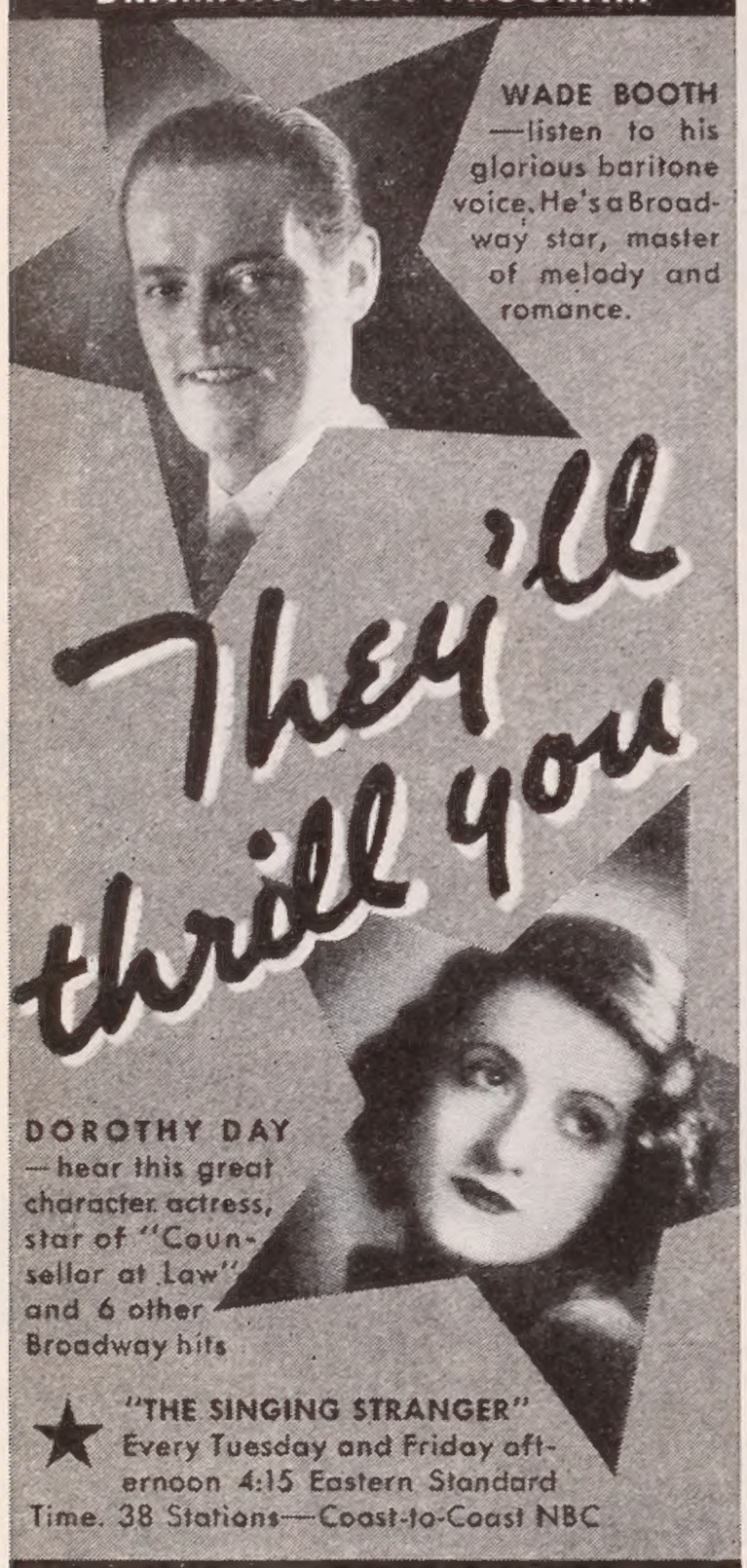

BLUE-JAY
will help you!

It removes corns safely, scientifically —here's how:

1 Soak foot 10 minutes in hot water, wipe dry.

2 Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over corn. Pad relieves pressure, stops pain at once.

3 After 3 days the corn is gone. Remove plaster, soak foot 10 minutes in hot water, lift out the corn.

HOW BLUE-JAY WORKS

A is the B & B medication that gently undermines the corn.

B is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once.

C is the strip that holds the pad in place, prevents slipping.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC
CORN REMOVER

into his car and began a race against time. He must reach his friend's house in less than fifteen minutes. He did! And just as he drew up in front of his friend's house, another cop handed him another ticket for speeding.

The next few weeks were a nightmare for Tommy for he didn't dare let his father find out what had happened. He finally got one friend to square the first ticket, and someone else to square the other.

TOMMY found out then that he hadn't put anything over for his father had known right along just what he was trying to pull.

That shows one side of Tommy's character. But there is another side, which is also revealed by a small and seemingly unimportant incident in his childhood.

No matter what happens to him, Tommy never whimpers. He always tries to cover up everything with gaiety. Once when he was a small boy he swallowed a police whistle. He never said a word to anyone about it! He just sat very quietly, still as death, on the steps of his house. His parents discovered him sitting there, looking very queer, with his face blue, and choking. If they hadn't found him like that, he might have choked to death without saying a word.

Today, he is the same way—never whimpers. He finds laughter in everything. Even when he had to go to the hospital for an appendicitis operation, he made quite a lark of the whole thing. Friends asked him, of course, as friends will under such circumstances, if there was anything he wanted that they could bring him. He told each and every one of the that what he wanted more than an thing was a bottle of rye. Not o of them knew that all his oth friends were bringing the same thin but the nurse was in on the ga You can imagine how many bottl of rye were brought to the hospit for Tommy McLaughlin. Ev when ill, he couldn't resist a ga But that's just like Tommy, makin a joke of an occasion that othe would take seriously.

Lanny Ross's most vivid memo from childhood reveals what a tr mendously resourceful child he wa When he was seven years old, h mother put him on a train goin from New York to Montreal, whe he was to stay with his uncle for th summer. She put him in the co ductor's care and gave the conducto the money to pay for his meals, bu Lanny didn't know anything abou that.

All he knew was that around din ner time he became terribly hungry So, he walked up to the steward an said, "I'm hungry and would lik some ice cream."

"Have you any money?" the stew ard asked.

"No," Lanny answered.

"Then you'll have to sing for you supper," the steward kidded him.

Lanny took it seriously.

"Okay," he said and stood up a the end of the long day coach.

The steward motioned for silence "Quiet," he said. "Announcing Lanny Ross singing."

Lanny sang the nursery rhyme "Who Killed Cock Robin?" Wher he had finished, he passed around hi hat and collected $1.75 in nickels dimes and quarters. Not only had h

Jackson Photo

Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly as Dan'l Dickey and Hiram Neville in "Soconyland Sketches," NBC red-WEAF network, Mondays at 9 p. m.

enough to pay for his meal, but when he arrived in Montreal he proudly showed his uncle money he had earned.

Lanny is equally resourceful today, when the occasion demands. Not so long ago, on his way to a broadcast, a spring in his car broke. When he stepped on the starter, nothing happened. Lanny had to reach the broadcast in a hurry. There was no time to stop and have the car fixed. He thought for a moment, then picked up a string, tied it around the starter, and fixed it so that the darn thing worked and he arrived at that broadcast a few minutes ahead of time!

LOWELL THOMAS' most vivid childhood memories reveal that he boy loved adventure from his early youth, and was brought up in an atmosphere that encouraged it. For welve years he lived in the crater of volcano. When eleven years old, he worked in the gold mines where he heard miners talking of Nicaragua, Paraguay, and many far off lands. His imagination was fired and his ove of travel quickened.

He recalls the time he was lost in he gold mine where he was working. Great gusts of wind would blow through the place. One day a sudden gust blew out the flickering light of he candle he was using. Absolute darkness veiled the place. He knew hat at that level of the mine were huge abysses into which he might fall and be killed. There was no way of relighting the candle and there was no one in that level of the mine to hear his calls, if he cried for help. In the eerie darkness, conscious of he great chasms yawning for him he journeyed half a mile on his hands and knees.

Afraid? Of course he was afraid. But he found his way at last and the knowledge of the danger he had faced did not keep him from going back to he gold mines day after day, though no man, let alone a mere boy, could ever know how soon he might brush he shoulder of Death.

Yes, there is a key to every man and woman's character, if you only know where and how to find it. And one way is from childhood experiences which, as is common knowledge, shape our adult characters.

So if you are interested in finding out what makes your friends the kind of people they are, ask them to tell you their most vivid childhood memory. You might recall a few of your own, too.

Are you an undiscovered STAR?

Are you an "ingenue?" Are you a "character type?" Are you a "juvenile?" Would you like a free Screen Test—a free Hollywood Casting Report? Would you like to get into the movies? Hollywood is looking for new stars—*through snapshots!* The Agfa Test for Hollywood is your real opportunity for motion picture fame!

This Test, sponsored by the makers of America's finest film—Agfa Plenachrome—offers a guaranteed job in the movies. Hollywood wants to see *your* pictures. Send in your snapshots *without delay!*

A GUARANTEED MOVIE CONTRACT

The winner of the Agfa Test for Hollywood will receive a *guaranteed* movie contract in a feature production of Monogram Pictures and will appear with famous movie stars. Other winners will get free Hollywood Tours, will meet prominent Directors for sound and screen study. Regional Screen Tests and Movie Cameras are among the other awards. And *every entrant* will receive a personal Hollywood Casting Report.

Men, women, boys, girls, babies —*anyone* may win. Characters, "types" are wanted as well as beauty. Hollywood Directors want to see *good* snapshots. Agfa Film catches "personality." This sensitive, high-speed, "all-weather" film *insures good pictures — guarantees* "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!"

6 HOLLYWOOD AWARDS

1. A GUARANTEED contract in the movies.
2. Five Hollywood tours: all expenses paid; screen tests; meet Directors and famous stars.
3. Twenty-five expense-paid regional screen tests for Hollywood.
4. Twenty-five Ansco Movie Cameras for photographic excellence—all subjects.
5. Your snapshots made available to Hollywood Directors looking for new talent.
6. Personal Casting Report for every entrant in Agfa Test.

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Go to your Agfa film dealer today for free copy of Official Rules. For better pictures use Agfa Plenachrome Film—comes in all popular sizes. Have snapshots taken and mail them at once to Agfa, 6331 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

NRA

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Now *May's Lips* *say* "KISS ME"

Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

If you admire the appealing "kissableness" of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows, just try their lip make-up *yourself*—the new KISSPROOF Indelible Lipstick, *Special Theatrical Color*...This lipstick discovery is so wonderful it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could certainly pay anything—yet *you* can have exactly the same smooth, alluring KISSPROOF they use for a few cents! Have the thrilling new "lip appeal" it will give you *tonight*. You can get KISSPROOF LIPSTICK in all shades, including the *Special Theatrical Color*, at all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.

Kissproof
Indelible **LIPSTICK**

Someone at NBC must be the final judge on what can and what can't go on the air. That man is Thomas H. Belviso.

HE RULES OVER SONGS

Thomas H. Belviso is NBC's czar of music. Radio kings and queens bow to his orders

NOT so long ago, Sigmund Spaeth, the tune detective, rushed into the library of the National Broadcasting Company in New York, all out of breath and excited. He managed to hum a tune in between gasps. Spaeth hadn't the slightest idea what song it was—he only knew the melody. He needed the name badly as he wanted to use it on a program.

What was it? All the library clerks started humming it. Some whistled. The great detective was baffled and had come to this secluded department for help.

And herein lies a tale. Behind the door that's labeled "Music Library, Research and Rights Division" things go on that never reach your loud speakers, and yet if it wasn't for this department and Thomas H. Belviso who heads it, there's no telling what your radio ears *would* hear.

This is the department upon which the big shots of NBC rely for protection against those complicated copyright laws. All kinds of executives and some 500 artist depend upon Mr. Belviso and his staff for music, for information, for hidden facts about little known melodies and for —well, anything of which no one else can tell them.

That's why Sigmund Spaeth, the great tune detective, went to these rooms to hum to the forty staff men and women.

What happened? You guessed it. A comely girl clerk gave the first clue. She recalled hearing the melody in England on a recent visit there. And so the origin and the date were quickly discovered. A few more deductions, some hurried glances through big index volumes, more humming and more whistling and the hunt was over. "Destiny," was the number Spaeth wanted. Now that he had his copy, much relieved and smiling, he rushed up to the studio in time for his broadcast.

THAT is just one of the many duties that fall upon this department. There are lots more, but first, you should be introduced to the man behind the scenes—Thomas H. Belviso, the master musician. He has to be a master musician to handle the six divisions under his command. There is the library, reference, research, copyright, arranging, and binding departments under his guidance.

New Haven, Connecticut, holds the honor of being his birthplace. That wasn't so long ago, either—only

thirty-six years. About the first thing he did on reaching the standing-up age was to study the violin. New Haven saw him playing first violin in its Symphony Orchestra when the boy was only thirteen. This orchestra, by the way, was a Yale University unit, and Belviso stayed with it until 1919.

Boys at this age always do a lot of day dreaming. So did Thomas H. But he put those dreams into working order. Perhaps he can thank the gods of destiny for giving him a business head as well as musical talent. Anyway, he was conducting concert and dance orchestras in hotels and clubs when only fourteen years old, and at sixteen, while in Yale's department of music, "Thomas H. Belviso Orchestras" were born and the business of booking musical organizations begun.

By 1920 his booking organization, exceeded only by Meyer Davis of New York and Benson of Chicago, became the third largest of its kind. What boy of twenty-two has accomplished as much? During all this time he was attending school, taking part in various activities at Yale, and also studying at the Institute of Musical Art in New York, making special trips for his lessons.

Doesn't this sound like the story of a child prodigy? Yet, you haven't heard the half of it. At the age of twenty-three he had organized a chain of thirty theatres in New England. These were later absorbed and expanded by Paramount Publix to a hundred.

N the spring of 1930, the "air" urge and NBC got him. At that time he was employed as a program builder and conductor, later, he became the supervisor of program building. It is his responsibility to see that the programs you get are properly arranged for broadcasting.

Now, this stocky man with the impressive brow is the czar of research, copyrights, library, and reference work for the network, and no program comes to your loudspeaker without his O.K.

You've probably heard him conducting orchestras, too. He waved the baton for such programs as "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing," "Danger Fighters," "Slumber Hour," "Radio Guild," "Neapolitan Days," "Impressions of Italy," "Story Behind the Song," "In the Spotlight," "Our American Music" and others. Conducting is one job he won't surrender for any executive honors.

An interesting story about Phil Harris appears next month

Very Smart!

This complete eye make up by

Maybelline

STYLISTS and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark, lustrous lashes . . . seductively shaded lids and expressively formed brows. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the above picture?

But how can eyes acquire this magic charm? Very easily. Maybelline Mascara will instantly lend it to your lashes . . . Maybelline Eye Shadow will instantly impart the extra alluring touch to your eyelids . . . and Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil will give the requisite smooth smartness to your brows. Anyone can achieve true loveliness in eye make-up . . . and with perfect *safety* if genuine Maybelline preparations are used.

Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids have been proved utterly harmless throughout sixteen years of daily use by millions of women. They are accepted by the highest authorities and contain no dyes. For beauty's sake, and for *safety's* sake, obtain genuine, pure, harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. 10c sizes at all 10c stores.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

smoothly forms the eye-brows into a graceful, expressive [illegible] a perfect, natural [illegible] of highest quality [illegible] and a pleasure to use and to carry. Black and Brown.

Maybelline Eye Shadow

delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and [illegible], absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet and Green.

Maybelline Eyelash Grower

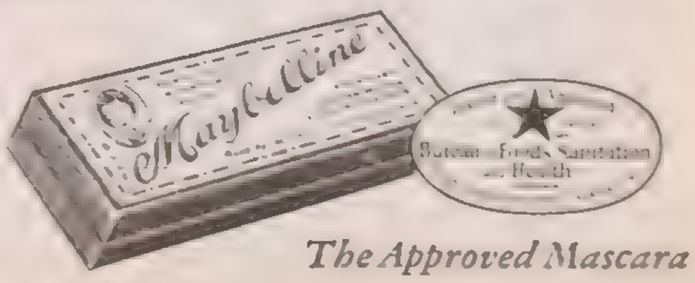
A pure and harmless [illegible] helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.

Maybelline Eyebrow Brush

Regular size of the [illegible] brush, with [illegible] all [illegible] Extra [illegible] brushes only [illegible] in a [illegible] wrapper.

Maybelline Eyelash Darkener

instantly darkens eyelashes [illegible] Black, Brown, Blue.



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For only ALLWITE *will clean, whiten and give that "new shoe" finish.*

ALLWITE actually removes spots instead of covering them with a chalky coating that soon wears away. ALLWITE won't cake, crack or rub off on clothes or upholstery . . . and you can use it on all white shoes, leather or fabric.

This famous GRIFFIN quality is available in the convenient ready-mixed bottle or the economical tube for as little as 10c.

"Accept No Substitute, There Isn't Any"

GRIFFIN MANUFACTURING CO., INC., B'KLYN, N. Y.

Grete Stueckgold, celebrated concert soprano, is featured on the Chesterfield program each Saturday evening at 9 p. m. EDST over CBS.

IT'SA GRETE LIFE!

Grete Stueckgold, in German, means a piece of gold. In radio, it means a golden voice

GRETE STUECKGOLD! There's a name for you, isn't it? In German, Stueckgold means piece of gold. In the business of singing songs for folk, they say everything this girl Grete touches turns to gold. Even since the world went off the gold standard.

In case you don't recognize the name, she's the owner of the lyric soprano voice that the Chesterfield program tosses your way via CBS each Saturday at 9 p. m. EDST.

She comes to radio from the opera. But don't let that scare you. Mention opera to most average citizens and their minds conjure up a thick-hipped war horse of a singer whose only attractiveness lies in their vocal chords. But look at Grete. And look back again. Here are some of the vital statistics.

Tall—about five feet and ten inches—with a fair skin and hair the color of ripe corn. Eyes—you'd think of blue, wouldn't you?—are th merriest sort of brown.

You see, her mother was Englis and dark and her father was Germa and ash-blond. And she's a lot lik each of them in unexpected ways. Sh is bi-lingual, for instance. Whic means, after you've swallowed, tha she can talk two languages perfectly Papa's language and Mama's lan guage. Which gives her practicall perfect pronunciation when she sing

Back in London where she wa born, she and two sisters and brother used to rouse their neighborhoo with their juvenile hymns. It wa Grete, though, who held each not longest and sang each word loudest Great training, that. Not many year later, at the age of sixteen, she wa throwing that voice to the far reache of Europe's most esteemed opera an concert halls.

There is a story about her firs appearance in Berlin. She was finish

ng up a series of recitals in several German cities. Leaving the last town on the last train that would get her to Berlin, she settled herself comfortably in a coach.

The train stopped and excited men came through and told her to get out. Obeying, she found herself in a strange countryside. Her train would move no more, she was told. A strike had been called.

AND there she was, miles away from the audience that would soon gather to greet her. Hiring an automobile she spend toward Berlin. Night fell and the car had to travel slowly. Finally, it rolled through the outskirts and up to the concert hall. This appearance was to have been in conjunction with the Philharmonic orchestra under Richard Strauss. But now, the orchestra was playing its last number. Nevertheless, Grete walked backstage and presented herself.

Somehow, the crowd learned she had arrived and at the conclusion of the orchestra number, they began to call for her. They refused to leave until she had sung, such was the magic of the voice about which these Berlin burghers and their hausfraus had only heard.

So Grete sang. The orchestra took its position again, Strauss lifted his baton, and they swept through her entire repertoire. It turned into a glorious evening, and it carved forever a place for her in the hearts of those who listened.

But singing doesn't claim all her time. On the authority of Walter Winchell we are told that she bakes an amazing cake. Best of all, she likes to rest in her villa at the edge of Lake Starnberg in the Bavarian mountains. A horse is there named Mailuft—May Wind—and she rides him with swagger abandon. Around New York musical centers, she is remembered as the owner of a long-haired dashund of unique appearance that she calls "Lumpi."

One final answer to a question inevitably asked wherever she sings—yes, indeed, she is married. He is Gustav Schuetzendorf, leading baritone of the Metropolitan Opera. She is happy, but her singing has already told the world that.

If you like the pictures on page 19, be sure and see next month's RADIO STARS. It will contain more action shots of your favorites.

FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS at 10¢ give you $1 to $3 Quality!

SCIENTIFIC COMPARISON PROVES THEIR FINENESS AND PURITY

Every day the smartest women everywhere are changing to Faoen. They have learned that Faoen Beauty Aids give them utmost quality, unsurpassed by beauty aids that cost far more. If you do not know this startling fact, read the report of a famous Research Laboratory:

"every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3."

Now—try Faoen *today!*

PARK & TILFORD'S FAOEN (FAY-ON) Beauty Aids

• CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

10¢ each at the better 5 & 10¢ Stores

DO THEY EARN THEIR PAY?

By ROBERT EICHBERG

(Left) Will Rogers is an innocent looking fellow in this picture, but the sponsor that wants him must agree to fork over $7500 per broadcast. (Below) Ida Bailey Allen once made a two line statement over the air which realized $304,000 for her sponsor.

EVERY penny the sponsors spend on radio programs, and the cost runs into millions of dollars a year, must come back and show a profit. Yet stars are hired at salaries which are stated to range from $1000 to $7500 for a single broadcast, and "time" on a major network costs as high as $15,000 an hour. Add these together, then add the cost of an orchestra and other artists in the show. Put the broadcast on two networks instead of one, and it can run into as much as $50,000 a performance, more than it costs to stage many Broadway shows for an entire run.

How can the sponsors afford it? Salaries paid radio artists are said to be $100,000 a year for Amos 'n' Andy,

If you were a sponsor, how would you know how much to pay your singers and funny men? Could you tell if they earned their salaries?

(Above) Gertrude Berg, who is known to listeners as Molly Goldberg, proved to her sponsor that the public was willing to spend $250,000 at one time to see her program continued. (Left) Ed Wynn is in the upper brackets with a weekly salary of $7500 for thirty minutes of laughter.

$3500 a performance for Rudy Vallee, $7500 each for Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn and Will Rogers, $5000 for Al Jolson, and equally astounding fees for other stars.

Surely these entertainers must be super-salesmen of the air if their broadcasts are to pay for themselves. Of course they make us listeners more familiar with the names of the products they advertise, but do they bring new customers into the sponsors' retail outlets?

Let's look at some confidential figures and find out. Here, for example, is Ed Wynn, who heads a show on fifty-four stations of the red network at 9:30 E.D.S.T. Tuesday nights. Wynn is said to get $7500 for his appearance, to which must be added the fees paid to Graham McNamee, the Fire Chief Band, Don Vorhees and the male quartet. Then, on top of that add about $7700, the cost of time on the network for one-half hour. Texaco has to sell quite a few gallons of gasoline to write off the weekly cost of that show which runs into about $20,000.

Well, what results do they get?

Remember the silly little fireman's hat Wynn wears when he poses for publicity pictures? That kady gives the key to an analysis of Texaco gas sales which are directly attributable to Wynn's broadcast, for during his program it was announced that you could get a copy of the foolish fedora by going to any Texaco filling station and asking for it.

Optimistically the sponsors ordered 1,000,000 hats for sale to their dealers. *Bango!* In a few days the hats were all gone, and they ordered that many more to satisfy the demand; 2,000,000 hats, surely that was enough. But was it? Not on your life. They had to buy 1,000,000 more!

Three million—count 'em, 3,000,000—hats costing the service stations seven cents each were demanded by auto-owning, gasoline-buying radio listeners. And each hat given away meant a sale of Fire Chief gas, many to new customers at least some of whom, it is hoped, remain users.

Ed Wynn himself says, "I spent twenty-nine years plugging the name 'The Perfect Fool.' Now, in a few short weeks, it's of no use. I am now 'The Fire Chief' and not even my best friends will call me anything else."

Why, he is so popular that when Ex-President Hoover overlapped Wynn's time with a campaign talk in one of the hottest political battles in the history of the United States, some 6,000 people telephoned the network and complained about it.

That'll do for the Chief. Let's look back a year or two at the Stebbins Boys, who, as aerial representatives of Swift and Company, put on a sketch in which they were supposed to be editors of a small-town newspaper. On three nights they announced that (*Continued on page 75*)

DON AMECHE, Radio's DON JUAN

He married his first girl, his first date, and has a son. Yet ladies hefty and slim, blonde and brunette sigh for romance when Don takes the air

By ANDERSON C. CHANIN

Illustration by JACK FLOHERTY

DON AMECHE—the Don Juan of radio! Hero of a thousand air romances. The Prince Charming of thousands of ladies who listen and sigh! There's a suggestion of John Gilbert in his appearance. He's straight and tall, a six footer, lean, lithe, alert and vital. There's a hint, too, of Valentino about him, dark eyes, olive skin, black hair. Like Rudolph, he has Tuscan blood in his veins.

Handsome though he is, you've got to look deeper for the key to his popularity than his romantic appearance. After all, few listeners see their radio favorites.

The secret of Don's success is his voice. His eager, often ecstatic words are music; his speech flows in rhythmic cadences, soft and undulating. It is capable of fire and fury, too. No wonder then that he becomes such a perfect ethereal bridegroom for femmes, whether young

This portrait of Don Ameche with his gay, devilish smile was taken for you. gels who've been wanting his picture.

The versatile and handsome Don with June Meredith during a recent broadcast of the "First Nighter," NBC.

d fair, or fat and forty—for ladies cannot live by ead, or even cake, alone. (The bills for "Betty and b" in which Don plays the lead are paid by a cake-ker.)

Of course, Don appeals to men as well as to women. ey followed him in "Milligan & Mulligan" and "Rin n Tin," the only show in which he played the villain. ow they listen to him in the rôle of the hero in "First ighter," "Grand Hotel," and "Romantic Melodies."

His parents in their fondest fancies could never have visioned him as a radio Romeo when he was born enty-five years ago. They didn't call him Don but ve him the rugged name of ominick. His reputation as a vorite of feminine listeners esn't make a bit of difference Don, for you see, a year or so go, Don married his boyhood weetheart, his first girl, his rst date. His bride was onore Prendergast of Dubuque. hey have a baby who is Dominick, Jr., and they live a ealthy suburban life in River orest. Jim Ameche, Don's 18-ear-old brother, who is "Jack Armstrong, the All-Ameri-n Boy" on the Columbia network, lives with them.

A priest introduced Don to his first girl, or shall we y the only girl? When Don was seventeen, and a stu-ent at Columbia Academy, the Reverend Father Maurice heehey, his close friend and counselor, introduced him to Honore Prendergast. Honore and Don continued to see ach other while he was in school.

When Don carried the pigskin across the goal line, or ssed the sphere through the hoop, no heart beat so fast s that of the fair and golden-haired Honore.

Don Ameche may be heard at 10 p. m. EDST Fridays in the dramatic sketch "First Nighter" over the following stations:

WEAF, WEEI, WTIC, WJAR, WTAG, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, KGO, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, WSM, WSB, KVOO, WSMB, WKY, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KFSD, KTAR, KHQ, WMC, WRVA, WWNC, WJAX, WIOD, WFAA, WFLA.

TOGETHER they strolled atop the romantic old bluffs overlooking the mighty Father of Waters. They dreamed. Then fate separated them—years passed before they were reunited. Don left to study law, to become a successful attorney and then would return for Honore and they would live happily ever after. He entered law school at Marquette University, Milwaukee, and later transferred to the University of Wisconsin, but again fate intervened and he never got that law degree. We'll come to that.

Honore found her way, too, to the big city. In Chicago she studied dietetics and returned to Dubuque to become chief dietician at Mercy Hospital. As the years rolled by the letters between them became fewer and fewer, then stopped. Years passed, six from the time Don left Dubuque until he saw her again.

One night just before "First Nighter" went on the air an old friend dropped into the studios to talk to Don. It was Honore. After the broadcast they went to the Edgewater Beach Hotel to dance to the music of Charlie Agnew. As he played his sign-off song, "Slow But Sure," they were sure.

They married. And when Don, Jr., came it was Reverend Father Sheehey who came to bless and baptize the baby.

While at the University of Wisconsin Don got his first smell of grease paint, and Blackstone and Marshall lost their appeal. No stodgy law office for Don now. The applause of an audience was fire to his blood.

Everyone at some time or another experiences a thrill which is never quite equalled (*Continued on page 96*)

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Dell Publishing Co., Hollywood, Calif.
Vivian M. Gardner
Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.

Look over these programs and see if you agree with our radio critics

★★★★★ Excellent
★★★★ Good
★★★ Fair
★★ Poor
★ Not Recommended

★★★★★ METROPOLITAN OPERA BROADCASTS FOR LUCKY STRIKE (NBC).
The only program tagged "Excellent."
★★★★ AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN (NBC).
★★★★ ARMOUR PROGRAM WITH PHIL BAKER (NBC).
★★★★ WHITE OWL PROGRAM WITH BURNS & ALLEN (CBS).
★★★★ CITIES SERVICE WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC).
★★★★ FLEISCHMANN HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE (NBC).
★★★★ EDWIN C. HILL (CBS).
★★★★ REAL SILK WITH TED WEEMS (NBC).
★★★★ MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC).
But so much love making.
★★★★ FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING (NBC).
We miss Poley.
★★★★ KRAFT-PHENIX PROGRAM WITH PAUL WHITEMAN & AL JOLSON (NBC).
This was judged before Jolson left.
★★★★ NESTLE, WITH ETHEL SHUTTA & WALTER O'KEEFE (NBC).
★★★★ BAKERS BROADCAST WITH JOE PENNER & OZZIE NELSON'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
Joe is still gaining in popularity.
★★★★ WALTZ TIME WITH ABE LYMAN AND FRANK MUNN (NBC).
★★★★ ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC).
Recommended.
★★★★ JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS WITH JOSEF PASTERNACK'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★★ ALBERT SPALDING, CONRAD THIBAULT & DON VOORHEES' ORCHESTRA (CBS).
★★★★ THE CADILLAC CONCERTS (NBC).
Too bad they had to end.
★★★★ CONTENTED PROGRAM (NBC).
★★★★ THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE WITH LAWRENCE TIBBETT (NBC).
★★★★ THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE WITH RICHARD CROOKS (NBC).
★★★★ HOUR OF SMILES WITH FRED ALLEN & LENNIE HAYTON (NBC).
Excellent comedy.
★★★★ CAMEL CARAVAN WITH CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA, COL. STOOPNAGLE & BUDD AND CONNIE BOSWELL (CBS).
★★★★ MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY (CBS).
★★★★ CHESTERFIELD WITH ROSA PONSELLE (CBS).
★★★★ CHESTERFIELD WITH NINO MARTINI (CBS).
★★★★ CHESTERFIELD WITH GRETE STUCKGOLD (CBS).
★★★★ THE PALMOLIVE SHOW WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT (NBC).
See page 38.
★★★ A. & P. GYPSIES WITH HARRY HORLICK (NBC).
★★★ AMOS 'N' ANDY (NBC).
Glad to hear Amos telling Andy a thing or two.
★★★ THE GOLDBERGS, PEPSODENT PROGRAM (NBC).
★★★ PABST BLUE RIBBON WITH BEN BERNIE (NBC).
★★★ PHILCO NEWS COMMENTATOR—BOAKE CARTER (CBS).
★★★ CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE HOUR WITH RUBINOFF AND CANTOR (NBC).
Durante might improve this.

★★★ GULF PROGRAM WITH GEORGE COHAN (NBC).
★★★ ENO CRIME CLUES (NBC).
★★★ EVENING IN PARIS (CBS).
★★★ FIRST NIGHTER WITH CHAS. HUGHES (NBC).
★★★ PHILLIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH LEO REISMAN (NBC).
★★★ CUTEX PROGRAM WITH PHIL HARRIS (NBC).
★★★ LADY ESTHER SERENADE WITH WAYNE KING (NBC) (CBS).
Very restful.
★★★ MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND, PROGRAM OF DR. LYON'S TOOTH PASTE (NBC).
★★★ YEAST FOAMERS WITH JAN GARBER (NBC).
★★★ SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).
★★★ SINGING LADY (NBC).
A good program for your children.
★★★ LOWELL THOMAS (NBC).
★★★ TEXACO PROGRAM WITH ED WYNN (NBC).
★★★ MAJOR BOWES CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC).
★★★ RADIO CITY CONCERT WITH ERNO RAPEE NBC).
A little more variety, please.
★★★ THE SHIP OF JOY WITH CAPT. DOBBSIE (NBC).
★★★ WALTER WINCHELL (NBC).
★★★ ACCORDIANA WITH ABE LYMAN (CBS).
★★★ LIVES AT STAKE (NBC).
★★★ CORN COB PIPE CLUB (NBC).
★★★ DEATH VALLEY DAYS (NBC).
★★★ WOODBURY WITH BING CROSBY (CBS).
We miss the Mills Brothers.
★★★ EX-LAX WITH GERTRUDE NIESEN AND ERNO RAPEE (CBS).
Getting better.
★★★ CALIFORNIA MELODIES WITH RAYMOND PAIGE (CBS).
★★★ ELDER MICHAUX AND HIS CONGREGATION FROM WASHINGTON (CBS).
★★★ CHEVROLET PROGRAM WITH VICTOR YOUNG (NBC).
Smooth music.
★★★ FITCH PROGRAM WITH WENDELL HALL (NBC).
★★★ SOCONYLAND SKETCHES (NBC).
★★★ THE SMITH BROTHERS, TRADE AND MARK (NBC).
★★★ WLS BARN DANCE (NBC).
★★★ HAPPY WONDER BAKERS WITH PHIL DUEY, FRANK LUTHER AND JACK PARKER (CBS).
★★★ GRAND HOTEL—SKETCH (NBC).
★★★ GEMS OF MELODY WITH MURIEL WILSON (NBC).
★★★ CRAZY CRYSTALS WATER PROGRAM WITH GENE ARNOLD AND THE COMMODORES (NBC).
★★★ HOOVER SENTINELS (NBC).
★★★ HALL OF FAME (NBC).
★★★ TALKIE PICTURE TIME (NBC).
★★★ RED DAVIS SKETCH (NBC).
★★★ CLARA, LU 'N' EM (NBC).
★★★ WIZARD OF OZ (NBC).
★★★ BETTY AND BOB (NBC).
A swell afternoon program.
★★★ LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (NBC).
★★★ HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES (NBC).
★★★ PLOUGH MUSICAL CRUISER WITH VINCENT LOPEZ (NBC).
Lopez does a good job.
★★★ DANGEROUS PARADISE WITH ELSIE HITZ AND NICK DAWSON (NBC).
Two popular artists.
★★★ PEPSODENT WITH EDDIE DUCHIN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Good singing, Ray Heatherton.

★★★ ONE NIGHT STANDS WITH PICK A PAT (NBC).
★★★ COLGATE HOUSE PARTY WITH DO ALD NOVIS (NBC).
★★★ PURE OIL SHOW WITH ARLENE JAC SON AND HAROLD STERN (NBC).
★★★ ROYAL GELATINE PROGRAM WI JACK PEARL (NBC).
★★★ OLD GOLD PROGRAM WITH TED ORITA AND DICK POWELL (CBS).
Doesn't seem to click.
★★★ HARLEM SERENADE WITH CLAU HOPKIN'S ORCHESTRA AND THE FI SPIRITS OF RHYTHM (CBS).
★★★ GEORGE GERSHWIN (FEENAMI (NBC).
★★★ THE AMERICAN REVUE WITH T MARX BROS (CBS).
★★★ HUDNUT PROGRAM WITH JA DENNY, JEANNIE LANG AND JA WHITING (CBS).
★★★ "THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN WAS INGTON TONIGHT" WITH FRED. W WILE (CBS).
★★★ 45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD WI MARK WARNOW'S ORCHESTRA (CB
★★★ BROADCASTS FROM THE BYRD EXP DITION (CBS).
★★★ LITTLE JACK LITTLE'S ORCHEST FOR CONTINENTAL BAKING CO. (CB
★★★ OLDSMOBILE WITH RUTH ETTI AND JOHNNY GREEN'S ORCHEST (CBS).
★★★ LOUELLA PARSONS INTERVIE MOVIE STARS (CBS).
★★★ MARIE, THE LITLE FRENCH PRINCE (CBS).
★★★ TITO GUIZAR'S MID-DAY SERENA (CBS).
★★★ LAZY DAN, THE MINSTREL MAN (CB
★★★ WARD'S FAMILY THEATRE WI JAMES MELTON AND GUESTS (CBS)
★★★ AN EVENING IN PARIS (CBS).
★★★ PATRI'S DRAMA OF CHILDHOOD (CB
★★★ H. V. KALTENBORN (CBS).
★★★ SKIPPY (CBS).
★★★ THE MYSTERY CHEF (CBS) (NBC).
Women will do well to listen to him.
★★★ LITTLE MISS BAB-O'S SURPRISE PAR WITH MARY SMALL (NBC).
★★★ BAR X DAYS AND NIGHTS (NBC).
★★★ RINGS OF MELODY WITH EDWA NELL, OHMAN & ARDEN & ARLE JACKSON (NBC).
★★★ WAVES OF ROMANCE WITH T BLACK'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★ THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUM RELATIONS (NBC).
★★★ FRANK MERRIWELL'S ADVENTUR (NBC).
★★★ TODAY'S CHILDREN (NBC).
★★★ THE MOLLE SHOW WITH SHIRL HOWARD (NBC).
★★★ HUDSON VOCALIANS (TUES.) (NBC)
★★★ TERRAPLANE TRAVELCADE (SA HUDSON (NBC).
No likee comedy.
★★ VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS).
But we've had our experience today, tha you.
★★ MYRT AND MARGE (CBS).
★★ MADAME SYLVIA OF HOLLYWO (NBC).
Still hard to understand.
★★ TONY WONS (CBS).
At least he's popular.
★★ ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT (CBS).
★★ COOK TRAVELOGUES (NBC).
★★ METROPOLITAN TOWER HEALTH E ERCISES (NBC).
Maybe it's because we're sleepy at that ho
★★ BABE RUTH SERIES (NBC).
★★ BABY ROSE MARIE (NBC).
★★ REX COLE MOUNTAINEERS (NBC).

ON THE AIR

Ten seconds to go! Quiet please! On the air! Here are your favorites, unposed, snapped in action

Strictly confidential

Shades of old Yale live again as radio brings back to life Frank Merriwell and Inza Burrage as played by Donald Briggs and Dolores Gillen, pictured here. They're on NBC red-WEAF at 5:30 p. m. EDST Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

Bob Brown, NBC announcer, and Mary Steele, NBC contralto, are Mr. and Mrs. in private life.

Kathleen Wilson (Claudia of "One Man's Family," NBC) arrives home from a long stay in Europe, where she enjoyed a well-earned rest.

Meet Dal Calkins, Jay Fallon and Edwin MacDowell—better known as "The Three Scamps" of NBC.

HUGO MARIANI, the dapperly dressed South American band director at NBC, spent some time in jail recently because of wife trouble. Hugo's wife, an artist, claimed her famous hubby wasn't coming across with all the alimony due her. And when that happens, New York has a funny law which puts the defaulting mate behind bars. But Hugo got things straightened out in due time and was back on his job.

AT last the reason why Jack Benny went off the Chevrolet program is out in the open. Chevrolet changed head men just after Jack was signed for this last series. And this new head man, it seems, likes soft sweet music. Since Benny wasn't giving him soft sweet music, Benny wasn't what he wanted. And what radio listeners wanted didn't much matter. So, the change.

THE subject of sponsor trouble reminds us of this true incident. One sponsor agreed to hire a certain famous tenor and all arrangements for opening the program were completed. Then the sponsor's wife heard that this tenor took a drink of hard liquor once in a while. "This will nevvvvver do-o-o!" she cried. And so the tenor was out of luck.

CLARA, LU 'N' EM, who have been on the air since early in 1930, have signed a contract which assures listeners of their gossip for the remainder of the year and for all of 1935. These magpies of the air choose to do all their chattering in private. Like Amos 'n' Andy, they allow no studio onlookers. In fact, even sound effects men are barred. The girls handle all incidental noises themselves.

ALICE JOY, who in private life is Frances Harriet Holcomb Burn, was granted a divorce on March 21 from Eldon Burn, a theatrical press agent and captain during the World War in the Royal Flying Corps. Mrs. Burn, who resides in Chicago, charged Captain Burn with desertion. She was given custody of the two children, Bruce Robert, 6 years old, and Lois, 4.

SOME funny men fume and fret all week about their next radio program. They wake up in the night, ponder over the merit of a three-line joke, get up and change it. But not Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen. Jack doesn't even see his script until the day of broadcast when it is handed to him at rehearsal. Men are hired to produce that weekly script for him, so why should he worry about it.

UNLESS the unusual happens (and in radio anything can happen), Jane Froman will not be on the air at all this summer. Jane has been working steadily in radio for several years as well as playing a leading rôle in the current Ziegfeld Follies and it has all just about exhausted the girl. So she is taking the summer off for complete rest. She'll stay around New York most of the time in order to be near Don Ross, her husband, who will continue his radio work. They both expect to be back on the networks in the fall.

THE other night at the Hotel Pennsylvania, James Wallington, NBC announcer, talked for two minutes on the merits of the Pickens Sisters. "Radio's outstanding female trio," he called them. All of this was by way of introducing them to the audience. Some people in the audience wondered what the Boswell Sisters, who were sitting at a side table out of Wallington's view, were thinking. They were not introduced.

OUR Chicago contributors tell us that Irene Beasley and a Washington newspaper man are head-over-heels in love. They also say that Irene slept with her pet dog on a recent train trip rather than allow the porter to put the animal in the baggage car where traveling dogs are supposed to be kept.

ANNETTE HANSHAW was so excited over being one of the ten winners in RADIO STARS' national radio poll, that she sat down and poured out her soul in the following four sentences which she asks us to pass on to you:

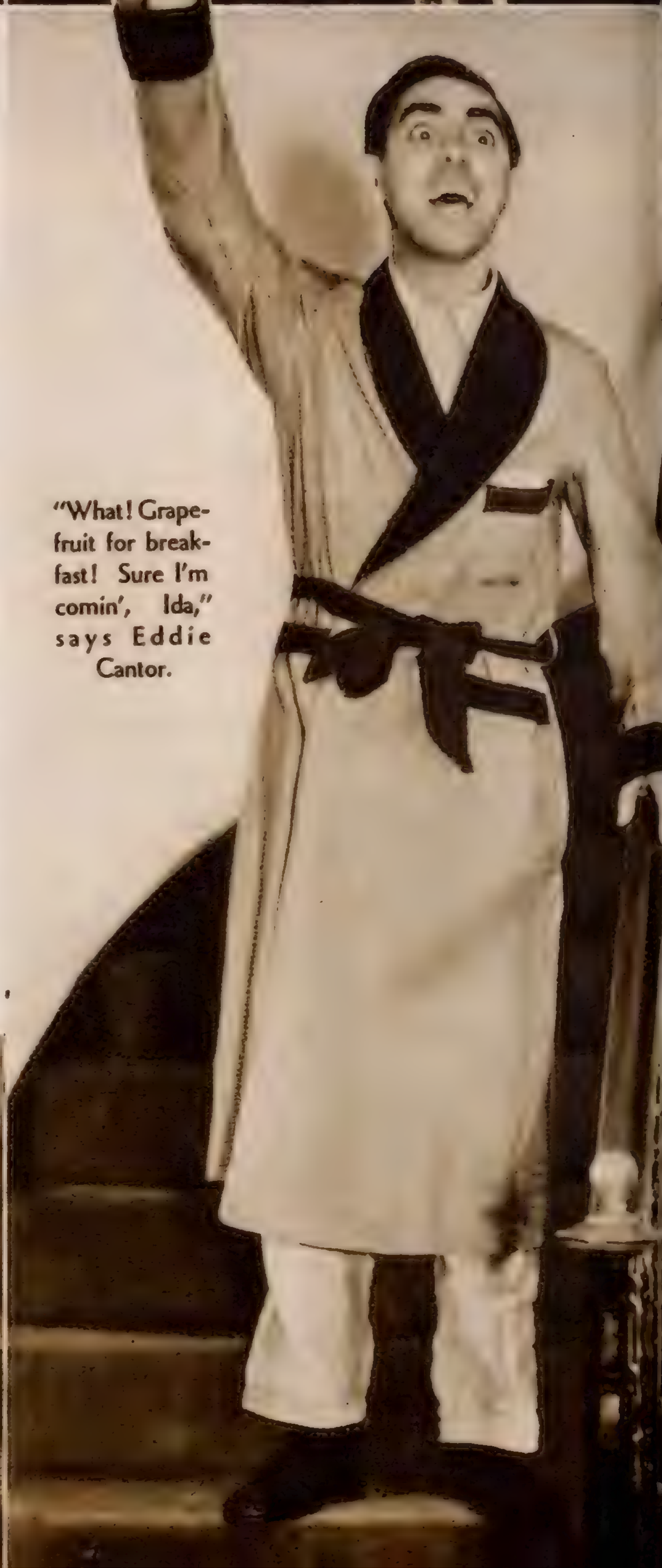
Know why Jack Benny shifted sponsors? This and other back-fence gossip

(Above) Peggy Keenan and Sandra Phillips, CBS pianists, worry about answering mail. (Upper right) L. to r.: McCloud, Parsons, Childs, Arnold of the Sinclair Minstrels.

"You know, I'm so excited and happy about you grand people voting for me that I'm walking on air. (Editor's Note: That clears up the matter of 'Did You Ever See a Dream Walking.') You see, it's the first contest that I've ever won, so you can imagine what a thrill it is to know how many real friends I have. I wish I could tell everyone of you personally how grateful I am. May you all be as happy as you have made me."

WHEN the fatal illness of Lilyan Tashman, his wife, kept Edmund Lowe from flying to Chicago to fulfill a scheduled appearance with Ray Perkins and Hal Stokes' orchestra on NBC's Palmer House Promenade ballyhooing the World's Fair, program makers frantically combed the Loop for a suitable guest star. This was five hours before the show was to go on the air. Afternoon papers revealed that Virginia Pine of the movies was in court getting a divorce ostensibly so she might be free to marry George Raft. At any rate, Raft had come on the same train from the coast with her. A couple of hours before the show he was located, and because of his friendship for Lowe, he agreed to pinch hit for him—and did a neat job of it, too.

AN interesting slant on the launching of Floyd Gibbons' career was revealed by Quin Ryan, manager of WGN, recently. Ryan coached Gibbons, who had been a Chicago



"What! Grapefruit for breakfast! Sure I'm comin', Ida," says Eddie Cantor.

Here's proof that Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield laugh at their own jokes. They're on CBS Sundays at 6:45 p. m. EDST with Ward's Family Theatre.

(Above) Paul Carson, NBC organist, shows Gail Taylor, soprano, a tiny console carved for him by an admirer.

This pretty damsel is Alice Rineheart whose voice you used to hear on the "Red Davis" sketches over NBC.

ribune foreign correspondent, for his first microphone ppearance, emphasizing the necessity of speaking slowly nd clearly. Floyd held himself in check so well that he an over the allotted time about 20 minutes. Even the ngineer was so entranced that he made no protest. It ay be that less lenient engineers taught Floyd the terrific peed that later made him famous.

WHEN George Givot appeared with Eddie Cantor last year, most listeners thought he was a newcomer on he airways. Recently it was brought out that he had licked on the air before he became a successful vaudeillian. A decade ago Givot was a student at Schurz High in Chicago. Given to wisecracking and snappy reorts, George finally provoked a teacher, O. N. Taylor, to end him to a friend, Steve Trumbull, then program director of KYW. Trumbull put George on the air. Thereupon Paul Ash "discovered" Givot and ultimately he became "The Grik Ambassador" of radio. That teacher is now Col. Yank Taylor, radio editor of the Chicago Daily Times, and Steve Trumbull is in charge of the radio division of the World's Fair.

LUM AND ABNER, the hick humorists from Arkansas, are delighting the Scandinavians of Minnesota these days. They're on the air from WCCO, Minneapolis. It's almost certain they won't be on a network this summer.

ARTHUR WRIGHT, the young tenor who has been singing with Leo Reisman and has now returned to WGN as a staff singer, gives this lowdown on the Philip Morris page boy at NBC: He is an adult midget who is driven to the studios by his six foot six chauffeur.

MAY SINGHI BREEN has no end of trouble with her ukulele. The New York union won't recognize it as a musical instrument. Yet, May was halted at Radio City passenger elevators because she tried to enter with her uke. So May told her troubles to Peter De Rose, her husband. Resourceful Peter thereupon smuggled it in the front way disguised as a posie in a flower pot.

STRAY Items About Stars: Charles Previn's orchestra on the "Silken Strings" show is composed of the pick of the great Chicago Symphony Orchestra, directed by Dr. Frederick Stock. . . . Noble Cain, who directs the chorus of Hoover Sentinels and is one of the best known a capella orchestra directors in the world, can't sing. . . . Experienced actress though she is, Dorothy Gish was seized with mike fright appearing with Ray Perkins on the Palmer House Promenade recently. She recovered after a moment or two. . . . Tom Gentry, the orchestra leader who comes from a circus family in Georgia, likes snakes for pets. . . . Seymour Simons abandoned a promising career as an engineer to (*Continued on page 100*)

(Below) Nick Lucas, the only crooner in captivity who'll admit it. He's the CBS troubadour who was in movies.

(Below) Minerva Pions, Jack Smart, Irwin Delmore and Lionel Stander of the "Hour of Smiles" do their duty.

HAPPINES

Complaining husbands, romance starved girls, tortured and regretful mothers—all come to Beatrice Fairfax for advice

NINE-THIRTY Saturday night. Beatrice Fa fax, famous adviser to the lovelorn, is on air. You and I and millions of other men a women, torn by some problem we cannot sol tortured by the memories of what might have been, w ried about life and love, tune in. Perhaps this wee broadcast will bring consolation to our troubled sou prove a beacon light to some of us groping in darkne

Do you remember the little drama enacted on one her first broadcasts? It was the same old story, all o again. Little Jane D., age nineteen, had appealed for a "I live in a furnished room on Third Avenue in N York City. I work in a factory during the day, and wo darn hard. I'd like to go out at night. But the boys meet at dances, through business, and those who ha around the neighborhood seem to feel that if they take to the movies, they can do anything they want. 'M Don't Touch Me' doesn't stand a look-in. I'm tired sitting home night after night. Please tell me what to How shall I act? Don't tell me what is the proper thi to do. Tell me what you'd do if you were in my plac

Beatrice Fairfax's warm, understanding voice came o the air, "Your boy friends are no different from anyo else's, Jane. Give them something to admire about y and they'll do it. Make yourself a little different fr the other girls, dress a little neater, be a little more served. Read up on sports and matters which inter boys, so you'll be able to converse with them on subje that interest them. You'll discover you'll be able to something with them besides pet. And above all, sympathetic, show you appreciate their problems. that, and three-quarters of the battle is won."

And did it work for Jane? It did. Miss Fairf showed me a letter she received from her. "I did wh you said and it worked. I'm getting engaged soon to boy who said he fell for me because I was different fro the other girls."

A lot of us think advice to the lovelorn is the bun That the Beatrice Fairfaxes and Dorothy Dixes and Do Blakes write their own letters. Nothing is farther fro the truth. I wish you could see the hundreds of lette Miss Fairfax receives every week from her one broadca All from people who want comfort, who are lonely, b wildered, discouraged.

What should a decent, respectable girl do when her unsympathetic father turns her out of house and home because she returns late from a dance? Beatrice Fairfax's job is to solve such perplexing problems.

GUARANTEED

By IRIS ANN CARROLL

Illustrated by JACK WELCH

Beatrice Fairfax, Saturdays, 9:30 p.m. EDST over the following network:

NBC Service to WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WDAF, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KSTP.

T is Miss Fairfax's job to see that tragedy is headed off. This sob sister's mission is to avert having sob-stories happen, to untangle the crooked web of circumstance, to straighten out lives gone haywire.

"You'd be surprised at the number of letters I get from young folk begging for help in adjusting their home life satisfactorily," she told me. "I'm sure that at least half the girls and boys who leave home are forced to do so by their parents' intolerance. If mothers and fathers would only stop to realize that their children cannot live by food alone. A place to sleep and a clean apartment do not make a home.

"There must be love, understanding, sympathy, willingness to cooperate with young Sue and John. There are thousands of homes in which young women are considered equal to the task of earning their livings, but not capable of behaving in the company of the opposite sex. There are, believe it or not, thousands of parents who forbid their grown daughters from going out with boys. Who treat them as if they were babies."

Contrary to popular belief, loads of letters come in from men. She gets almost as many from the sterner sex as from women. Most of them complain of delicatessen wives—women who collect their husband's salaries, and refuse to cook or keep house. Who spend their days gadding about.

She always advises the righteously indignant husband to try to talk things over with his wife. Issuing an ultimatum never solved anything satisfactorily, she explains. More trouble has been caused by a snap decision than anything else. One moment's flareup has ruined more romances and marriages than you can imagine.

If talking things over fails, the best thing for the husband to do is to undertake the purchase of food, to handle all the expenses, for a short time, to even buy his wife's clothes. When the lazy mate realizes she has nothing to gain by her conduct, she usually is willing to do her share of work.

"It seems to me that too much emphasis has been placed upon remaining physically beautiful to hold a husband, and too little upon being a true companion to him," she said. "This is a case in point. Recently, a man who was married twenty years ran away with a young woman. Everyone said what a brute he (*Continued on page 95*)

Women are often more romantic than men. A husband struggling for a career does not always realize that his wife's happiness depends on the affection and little gallantries of their happy courtship days.

• HE LISTENED

By
HELEN
HOVER

(Top, left) Donald Novis and his Missus, who's the boss in his family when it comes to his singing. (Top, right) Donald Novis in a way you seldom see him—alone.

IF Donald Novis hadn't met Julietta Burnette, his thrilling tenor voice might be instructing young boys in the art of calisthenics, today, instead of floating over the NBC airways these warm Saturday evenings on the merry Colgate House Party. He fought against a singing career, but in the end—well, let me start from the beginning.

A new girl was coming in from the next town to sing in the Pasadena church choir. This bit of news left Donald Novis absolutely undisturbed as he sat on the beach absently making grooves in the sand with his big toe. He had just left Whittier College to enter the choir because his father had insisted upon it. But his heart was in college and its fun, and not in singing.

"Are you coming to the party we're giving for the new girl?" a friend asked him.

"Of course not," he answered. "I've another date."

So the night that Julietta Burnette first met the Pasadena crowd, the only member of the set who was not there to welcome her was the boy who was later to mean everything in the world to her.

The next day his pals rubbed it in. "She's a knockout," they told him gleefully. "Gorgeous red hair and greenish-blue eyes. Wait'll you see her."

Don still held his nose up in the air. "Not interested."

Don, as soloist of the choir, came in particularly early for the rehearsal the next day. But there was someone

Listen to Donald Novis any Saturday at 9 p.m. EDST over the following stations:

WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WMAQ, WOW, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WMC, KGO, KFI, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WDAF, KSD, WTMJ, WIBA.

TO HIS WIFE •

She made him what he is today. Donald Novis admits it, for her job is to take care of this young tenor's voice

(Below, left) Donald Novis almost made a profession of teaching this game and others like it, but he got side-tracked to a singing job.

(Below) The girl who turned Don's head and brought luck. From the very first day he met her, Fortune slated him for love and a very unexpected success.

already there. A girl, with gorgeous red hair and greenish-blue eyes.

SUDDENLY she became aware of his presence in the church. She looked up, somewhat confused. "How do you do," she said shyly. "My name is Julietta Burnette. I'm the new soprano here."

Don's voice choked in his throat. Finally, he blurted, "Hello."

"Dammit," he muttered to himself. "What's the matter with me? Can't even talk." She was lovely, much nicer than he had expected.

For Don those next few weeks were a combination of heaven and hell. He realized more and more that this girl with the fascinating eyes had got him—had got him so that he trembled when he stood next to her at rehearsals. Every time he thought he could bolster up enough courage to walk up to her and ask if he could drive her home, he became tongue-tied.

Don probably never would have gotten to first base if the choir master hadn't chanced to telephone him one afternoon.

"Will you drive down and pick up Julietta at the station. She's sprained her ankle and can't walk."

Would he? His hands flickered as he adjusted his best tie before the mirror. That afternoon will always stand out in his memory as a remarkable experience.

When he found her sitting helplessly in the station waiting-room, his heart went out to her. The moment that he lifted her up and carried her to his car was the moment that Don and Julietta realized they were in love. That evening he drove her all the way to her home in Long Beach and from that day on, she never took a train again.

OH, they had glorious times. They played and worked together. Don was a young husky who lived in the sun. Julietta's life had been wrapped up in music. Don taught Julietta how to swim, how to fish and how to play tennis. But often, as they lounged on the beach, Julietta would wrinkle up her face seriously and take Don in hand.

"You must take more interest in your singing," she would admonish him gently.

"Oh, as a singer I guess I'm a good gym teacher," he told her. "That's what I should have been, and as soon as this singing bug wears off, I guess I'll go back to Whittier and my physical 'ed' course. Come on," he would shout suddenly, catching her by the hand and running toward the water, "I'll race you to the raft."

Julietta Burnette was wise. She believed in Don. She believed in his young, vibrant (*Continued on page 71*)

JOHNNY GREEN

COMPOSEI EXTRAORDINAR

HE'S only 25 years old, y he has written so man popular songs he's co sidered one of this cou try's foremost composers. That Johnny Green, energetic arrange pianist and conductor at th Columbia Broadcasting System.

Johnny is a lad to keep an ey on. Maybe we should call him a exception to the rule. Anyway h knew what he wanted seven year ago when he was a junior in Har vard, went after it, and now he up among the best of them, mu sically speaking.

When he decided to make th name "Green" mean something Johnny got a job doing arrange ments for Guy Lombardo's or chestra. "Why should I arrang other people's music," he aske himself. "I'll write the stuff my self in the first place." Soo "Body and Soul," his first com position, was sweeping the coun try. Out in Hollywood, Para mount Pictures took notice of th excellence of the song and sough out "this boy called Green." H was given a contract for severa outstanding films.

Then came other songs. "Co quette," "Out of Nowhere," "I'n Yours," "I Cover the Waterfront and "I Wanna Be Loved" wer just a few.

Not so long ago Johnny go really ambitious and set abou composing a symphonic poem His "Night Club Suite" was th result and has received wide prais from critics.

Right now, he is being feature by CBS in his own program. Yo will recall, too, that he was th musical director for the Olds mobile programs which starre Ruth Etting twice a week ove Columbia.

"Easy Come, Easy Go" is hi latest composition. Have yo heard it?

Photo by McElliott

JESSICA DRAGONETTE

MYSTERIOUS AND GRACIOUS

MYSTERIOUS lady, Jessica Dragonette. Aloof from the coarseness of life, she moves along as serenely as her song. Some of the studio people think she's conceited, egotistical. There's no question that the Cities Service soprano has a great deal of pride in her accomplishments. But the aloofness is due more to the spiritual encouragement she received in her convent training, while a child.

That aloofness has often been misinterpreted by those who do not know her. Really she is a very gracious person. There was definite evidence of it after a recent Friday night broadcast. The program over, her admirers flocked about her. She was tired. She had worked hard. But smiling charmingly, she stood there and shook hands, wrote autographs and made herself lovely to everyone.

Broadcasting officials wanted her to get away. They knew the strain was telling on her. An official was delegated to inform her, in a voice loud enough for all her admirers to hear, that there was an important telephone call for her and she must go at once. Three times over a period of ten minutes she was given the message, but it wasn't until Miss Dragonette had spoken to everyone, that she consented to leave for the telephone call that never did exist.

Jessica has set an ideal for herself. Through all the strife, double-dealings and misunderstandings that go on in the world with which she must necessarily come in contact as a radio star, she has not become disillusioned.

Those few who know her, admire her for it. Mysterious lady, Jessica Dragonette. Mysterious and gracious.

Photo by Jackson

IREENE WICKER

RADIO'S SINGING LADY

MOST people know Ireene Wicker as "The Singing Lady" who broadcasts from Chicago every afternoon except Saturday and Sunday at 5:30 p.m. EDST over NBC. But few realize she is the composer of every one of those children's songs she sings on those programs.

Now that's a job by itself. Figure it out for yourself. There are five programs a week and about three new songs on each program. If you'd suggest to our popular song writers that they compose one new song a month most of them would fly to the ceiling. But ask Ireene Wicker to give you four a day and she'll calmly sit at her piano, peck out notes, and at the end of the day you'll have your four songs.

But Ireene really has an advantage. She has the inspiration so often lacking among others. Her programs, as you know, are designed for children, and joy of life for Ireene and her husband Walter Wicker, also a radio actor, are the two children of their own. Sonny and Nancy are their names. Two healthy children whose favorite radio programs are the ones on which mother and daddy take part.

You mothers and fathers can understand why Ireene and Walter's programs are so successful. They don't have to visualize a big unseen radio audience every time they step up to a microphone. All they need do is to visualize little Nancy and Sonny curled up in a big chair in front of the radio in their home. For all we know, the childish humming of Sonny and Nancy might have furnished their famous mother with many an idea for the songs she has put on the air for you listeners.

Now you know why "The Singing Lady" is a success from coast to coast.

Photo by Jackson

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS

AMERICA'S OPERATIC PRIDE

TURN to an NBC blue-WJZ network station some Wednesday evening at 9:30 o'clock EDST and listen to John Charles Thomas. And as you listen, say to yourself, "I'm listening to one of the world's finest singers—a product of America."

You know there are very few really big names in opera who are native Americans. Why? It's one of those unexplained things. Anyway, John Charles Thomas and Lawrence Tibbett stand out as foremost among the male exceptions.

It was only last March that Thomas made his debut in the Metropolitan Opera. Years before, however, he made his opera debut in Brussels, Belgium. Odd, you may say, that Europeans so often must find their success in America and Americans theirs in Europe.

After hearing his voice, you may wonder that Thomas could have ever dreamed of anything other than music. But there was a time when he was a medical student in Baltimore with hardly any thought of music. Of course he loved music. But it was only a hobby until an unexpected incident happened. While he was studying medicine, the Peabody Conservatory of Music offered him a scholarship. The scholarship was so attractive that Thomas wouldn't dare turn it down until he had debated the whole thing thoroughly in his mind. Finally he decided to take the scholarship and lay aside his medical instruments.

As you look at his picture here, you probably see Thomas as a robust man—an athlete. You're right. In 1908 he was.

Nowadays he keeps fit by playing golf and tennis. Bill Tilden, the tennis king, is a friend of his with whom he often plays.

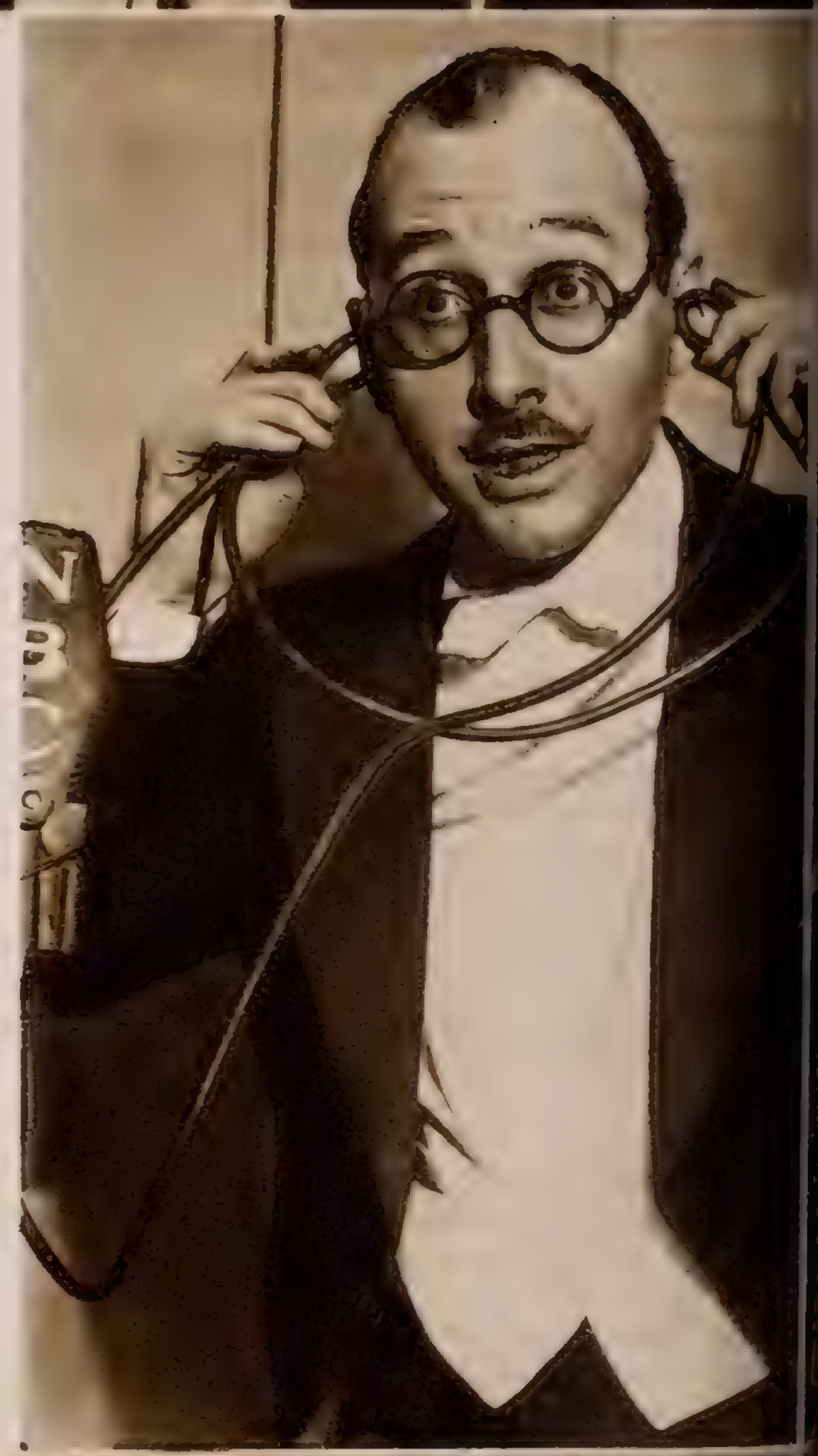
Photo by Jackson

RAY KNIGHT AND HIS "CUCKOOS"

Some radio artists go nuts working out programs. But not these goofy "Cuckoos." They're already that way

The A-C Spark Plug "Cuckoos" in action. (Top, l. to r.) Jack Arthur, Mary Hopple, Bob Armbruster, Mrs. Pennyfeather, Mary McCoy, Carl Mathews, Sallie Belle Cox and Ray Knight. Other photos show Knight in crazy poses.

Wide World



FRED ALLEN and HIS "HOUR OF SMILES"

Allen's drawling voice and lots of comic actors make this NBC program laugh provoking to the nth degree

Sal Hepatica and Ipana present (left to right) Jack Smart, Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa and Irwin Delmore. That funny fellow, Allen, fills up the rest of the page with his famous nonsensical faces. He couldn't broadcast without 'em.

Wide World

CATCHING KILLERS

Crime is halted! Criminals are caught with their guns still smoking, with their knives still red from the blood of victims

By DORA ALBERT
Illustration by LYMAN ANDERSON

RADIO—a finger pointed at the criminal, putting him on the spot, hounding him as he hounded his victims! Radio—a voice traveling faster than the fastest plane, the swiftest car; a voice which pursues its victim to the darkest corner in which he tries to skulk; a voice beyond whose reach he cannot get. Radio—the invisible man-hunter!

We've all heard how in more than a hundred cities throughout the United States police cars have been equipped with special short-wave receiving sets; and how, through the orders they get by radio, these police patrols have caught criminals red-handed, in the very act of looting apartments; have caught killers with their murderous weapons still smoking in their hands.

These things are common knowledge; but very few of us know of the part that the regular broadcasting stations have played in catching killers and fighting crime; of the many times when everyday programs have been interrupted to turn a group of ordinary citizens into a posse of man-hunters. We all remember the Lindbergh case, where the trail was already cold when the search started. But in other cases radio has been more successful in ferreting out the hiding place of the criminal and in hunting him down.

Do you remember the famous Hickman case? During the early part of December, 1927, eleven-year-old Marion

BY RADIO . . . .

This is a scene all too familiar to many banks, in towns throughout the United States, which have had a similar tragedy.

Parker was kidnapped and held for ransom. Shortly after the kidnapper had collected $2000 in ransom money, the body of the child, horribly mutilated, was found on a vacant lot a short distance from the Parker residence.

The crime was so cold-blooded and so brutal that the whole nation was aroused. "Find the killer! Find the killer!" was the one thought in everybody's mind. "Save other children from the ravages of such a criminal."

At eight o'clock on the evening when the body of the murdered child was found, Station KFWB on the west coast broadcast the news of the tragedy. The station, located at that time in the Warner Brothers Studio on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood, had an arrangement with the *Los Angeles Examiner* whereby they were allowed to break into any program with news bulletins of importance.

The two announcers at the station, Jerry King and Bill Ray, looked at each other, and the same thought was in both minds. Eleven o'clock was their usual closing deadline, but what did that matter in the face of this tragedy?

"Let's see what we can do on this case," said Jerry, "what radio can do."

"I'm with you all the way," said Bill.

THEY began by broadcasting the facts of the case and clues concerning the automobile license of the killer and various other information. The broadcast kept the city up all that night, all the next day until five o'clock Monday afternoon. During all that time Jerry King, who was at that time a victim of tonsillitis, relieved Billy Ray at odd moments, so Bill was on the air continuously from eleven o'clock Saturday night until five o'clock Monday afternoon.

One of the first things they did was to broadcast a request for a troop of one hundred cowboys to search the hills where automobiles would be unable to go. The cowboys were on their way within one hour.

About three o'clock Sunday morning, a man called KFWB and said, "I am a poor man but I will award five dollars for the apprehension of the killer."

This was broadcast over the (*Continued on page 81*)

HE TURNED HIS BACK

(Above) This is the grand staircase in Talleyrand Palace, the summer home of Albert Spalding which is located in historic and glamorous Florence, Italy.

(Above) France sent General Eugene Charabot to America to decorate Spalding as a chevalier of the Legion of Honor for bravery during the World War.

Money can't buy success, and the story of Albert Spalding proves it, for he is a violinist who had to forget both on the road to success

IF you were a millionaire's son. If you were young, handsome, talented and the idol of the debutantes would you deliberately turn your back on society, and spurn all the advantages that come without asking to gilded youth?

I wouldn't. But there is one man, whom you hear on the air every Wednesday night at eight-thirty, who did, some twenty-five years ago. And because he did, he is our foremost radio violinist today. I'm talking about Albert Spalding.

Everything in his life and environment pulled young Spalding in the other direction. His crowd considered the gay social whirl much more important than any man's individual achievement. His father brought him up with the idea that he could do exactly as he pleased, for Spalding millions were at his beck and call. What need was there to work when hundreds of thousands of dollars trickled monthly through the Spalding Sporting Goods Shops which his father owned?

At first, young Spalding accepted this point of view. He was perfectly willing to drift along, doing the things people of his age and position did. But even then he realized that if he continued to accept everything that came to him, he would remain forever buried in obscurity.

Men have rarely achieved success who are not willing to fight for it. Men have never achieved a place on the roll of fame who have not dared to think for themselves and stand by their convictions against the censure of their class and friends.

Spalding was a nonentity in those days. He might still have been one had it not been for an incident that left him burning with humiliation and shame.

While in his teens, he gave his first series of concerts. Society, the horseshoe ring, loudly cheered his playing; pleased young things presented him with dozens of silly bouquets and hero wreaths. His family and friends thought he was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened.

But some of the critics gave him an entirely different reception. Instead of cheers, he got boos. They panned the shirt off his back. They said, in effect, "Here is a wealthy man's son, who has breeding and education. He would make a very attractive ribbon salesman or a gentlemanly street car conductor, but why should he attempt to impose his violin playing on a long-suffering public?"

The elder Spalding was furious. Where did those undersized critics, who earned less than his valet, get the nerve to criticize his son? With all the Spalding dough behind him, he'd see that none but favorable criticisms would be printed. What good was his money if it couldn't buy happiness for his pet son?

IN a rage he went down to see the editor of "Musical America," a monthly that had printed a review criticizing Albert. Wasn't he, Spalding, a patron and an advertiser in the periodical, he demanded of the editor, John C. Freund? Did they imagine for a minute he was handing out his good advertising money for them to lambast his boy? Hereafter they'd print only favorable comments, or else. . . .

The editor of the magazine replied that he'd say what he liked and the Spalding millions be damned! No advertiser could hold a whip hand over him. He'd tell the truth as he saw it. And under (*Continued on page 94*)

ON SOCIETY

The American violinist poses with "Andy," his hound, at another of his summer homes in Great Barrington, Mass. He's just had a game of tennis.

By MARY JACOBS

Albert Spalding broadcasts at 8:30 p.m. EDST each Wednesday over the following CBS stations: WABC-W2XE, WOKO, WCAO, WNA., WGR, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, WBBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WFBL, WJSV, WERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBR, KGB, KFRC, WDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WGST, WBRC, WDOD, WRR, KLZ, KTAT, KTRH, KLRA, WREC, WCCO, CKAC, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KSL, KTSA, WIBW, CFRB, WEAN, KMOX, WMT, WORC.

This photo of Spalding was taken in a CBS studio just before one of his recent broadcasts.

FOR DISTINGUISHED

Gladys Swarthout

Miss Swarthout and Mr. Barclay play leads in the Palmolive Beauty Box broadcasts, 10 p. m. EDST over the NBC red-WEAF network. (Below) The entire cast during a broadcast.

John Barclay

SERVICE TO RADIO

NOT since radio began, have listeners been given the opportunity of hearing such a mingling of lovely voices, spirited music, and dramatic thraldom as is offered each Tuesday night at ten o'clock by the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre.

It is no easy task to take an operetta, that has had its birth in the theatre, and adapt it to the peculiarities of kilocycle presentation. It must be pared and pruned, for one thing, to less than half its original length. To replace the glittering spectacle of color and action and movement in the original, there must be added clever devices to make us serene arm-chair listeners feel and thrill to that which the living theatre's audience saw.

As in every line of human endeavor, some said, such a task could not be accomplished. Some said beauty would be throttled and artistic merit killed. As in every line of human endeavor, others went ahead to prove the "you can't do it" gang wrong. How successful they were, I leave to your own judgment.

It is my opinion that this Beauty Box show sweeps back the horizons of radio entertainment. Because its sponsors and producers have had the courage to risk much to gain much, we proffer to the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre this month's RADIO STARS' Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Curtis Mitchell

(Above) She listens to him practice. Lawrence Tibbett and his wife, who is so important to him as companion and critic, that he insists she accompany him wherever his vagabond singing career demands.

(Above) Lawrence Tibbett as he appeared in the opera "Traviata." One night this unknown young westerner walked on the famous stage of the "Met" as a singer of small parts and walked off a star.

LAUGHING SINGER

By ROSE HEYLBUT

THERE'S a singer you've been hearing on the Firestone programs who is known wherever he goes by his laugh. And by the precious knack he has acquired of finding fun where others find woe. More than once, that ability has kept his chin high and eyes up.

His name is Lawrence Tibbett.

Just before the turn of the century, way out yonder in what was then the wild and woolly west, a Sunday School entertainment was taking place in a church basement in Bakersfield, California. Hymns and patriotic songs were sung, and then the stage was dressed for the big event. A clock was stuck up in a corner, a blue light bulb was screwed into place, and someone mounted the platform and recited, "I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight."

Down in the audience, a wide-eyed four-year-old clung to his mother's skirt, entranced. When it was all over, and the thrill had subsided enough to make speech possibl again, the child whispered in awe, *"I'm* goin' to do some pin like that someday. In public, too!"

The kid was Sheriff Tibbett's son, Larry. At the ag of four the lure of footlights called him, and a year late he got a chance to do something about it. Another en tertainment was being planned, and, after much pleading his mother said young Lawrence might sing a hymn. Th great day came. The child was arrayed in a new suit an shiny shoes. To perfection that hymn had been rehearsec He stepped out on the platform. The sea of faces dizzie him. His hands grew moist. All unconsciously, he sub scribed to the Einstein theories that time and space mea absolutely nothing. The floor swayed. The well-coache hymn was gone—drowned in a torrent of stage-fright His legs refused to carry him; he simply stood there

(Above) His voice is one of the best known in the world. At the Metropolitan Opera he has been accorded sensational ovations. Over night he shot to stardom in the movies, and now radio claims him.

Lawrence Tibbett isn't afraid of life. He has a sense of humor that juggled the tricks of Fate and brought him world-wide fame

ien, in a moment, he gulped down something in his oat, stumbled forward, and piped out, "The Star angled Banner." Later, his mother came to him.

"But, Larry, that wasn't the song you were supposed sing."

"I know, Mother. But gosh, it was the only song I uld think of, and I couldn't just stand there. I had to *somepin,* didn't I?"

HERE, you have Lawrence Tibbett. He just has to do *something,* and when it doesn't work out right, does something else. You simply can't down the fel- v. Never could. He meets trouble with a laugh. The rd "impossible" doesn't exist for him. He honestly ieves that there is a brighter side to everything, and up to himself to find it. (*Continued on page 97*)

GADDING
OUR CANDI

When they're not looking, th

(Below) Here's young Miss Mitzi Green of movie fame who took a try at radio and added a bunch of fan letters to her fast growing collection.

Wide World

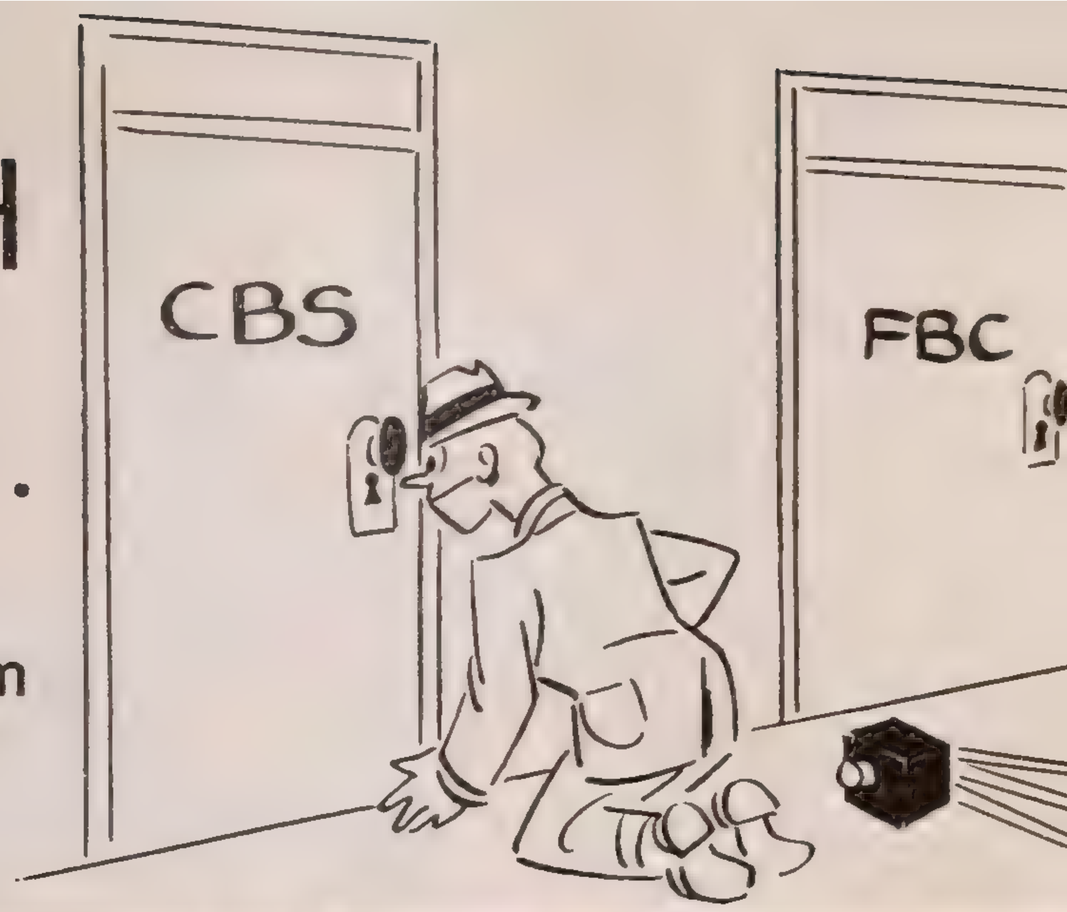
Cul

(Above) While Phil Harris directs his band, his pretty singer, Leah Ray, has a bite of pencil sans lettuce and mayonnaise. (Below) Ruth Hilliard, film beauty, presents Ben Bernie with what we suspect are Winchell orchids of the scallion variety.

Wide W

ABOUT WITH CAMERA . . .

picture man slips up and catches them



Culver

Culver

(Above) "Shine on Harvest Moon." Now you already know it's Ruth Etting, the girl with a sob in her voice. (Below) When Paul Whiteman wears a top hat and smokes a fifty-cent see-gar he's always in a jovial mood as shown here.

(Above) Edwin C. Hill (left), commentator, Ida Bailey Allen, radio cook, and David Ross, announcer, ready for the "On the Air" signal. (Below) Walter Tetley does just what you'd expect a child actor to do—tear up his script for fun.

Culver

Culver

Wide World

(Above) Radio's Fire Chief, Ed Wynn, is now a real New York fire chief. Here is Vincent J. Kane, president of the Uniformed Firemen's Association, notifying the comic

Photo-A

(Above) Em on the left, Clara in the center 'n' Lu, the soap-suds girls broadcasting from Chicago via NBC stations. They are, you know, radio's backfence gossipers.

Did you ever see a scream printed Well, here's one. And look at Jo Penner giving his duck a bath.

(Left) Dr. Walter Damrosch, dean of American conductors and musical counsel of the National Broadcasting Company, shown in his New York home where he recently observed his seventy-second birthday. Congratulations!

(Below) This is how a person looks while screaming for radio. Elizabeth Day is the girl unleashing a spine-chilling yelp as her contribution to a program.

(Below) "Joost a leetle less volume, my goot girl," says Maestro Leon Belasco to pretty Martha Mears. Both recently were stars on the Armour program.

McElhott

Culver

Wide World

(Above) Amos (left) 'n' Andy snapped in Florida where they went to get away from their rushing taxicab business in Harlem.

(Right) New York, here we come! Polly Moran rolling into town with Jimmy Durante straining at the controls.

(Below) Suzabella gets her Saturday night bath. Not Joe Penner's girl friend, but the duck he's been trying to sell. Joe finds the brush method the best.

(Below) "Look what we did," say two proud papas of the Carefree Carnival. Eugene Toffoli with Daddy Johnny, left, and John Tollinger with Daddy Ned.

Wide World

Beringer

Pappy

UNMASKING THE HILL BILLY HOAX!

By BLAND MULHOLLAND

SCOOP!

Pappy, Ezra, Zeke and Elton have been holding out on you long enough. Here's the lowdown on 'em!

YOU'VE all heard Pappy, Zeke, Ezra and Elton playing and singing their hill-billy songs on the NBC hook-up. And more than likely, while your foot was tapping to some low-down, plaintive mountaineer's tune, you thought to yourself, "Well, those boys are certainly the real McCoy."

Or maybe you haven't heard them. Anyway, you've seen pictures of them—poor, bewildered and bewhiskered mountaineers wearing gloriously flowered calico shirts, corduroy breeches, high leather boots, felt hats turned up Roughrider style and pinned with immense safety pins. Pappy's a whale of a man, stands six feet four inches and weighs 275 pounds. He's the one with the flowing mop of white whiskers that reaches his ample belt. Ezra's the thin guy with the side-whiskers that would make a member of the House of David blush with envy.

And the way they talk! Listen in sometime, you'll be charmed by their naive views of New York, their hill-billy lingo. They seem quaint characters out of books. Just listen while Pappy tells how he jumped from hogs to harmony over night:

"I lived in Arkansey nigh onter all my life, till Mr. Tallfeller here branged us to New York to be on the radio. Nothin' ever happens in them thar hills. You sorter set round, playin' checkers of a dull evnin'. You go possum huntin', bear huntin' and fishin'. A bit of bacon, ceegars and tobaccey is all ye needs to git along. If yer want to git a little drunk o' moonshine, you takes it. The gals don't dare say yer, no, down yonder."

Of course they are real hill-billies, notice the way they look and talk and act. Sez you.

Ladies and gentlemen, you've been fooled. You've been out-smarted by one of the best hoaxes ever perpetrated on a radio audience. No one minds, because it's all a grand joke. The newspapers fell for it, too—hook, bait and sinker.

Actually, Pappy and his gang are no more hill-billies than you or I. Pappy is an ex-college professor. Zeke, a conservatory-trained musician once known as the Mystery Organist who set the west agog with his beautiful music a few years ago. Ezra is an ex-vaudeville trouper.

THE only frail excuse for calling the bunch hill-billies is Elton, the youngest of the group. He actually does hail from the Ozarks. But he is a recent addition to their hill-billy act, entering the picture last September when the other three had already made a place for themselves in New York and in this great business of broadcasting.

How did this hoax start, you ask? Well, you aren't the only one who wants to know. So here goes. It began the day Pappy decided he couldn't keep a wife and three kids on a teacher's pay, so quit. In those days he was Thomas Murray, professor of English Literature at Leland Stanford University, no less.

Back in 1928, hill-billies were just coming in, out west. Over night, Thomas Murray became Pappy, an illiterate son of the Ozarks. He persuaded the organist of Station KMPC, who is Zeke to us, to join him. They needed a fiddler to complete their troupe, so they got hold of Ezra who was a vaudeville trouper.

Under the name of "The Beverly Hill-Billies" they appeared on the radio, played in the movies, were booked for vaudeville. And were they good? Listen to this.

When "Hell's Angels" was finishing its long run at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, they were put in as an added attraction. They were such a hit that the billing was changed from "Hell's Angels" and "The Beverly Hill-Billies" to "The Beverly Hill-Billies" plus "Hell's Angels."

The last week the movie played, which was when they appeared, the management took in more coin than the first week of the picture's run.

The troupe became a popular feature over station KFI. Things were going fine. The mountaineer dialect and dress went over big. People waited for hours outside the broadcasting studio to see them ride down in an old, broken, buggy.

Their fame spread. Donald Flamm, then president of Station WMCA in New York City, went to California in April, 1933. They were so head-over-heels above any of the eastern hill-billy teams that he tried to persuade them to come east.

They were dubious at first. Easterners are smart, they'd see through their little make-believe, find them out. But Flamm persisted, "If you can fool 'em out here, you can fool 'em in New York, where we are the biggest rubes in the world." Still hesitant, Pappy, Zeke and Ezra finally allowed themselves to be persuaded and came east.

Frankly, some of us were skeptical when they first broadcast over WMCA. There were so many fake hill-billies on the air. But our skepticism vanished before their simple, honest-to-goodness mountaineer sentiments.

We heard Pappy sorrowfully complain of how he misses his beloved moonshine and apple-jack. Ezra is

lovesick all the time, poor thing, "driv near crazy with longin' for his sweetheart back home, Charlotte Boggs." We appreciate Zeke's embarrassment when "the yeller haired gals keep makin' sheep's eyes" at him, and the poor thing didn't know what to do. We felt sorry for timid, shy Elton, poor homesick kid. How were we to guess that they were putting on the swellest act of their careers?

If you'd asked them then, I think they would have confessed that one chap, Mr. Tallfeller, made the whole thing possible. It was his expert coaching that taught them enough hill-billy lingo and life to fool us.

You remember Mr. Tallfeller from the act, don't you? He's the suave, smooth easterner, city-bred to his finger-tips, their director and announcer on the air. Supposedly, Mr. Tallfeller, who is Perry King, was vacationing in the Ozarks when he heard the band playing at a fair in Marshall, Arkansas. It was he who brought them to New York directly from the "mountings," and got them their first spot on WMCA. It's a good story.

IN reality, Perry King is a bona fide hill-billy, and has more of a right to that title than any of the others, except Elton. Born and raised in the southern mountain region, he knows hill-billy customs and speech. A college education and years of experience as a Broadway actor make him appear city bred.

He's been with the boys since they first struck New York. Donald Flamm realized they'd need someone to help them stage their little stunt, and gave Perry the job. At the time, he was a WMCA announcer.

The whole thing started as a gag, of course, but by now they've learned their parts so well that they almost believe they are mountaineers. They wear their impossible

(Above) Left to right: Pappy, Zeke, Ezra and Elton, hill-billies who never saw hills, with the exception of Elton, who really does hail from the Ozark Mountains.

costumes always, even when they go out socially. Eve day they draw up before the palatial NBC studios in old, dilapidated horse and buggy, perfectly oblivious the amused stares of the mobs that always collect for th spectacle.

And do they work hard to live up to the part? Pe haps you remember back in October, when the pape were full of the disappearance of Zeke? He had be rebuked by Pappy for singing out of tune, and had ri away. The story was told that he was through with Ne York and "Raadio," and was headin' for his native hil Wearing his regular costume—green mackinaw, breeche high larded boots, flowered shirt, and with only $10 took French leave. For thirteen days he was missing.

The police picked him up, dirty, hungry and dishevele as he slept in a car on Beachwood Boulevard, in Pitt burgh. He had bummed his way there. Steadfastly refused to reveal his identity, insisting he was a mou taineer. Finally, he was identified and WMCA sent Per King to bring him back to the fold.

The boy certainly was game to stick it out, hungry a tired, when by admitting his identity, he could have r ceived help anywhere. And does he stick to his stor "Pappy whopped me for my bad singin', so I set out f home. The policeman took my lumberjack an n breeches an high shoes. They guv me short shoes a regeler pants and I cotched cold. 'Twas a long time afo I could sing after that."

Pappy will wax confidential and tell you that he w once mistaken for "a revenuer (government tax colle tor) and most shot to death." All he aimed for was little drink! He'll tell you he just missed being in t Spanish American War. Up in the Ozarks, the nativ didn't hear of it till it was over.

HOW did they learn to play and sing so well, buri in mountains? Listen! "I allers fussed round wi a geetar and mouth organ and sang to beat the band Pappy confesses. "Ezra, him had a hankerin' to fidd He borrowed Cy Proddy's fiddle and practayzed. I kep' it when the ol' man died. Ezra was the bes' fiddl back home, so I brang him with me."

Zeke speaks for himself, "I bought me a concerteen from Sears Roebuck. I larned me to play the accordi and them other pieces by joinin' up with the Salvati Army. I allers wanted ter be (*Continued on page 87*)

(Below) A peep into the studio during the broadcast. While Pappy strums, Zeke (left) tells Ezra and Elton about them yeller haired gals makin' sheep's eyes at him.

SHE LOST LOVE AND FOUND FAME

Can true love be a stumbling block to success? A tragic romance makes Betty Barthell wonder

Betty Barthell, CBS songstress, reports to the studio early to give her script a last minute once-over and check-up on her cues.

Betty is chic but modest in dress. A rhinestone bracelet is her only ornament for this simple but smart evening gown of white.

By NELSON KELLER

EVERY week for two years, millions have thrilled as this soft spoken southern girl stepped before the microphone with the loveliest of love songs.

There are those who say, "To sing that way of love, she must have loved." Perhaps you are one of those who have wondered.

Betty Barthell has loved. And lost—but bravely and gallantly. All because of the selfish whims of a certain young cavalier of the southland, as you will see.

Much has been written about this Columbia artist whose voice you've heard on the program, "Betty Barthell and her Melodeers." Yet the most important scene in the drama of her life has never been told. Actually, Betty would rather it remained so, but people who listen to her want to know, to understand, what makes them feel her singing so deeply.

Two years ago—the day after Christmas, to be exact, came the incident that completely changed Betty's life. That was the day Jules Seebach, program director of the Columbia Broadcasting System, while visiting in the south, heard her singing over WLAC in her native Nashville, Tennessee. Seebach liked that contralto voice. He sought her out and invited her to New York City offering a Columbia contract. (*Continued on page 93*)

BEHIND THE SCENES OF

WHEN THE FARMER NEEDS A FRIEND HE COUNTS ON WLS

When 100,000 persons turned out to watch th Indiana Corn Husking Bee, WLS had to mou mikes in a tree in order to watch the activitie

By CECIL B. STURGES

(Left) "She'll be comin 'round the mountai when she comes,' sings Lulu Belle o WLS's famous National Barn Dance program. She's Myrtle Cooper in private life.

WLS not only gives the farmer of the Middle West the kind of programs b

AMERICA'S GREAT STATIONS

This photo shows a shipment of seed which WLS gave to farmers following a severe storm which destroyed plantings.

(Above) Burridge Butler, president of WLS. Mr. Butler is a journalist at heart, having established and operated some of the Middle-West's outstanding dailies.

GOOD morning, friends. This is WLS, the Prairie Farmer Station, Chicago.

With those words, Hal O'Halloran, who is WLS's early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise prodigy, tells the world that his outfit is on the air with another day's serving of music, farm service, and honest-to-goodness friendliness.

There is no other station in the world quite like WLS. It has been called the biggest hill billy factory in the world, the home of a troupe of clod-hopping hayseeds with a penchant for mountain music. Let me tell you that it is much, much more than that.

Whether you've listened to WLS or not, look at some of its programs and learn the flavor of them, and make up your own mind about this amazingly unique organization.

For instance, take Monday:

6:00 a.m.	WLS Smile-a-While Time
6:20 a.m.	Weather report and live stock estimates
6:30 a.m.	Family Circle program
7:00 a.m.	Top o' the Morning variety entertainers
7:15 a.m.	Farm News
7:30 a.m.	Morning Devotion
7:45 a.m.	Jolly Joe and His Pet Pals
8:00 a.m.	Skyland Scottie

And so it goes all through the day, a schemed and clever blending of service features and sheer down-to-earth entertainment of the sort the farmer appreciates. There is news three or four times a day. And market reports and a "Dinnerbell" program at 12:15. At 2:00, the "wimmen folks" get their special treat in the "Homemaker's Hour."

I've just used the words, "schemed and clever." Don't think for a minute that I mean the higher-ups in this WLS outfit are tossing into the air what they think the country crowd likes, and sneering all the while into their mustaches. Not at all. Those WLS executives are country bred and born, and the sincerity of the job they are doing is Law Number One in their Ten Commandments.

I wish you could know Burridge Davenal Butler, the dynamic sixty-six-year-old high potentate of the Prairie Farmer and its radio station. Burridge Butler is a giant of a man, and when he strides into a situation it is like the arrival of a Kansas "twister."

"When you step up to a WLS mike," he warns his workmen, "remember that you are stepping into somebody's home."

That is his credo. You will hear no smut on WLS. And precious little of the pounding, jaw-breaking sales talk that some advertisers employ. What you will hear is a variety of mental and emotional nourishment that is the fruit of Butler's own years of contact with farmers and their families.

He owns the newspaper called the "Prairie Farmer," you see. Twenty years before our Civil War, the farmers of our prairie states were reading it. Butler bought it in 1909. Many of his listeners learned their ABC's reading them out of "Prairie Farmer" headlines. Those listeners are old friends and it is not part of Burridge Butler's nature to forget his responsibility to them.

I went to visit WLS straight from a trip through Radio City in New York City. NBC's polished palace of broadcasting is a delight to the eye, and a triumph of architectural dignity. Its offices are like the pictures you see in the movies. Impeccably dressed men sit behind vast, glittering desks and shuffle papers efficiently. But there is no warmth.

In the Prairie Farmer building in Chicago, I found things far different. These studios and these offices are modest and perhaps a little untidy, but they were packed chock-a-block with friendliness. (*Continued on page 92*)

wants, but this Chicago station actually comes to his aid in time of need

BEHIND THE SCENES OF

WLS HAS A SHOW IN THE

FROM the moment the first words were spoken on April 12, 1924, Station WLS was dedicated to a policy of effective friendship and kindly service.

That sentence is printed in a piece of WLS literature. At once, it is a boast and a happy guarantee. More than that, the station has assumed another rôle—that of keeping alive the tradition of genuine American folk music.

In its studios are many of our finest performers of the sort of tunes we have come to call "hillbilly." Cowboy music finds an authentic rendering there, too. Quickly, WLS has found its listeners resent the intrusion of Tin Pan Alley imitations of the real thing. They know the difference, for they are America's real folks.

These "real folks" first heard WLS under unhappy conditions. The deflation of 1920-21 ha dropped prices far below wartim levels. Things had not gone fa toward normalcy when Sears, Ro buck and Company established a "Agricultural Foundation" for th purpose of helping to solve some o the problems confronting farmer everywhere. To reach the farme they undertook somewhat timidl the establishment of a radio statio

On the evening of April 12th, tiny studio in the Sherman Hot was crowded with distinguishe guests. The engineer peered fro his control room which had bee fashioned out of a clothes close At 6:00 p. m., Edgar Bill, the sta tion's first director, stepped to th mike and said:

"Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye WLS, the Sears, Roebuck Statio is on the air."

"The Star Spangled Banner" wa

(Above) The Maple City Four cut their capers for Barn Dance listeners. (Left The popular Cumberland Ridge Runners. They make real mountain music

A queer twist of fate back in 1924 paved the way for a program which i

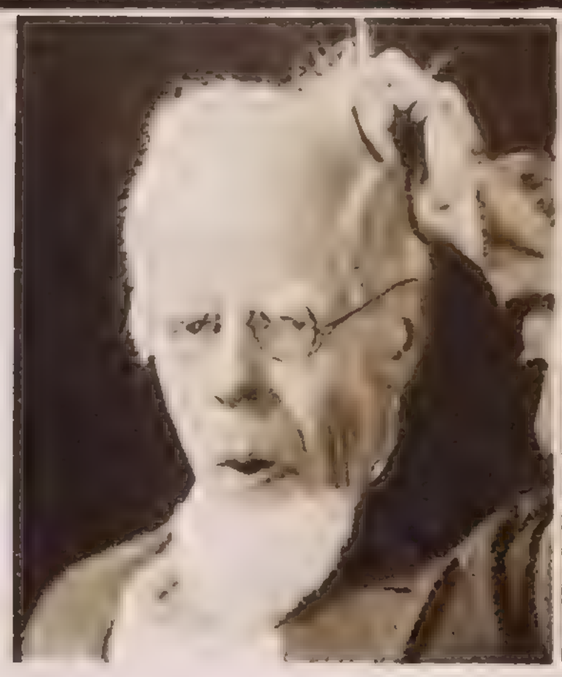
MIRACLE BARN DANCE

sung. The Mayor of Chicago spoke; and so did Jane Addams; a former Secretary of Agriculture; and several presidents of farming organizations. And Grace Wilson, who is still a great favorite with WLS listeners, sang "At the End of the Sunset Trail." From New York by leased wire came the voices of Arthur Brisbane, Gloria Swanson, Amelia Bingham. In Chicago, later in the evening, Ethel Barrymore, William S. Hart, and the Duncan Sisters crowded around the mike. It was quite an opening night.

However, it isn't likely that many handsprings were turned on midwestern farms that evening because of WLS' stunning parade of big names. Farmers are noted for the suspicion with which they regard anything that is offered "for their own good."

They remained luke-warm, despite many service features, until one fateful night in 1924. It was Saturday. The manager of the station was on his way to the studio and while en route stopped for a bite to eat at a drug store. A radio, dialed to WLS, was playing. The manager heard a fiddler sawing out a hoe-down tune, "Turkey in the Straw," "Chicken Reel" and a lot of others. "Pretty bad," he decided, even as his foot kept time.

But he didn't have to take it off. Telegrams began to arrive by the dozen. And letters by the hundred. Those farmers out there had heard their kind of music in the air for the first time and they were telling him so. Each Saturday night, thereafter, more and more music of the same general sort was added. Before long, they were calling it the WLS (*Continued on page 88*)



(Above) That lovable old man, Uncle Ezra.

(Above) 14-year-ol wonder, Geo. Goebe

(Above) Mac and Bob, blind musicians.

(Below) M. Cla and Linda Parke

The Westerners (above) provide some stirring tunes when they bring their fiddles and guitars to the mike. They're Barn Dance favorites.

(Below) Woodchopper Luther Ossenbrink.

(Below) Hal O'H loran runs the sho

now flung through forty-eight states by an extensive NBC network

MARTHA MEARS

AGE: Twenty-four.
HEIGHT: Five feet two.
WEIGHT: 105 pounds.
BIRTHPLACE: Mexico, Missouri.
HAIR: Blonde.
EYES: Blue.
FAVORITE SPORT: Ping Pong.
FAVORITE FOOD: Pop corn.

IF YOU WANT A RADIO *Sweetie* SHE'S ELIGIBLE

GENTLEMEN readers, Miss Martha Mears is the latest addition to NBC's singing staff and already her youthful charm has attracted national attention. Considering her beauty, her vocal talent and her sweet disposition, you may have more than a passing interest.

Coming from the middle west, she possesses a fresh charm of one who has struggled for fame in the big city and won. She was born in Mexico, Missouri, a small town in the heart of the "Show Me" state. After she had finished the public schools of Mexico and its neighbor, Moberly, Martha attended the University of Missouri. It was there that she became interested in radio and joined the staff of KFRU, a local station of no great power. But big, or little, KFRU sent that voice into enough homes to make the name of Martha Mears stand out above the other 5,000 students in the University town, Columbia.

After graduation, she was filled with the spirit of conquest. To Missourians in radio, that means auditions in Kansas City or St. Louis. Martha took the latter and clicked. WIL and KMOX featured her. Then along came Gus Edwards to play a local theatre. When Edwards announced a contest to pick a singer, this gel tried and won. Everything went lovely until the show got to Indiana. Then Martha was again on her own.

By now her eyes were on New York. She arrived in town a stranger. Within two weeks she was holding down two spots a week on NBC. In two more weeks the Armour Company had hired her for the Phil Baker show

IF YOU WANT A RADIO *Beau* HE'S ELIGIBLE

JOHN S. YOUNG

AGE: Thirty-one.
HEIGHT: Five feet ten and a half.
WEIGHT: 168 pounds.
BIRTHPLACE: Springfield, Mass.
HAIR: Dark brown.
EYES: Brown.
FAVORITE SPORT: Football.
FAVORITE FOOD: Filet mignon.

JOHN S. YOUNG, NBC announcer, takes his radio very seriously. Being a handsome young bachelor, we see no reason why he shouldn't take thoughts of matrimony in the same light. To be truthful, he does just that. Has very definite ideas, and if we may venture a prediction, we'll lay two to one that he doesn't stay single more than half a dozen more months.

John is known around the studios as the best dressed announcer. If you could steal a peep into his Essex House apartment, you'd understand. There hangs thirty tailor-made suits in addition to special outfits for a half dozen different sports.

Around town he's known also as a professor. You see, he attended Yale, holds an LL.D. degree and teaches at one of New York's biggest universities. All of this sounds like a lot of work, but he must have some spare time for by fall three of his books will be published.

As an announcer, John's voice is internationally known. In the early days of broadcasting, he was heard on programs sent out by powerful short-wave stations to Europe. When Pope Pius appeared before the mike for the first time, Young was the announcer on the American side.

As for talents, this fellow plays the violin, piano, guitar, banjo, ukulele and vibraharp; speaks French, German, Italian and Spanish; reads Shakespeare and Ivanhoe.

Here's a secret. John prefers blondes. And the girl he marries must be educated in liberal arts, have an appreciation of things artistic and love music.

Gene Carroll (left) and Glenn Rowell, the popular "Gene and Glenn" comedy team. When they play "Jake and Lena," Gene takes both parts while Glenn plays the piano.

Here are the boys at work. Gillette Razors sponsors them on an NBC red-WEAF network daily except Saturdays and Sundays at 7:15 p. m. EDST. Welcome back gentleman.

By NORMAN SIEGEL

Twice they were kicke

If you were on t radio and as pop lar as Gene a Glenn, this is sample of o week's mail whi you would g

THE TRUE STORY OF GENE AND GLENN

Gene and Glenn turn the studio into an office when they spread out their fan mail and press clippings. The card they're reading here must be funny judging from the smiles.

Why buy two chocolate sodas when a couple of straws get the same results? And fifteen cents saved each day means $54.65 more in their wallets at the end of the year.

off the air. Now they return for a third try. Will they last?

WHEN a man goes under three times, he drowns.

Three times the waves of disappointment and discouragement have closed over the heads of Gene and Glenn of that popular radio team whose celebrated characters of "Jake and Lena" are familiar to millions of listeners.

Twice they have battled their way to the top. Now, it depends on you, who have been responsible for their success, whether or not they shall rise again.

If you are one of the few listeners who dialed in on them six years ago, you may remember the morning they went on the air as a team. It was their first program without Ford Rush, who was a part of the act until illness forced him to leave.

With Ford the act ran along smoothly and they became a popular feature. Now that he was gone, things changed. True, Gene Carroll still had his lovable and laughable "Jake and Lena," and Glenn Rowell, his rollicking style of singing, but it didn't put them over. The act flopped.

What was the matter? They didn't know. Of course, they realized it was difficult to attract an audience at an early morning hour, and particularly hard to get them to listen to a new skit at that time. Yet, they were certain, people would like Dutch "Jake and Lena." Were they wrong?

After that one broadcast, the Cleveland station gave them the cold shoulder. The next week they tried their luck in Chicago where they had previously started their radio careers. Those careers now surely did look short-lived.

Fruitless weeks followed, leaving them with little hope, no money, and much discouragement. Only their faith in Jake and Lena carried them on.

It looked like the end had come. Gene returned to their hotel to talk it over with Glenn. There was only one recourse left which might possibly put the act over. That was a sustaining job on a small station that paid nothing in salary, but it was a chance to remain in the swim.

THEN one of those crazy twists of fate, that causes us to ponder, happened. Gene lifted the receiver of the telephone and clicked for the operator.

"Is that you, Mr. Carroll?" she asked before he could give his number.

"Yes," said Gene, "Get me . . ." He never gave the number.

Long distance informed him Cleveland was calling. Bill Spang was on the wire. Now, Bill Spang may mean nothing to you, but in Cleveland he's the head of a large bakery. He wanted the boys to come to Cleveland at once.

The next morning they were on the spot and spent all day working up a sure-fire program which, they were certain, would land them the job.

Spang outlined his plans—plans of a business man who was ready to spend money to expand his business. He was willing to pay them ten a week.

Ten a week! Not even enough on which to live. Gene and Glenn looked at each other.

"But, Mr. Spang," Gene said, "We think we're worth more than that."

"Son, ten hundred dollars a week is a lot of money," Spang stated, "I have faith in what you can do, but don't forget that you're practically unknown here."

A thousand a week! Gene and Glenn said no more about money. They began to wonder if Spang was crazy.

However, he knew what he (*Continued on page 85*)

Marge's wedding, l. to r. —Myrtle Vail Damerell (Myrt) in left foreground with furs, George Damerell, Ray Hedge, Donna Damerell (Marge), J. W. Walker, Charles Kretzinger, Evelyn Kretzinger

SUPPOSE THIS HAPPENED AT YOUR WEDDING

By MARGE WILSON

GIRLS, keep your wedding day for your very own, and don't be cheated out of a honeymoon." That is advice from somebody who knows. Every girl wants romance. Marge wanted it, too, but she didn't get it.

Six months ago, this star of the well-known CBS team of Myrt and Marge married William Gene Kretzinger, popularly known as Gene of the Gene and Charlie brother-harmony duo. But they didn't have a honeymoon.

Toying with the lovely ruby and diamond engagement ring Gene had given her, she thought back to that day more romantic than any other in a girl's life, her wedding day. She had planned a small, exquisite church wedding. Herself the most beautifully attired bride anybody ever saw. There was to be the most exciting tropical honeymoon that a girl ever had.

However, with delightful girlishness, I suppose you'd call it, Marge had overlooked such items as her's and Gene's radio contracts. Also, clamorous fan letters begging for admission to their wedding.

Myrt and Marge are on the air each evening except Saturdays and Sundays at 7 p. m. EDST over these stations: WABC-W2XE, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WBT, KRLD, WSFA, WTOC, WWVA.

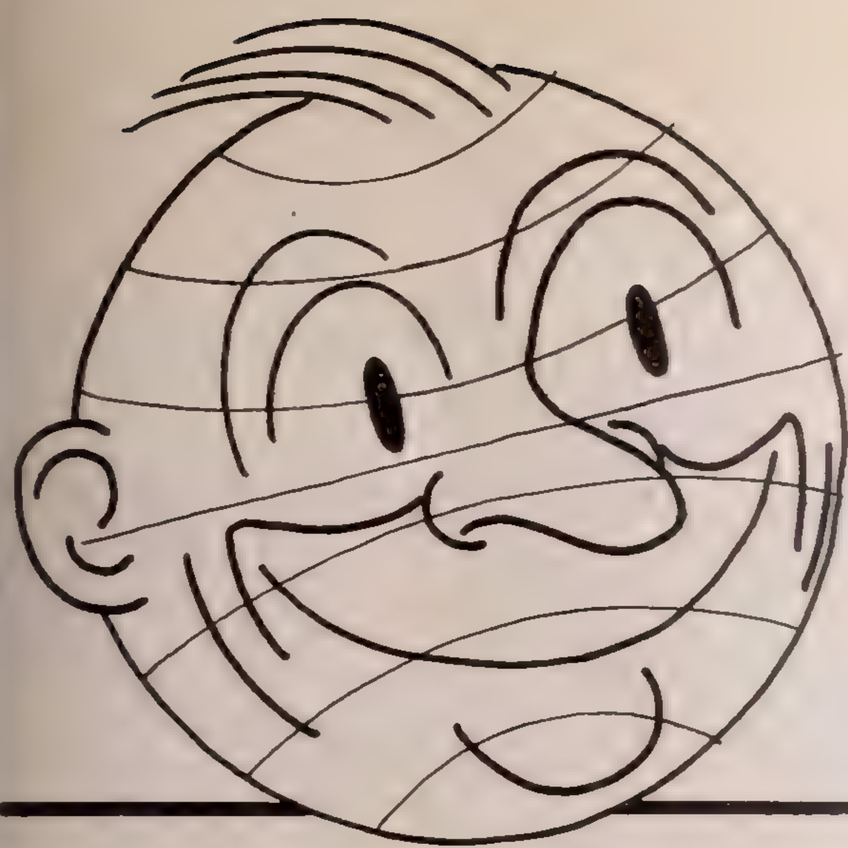
Result: no honeymoon and a broadcast wedding. Moreover, a double wedding because Gene's brother, Charlie, who was in love with Marge's cousin, Evelyn Karrer, had an impatient lover's idea. He and Gene were kept so busy with their radio work, and spare moments were so rare, why not, asked Charlie, save time by making it a double wedding?

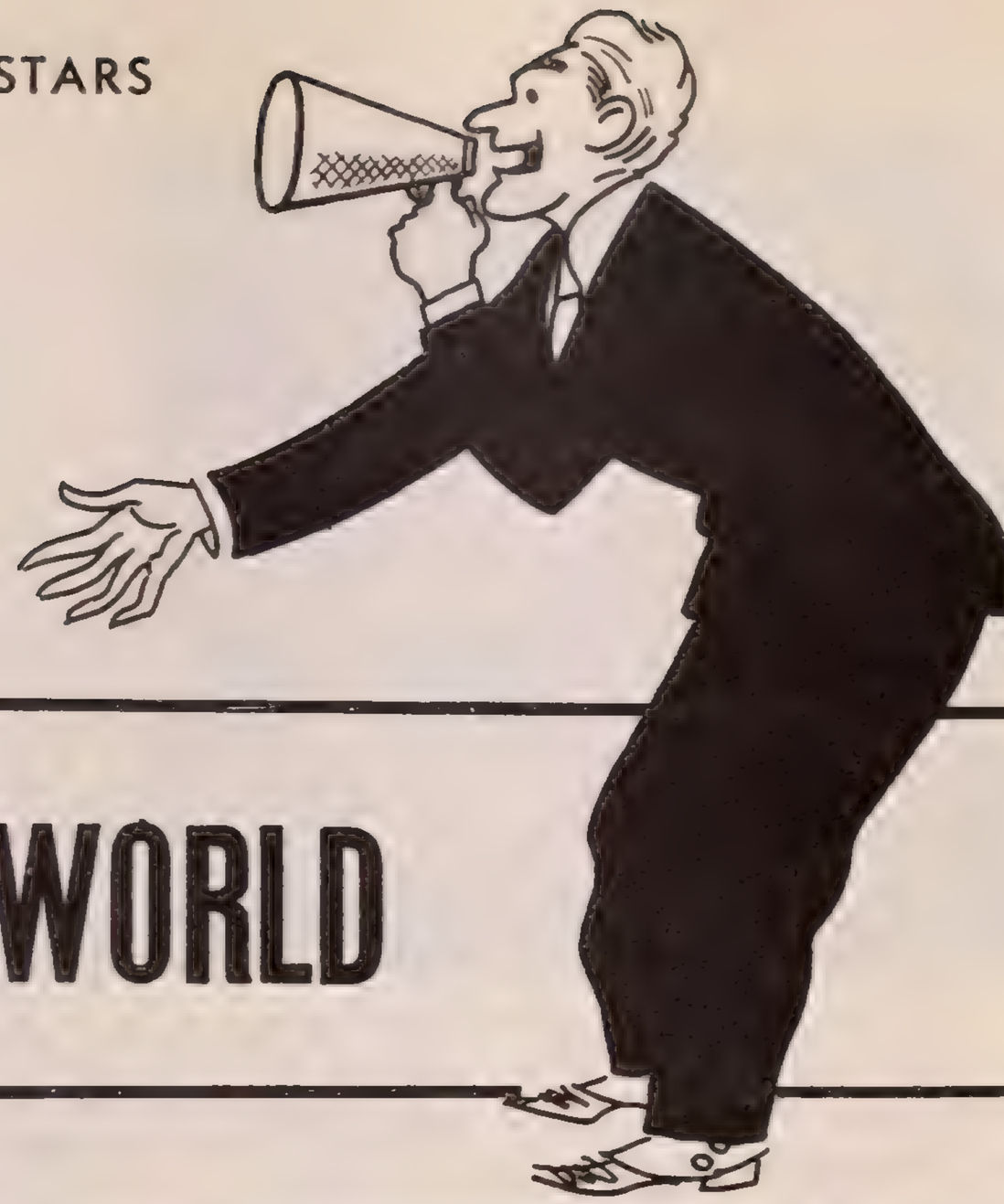
Why not, indeed? agreed Marge reasonably, both to this plan and the broadcast. After all, she felt, she owed her fans a great deal. As for the cancelled honeymoon—forget it. And as to the record-breaking marriage costume, Marge herself decided against it. Too elaborate, she concluded, for such times as these.

"But," Marge earnestly promised herself, "my wedding day is going to be *all mine*."

That is the day for seclusion and leisure, time for meditation and good resolutions, time to dream about your new life ahead and to dress with meticulous care for your wedding. But listen to what happened to Marge and decide for (*Continued on page 89*)

Marge tried to keep her wedding day for herself but radio just wouldn't let her





WE'LL TELL the WORLD

COME, come, nephews and nieces and those who refuse to be related to Uncle Answer Man in any way whatsoever. Don't let those little curiosity bugs gnaw treacherously at the bases of your brains. Get rid of them. Let the A. M. tell you why Ed Wynn wears red suspenders and why Joe Penner's duck crosses the road and such like.

Unkie *wants* you to ask a lot of questions. He'd like to answer them all, too. He would *so*. But he's just gotta confine himself to those asked by the greatest number of you. That'll save him from being mobbed more than three times a week.

So, you're asking us. And we're telling you. Much as we can, anyhow. Oh yeah? Yeah.

✚ Q. Say buddy, can ya spare a time? We want to know when Pick 'n' Pat are on.

A. Sorry, fella, I'm on the bum myself. But they do say at NBC they're on "One Night Stands" Friday nights at 9:30 Eastern Daylight Time (NBC-WEAF red network), and as Molasses 'n' January on the "Maxwell House Show Boat" Thursday nights at 9:00 Eastern Daylight Time (NBC-WEAF red network.)

✚ Q. Can you tell us something about Frank Prince who sings with Walter Winchell's pal, Ben Bernie?

A. If you're not an ash blonde with smoky eyes (nothing to do with when your heart's on fire) you don't stand so much chance of fascinating him. That's the kind he likes. A rumor's gotten around that he's 24 years old. Frank, who's real name is Franklin Prinz, is another of those husky tenors. He's six feet one inch tall and weighs 174 pounds. Don't ask him what he likes to eat. He's on a diet and that would make him mad. He was born in Oak Park, Illinois, and went to the University of Wisconsin. The drums had him snared for seven years before he decided to sing. Married? Oh, quite.

✚ Q. We're making an informative bid for the cast of "Easy Aces."

A. Well, there are Jane and Goodman Ace, of course. Sure, they're married. Then Mary Hunter plays Marge, and Cliff Dunston plays Brad. Not playing myself. Just kibitzing.

✚ Q. Are Katherine Norton and Bob Crane of "Today's Children" married to each other in real life?

A. Not while the Singing Lady has anything to say about it. You see, the Singing Lady, Ireene Wicker, is married to Walter Wicker, who plays Bob Crane. And Katherine Norton is played by Irna Phillips.

✚ Q. Well see here, now, Unkie, if you tell about Frank Prince who sings with Bernie, how about Little Jackie Heller who *used* to sing with him.

A. Well, since Little Jackie is doing well enough on his own, all right. L. J. H. doesn't seem so finicky about the appearance of the opposite sex as Frank does, nor is he as big as Prince, being but five feet one inch tall and weighing 114 pounds, but he's said to hold about 85 medals for athletic prowess. Jackie was born May 1, 1908, in Pittsburgh, Pa., of Jewish parents. He has three sisters and three brothers, Sara, Ceil, Esther, Harry, Bill and Lou. Prior to his joining Ben Bernie, September 29, 1932, he'd played in vaudeville and sung over WJAS, Pittsburgh. Jackie isn't married.

✚ Q. Please tell us the name of Eddie Duchin's Junis program theme song and where copies of it can be obtained.

A. Oh, that? That's a little thing some guy named Chopin dashed off sometime in the first half of the last century. Nice bit, what? I imagine most big music stores could dig up a copy for you.

✚ Q. Could you reduce our bumps of curiosity by telling us something about Charley Murphy, Columbia announcer on the Byrd Antarctic Expedition?

A. You don't mean Charles John Vincent Murphy, do you? Not the Murphy who used to be a newspaperman himself and a good one, too, for the United Press, the Associated Press, the New York Sun and the New York World? It can't be that you're referring to the six foot, 175-pounder who went to Greenly Island with Bernt Balchen to rescue those trans-Atlantic fliers, Koehl, von Huenfeld and Fitzmaurice, can it? Not the Murphy who wrote the biography of Admiral Byrd? Surely you're not referring to the one who, when not in the Antarctic, lives in Mamaroneck, N. Y., with his wife, the former Jane Brevoort Walden, and their daughter, Anne? He isn't the one you mean, is it? Oh it is? Well, sorry, I can't tell you a thing about him.

✚ Q. Are Bill and Ginger married?

A. Not today, thanks.

(*Continued on page 98*)

(Above) Abe Lyman gives Harry Weinstein, his chauffeur, a few pointers on rummy. (Below) Harold Stokes, NBC maestro, caught in a pensive mood.

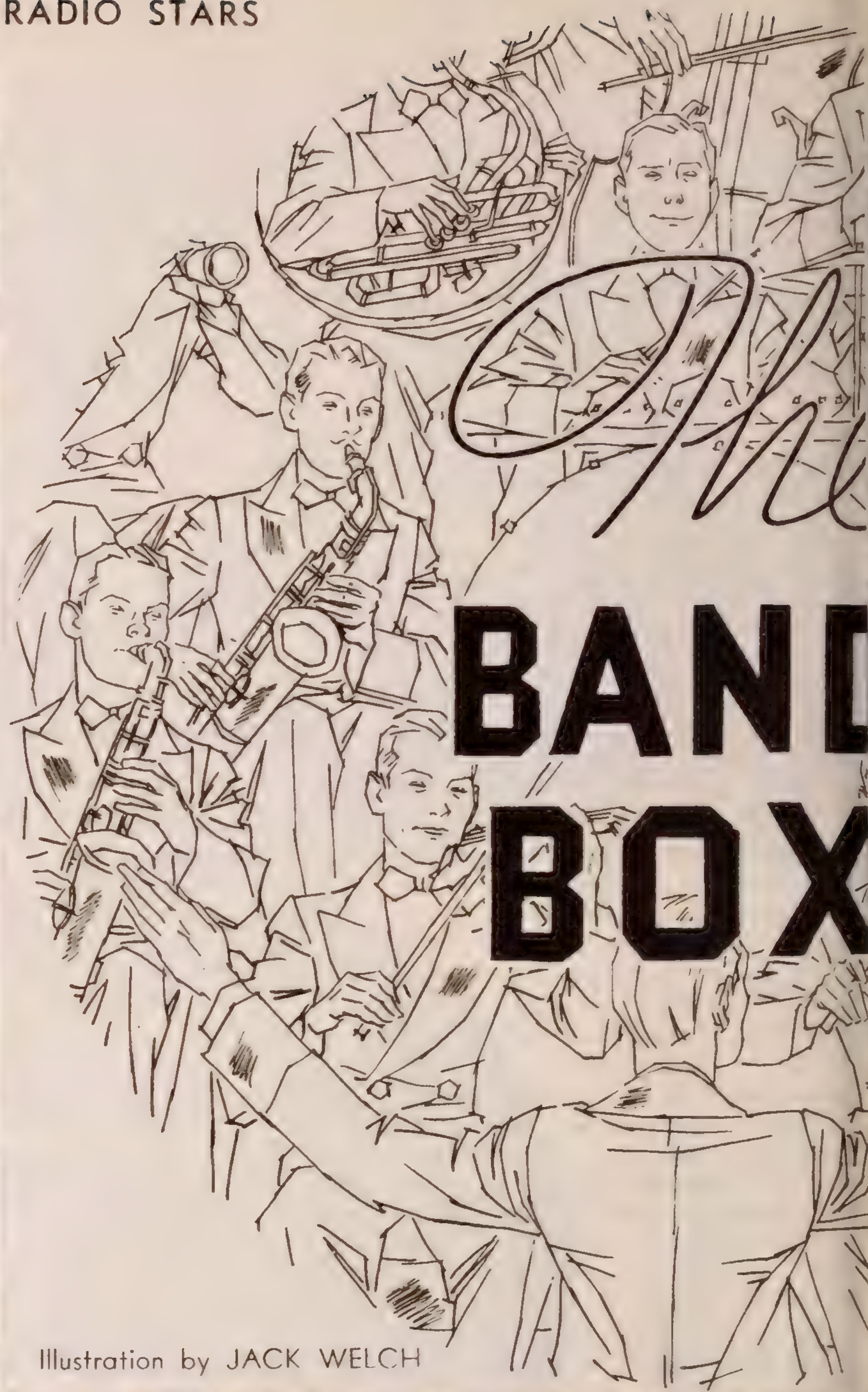
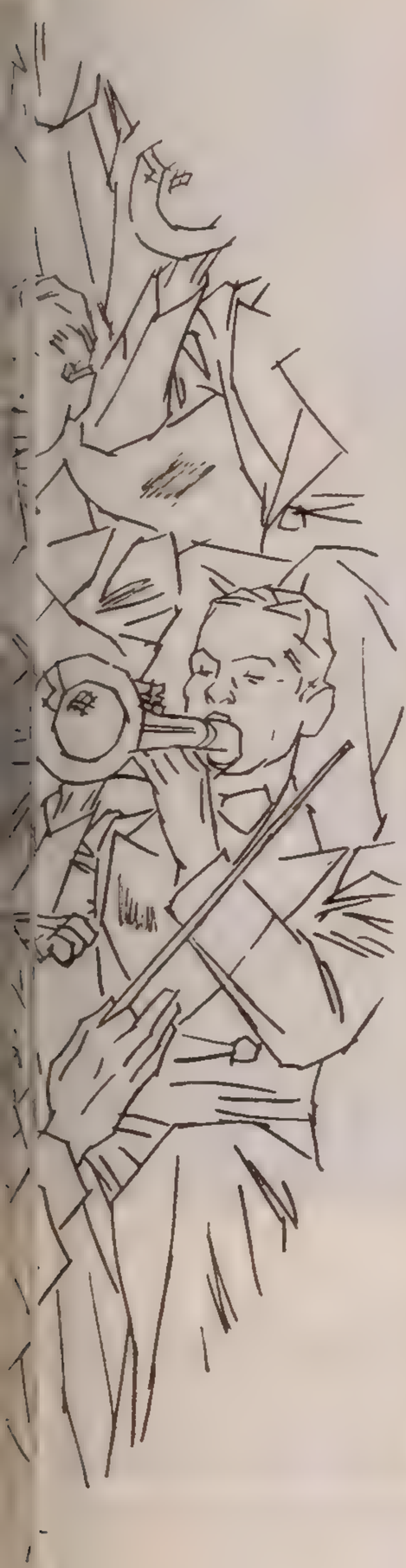


Illustration by JACK WELCH

Here's the lowdown on why Poley McClintock's frog voice was off the Waring hour. And did you know Lombardo soon leaves his spot?

Yowzah and yowsah! Three different kinds of music makers in three different kinds of dress. Messrs. Ted Fiorito on the left, Ted Lewis and Ben Bernie.



(Below) The master of society music, Vincent Lopez, now at the St. Regis in Manhattan.

(Above) The Five Messner Brothers of CBS. Left to right: Charley, John, Bill, Fred, Dick.

(Below) One of our most successful young bandsman, Lennie Hayton. An expert pianist, too.

By WILSON BROWN

POLEY McCLINTOCK, as far as his famous frog voice was concerned, for a short time was off the Fred Waring broadcasts. But you already knew that, if you've been listening to the Ford programs. What you want to know, no doubt, is the why of it all. Just this: The sponsor turned thumbs down on frog singing. Wanted a more dignified program.

Johnny Davis, Waring's scat singer, was through, too. Here again the same reason prevailed.

The results were, without a doubt, more dignified programs, but certainly not characteristic Waring programs. When the frog voice and the scat yells faded, only the glee club was left to remind one of the Waring in the good Old Gold days.

Waring and his organization got $4,500 for one broadcast a week for Old Gold, and now Ford pays $10,000 for two programs a week. So Waring couldn't complain. But with Poley and Johnny out of the picture he may have wakened up some morning to find himself "just another accompanying band."

In fairness to Poley and Johnny I should say that they remained members of the Waring force as drummer and trumpeter, respectively, but now they are again back in their unique and original roles with more enthusiasm than ever.

● Regardless of whether or not the White Owl program featuring Burns & Allen and Guy Lombardo's orchestra goes off the air this summer, Lombardo will part company with the program on June 13. If the program does run through the summer, which is doubtful, it will be with another band. And if it takes a vacation and resumes in the fall, there will still be another band. (*Continued on page 86*)

Meet AL PEARCE

(Left) Al Pearce, the master showman. (Top) His Gang, left to right: Al, Yogi Yorgenson, Homer Smith, Morey Amsterdam, Mabel Todd, E. J. Derry, Jr., Mary Dare, Tony Romano, Alma Lou Barnes, Andy Andrews, Dorothy Dare, Travis Hale, Jackie Archer, Phil Hanna, Cal Pearce.

By WALTER RAMSEY

Al Pearce and His Gang can be heard Saturdays, 6 p.m. EDST over the following NBC stations:
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, WMAL, WHAM, WSYR, WJR, KWK, KWCR, KOIL, WREN, WCKY, WENR, WIBA, KFYR, WKBF, WPTF, WWNC, WSOC, WIS, WAVE, WJDX, WSMB, KVOO, WKY, WOAI, KTBS, KOA, KGIR, KGHL, KGW, KHQ, KTAR, (KSO goes off 6:15) and (WDAY comes on 6:15).

THEY call him "The Hay-seed Rudy Vallee of tl Coast," because his homespun NBC hour is a varie program of singing, wise-cracking skits and instrument music presided over by that old, cornbelt Master of Cer monies himself.

They call him the biggest and most popular radio dra originating on the western network—because he is!

They also call him "Al Pearce and His Gang," a because he has been wowing the audiences of Californi Washington and Oregon for several years, they've r cently given him a coast-to-coast hookup on Saturday Thus every day of the week he is busy telling the rad world the benefits of Formay and Speery Flour.

For this astounding evidence of microphone appeal pl two sponsors, he makes not one cent out of radio.

Yes, you can read that again and it will still mean tl same thing. And it might be added that it is doubtf if Al Pearce and his gang could live without the radi You see, he uses his broadcasting, not only for his spo sors, but to inform the radio audiences that he is makin personal appearances at the same time, that he takes h Gang into every big city and small town theatre withi hearing distance of his voice. Before you start passin the hat, it might be well to add that the theatres do pa him. Business for one week in a San Diego theatr brought him the tidy sum of $8,000. And he broke Bin Crosby's record at the Los Angeles Paramount Theatr

To the eye and ear, Al is a small-time fella with a nic easy, home-folk manner who knows "from nothin'" abo business. That's where his brother Cal Pearce is sup

and his GANG!

A coast-to-coast radio hook-up + two sponsors = No Salary! That is Al's record to date, but he's far from being in the red in his bank book

osed to come in. But there are certain gentlemen who ave signed contracts with Al who have their doubts bout this corn-belt impresario who originated such characters as "Eb" of "Eb and Seb" and that genial half-wit ountry boy, "Elmer Blurp." The doubts arise when they nd out that this "dumb country boy" with the naïve, mall-town look in his face has been just "dumb" enough o round up, and sign to his personal contract, such radio its as Morey Amsterdam (the Genial Egotist); Mabel Todd (blues singer); Tony Romano, whom Bing Crosby alls the most excellent guitarist in the country, and Monroe Upton (Lord Bilgewater and Dr. Bedside). Please ote that they are signed to personal contracts to AL! He keeps them all in his gang, pays them a fair salary nd just about $5,000 of that mentioned $8,000 goes o Al and his brother.

T was this same brand of dumbness that took the Pearce boys out of the real estate business where they vere doing rather well, and put them in the new-fangled adio business about seven years ago. They just had a unch that radio would afford a couple of nice young ellows, who had a talent for gab, the ability to play the anjo and sing tenor (Al) and sing bass (Cal) a good hance to make a name for themselves.

They hopped up to San Francisco and got a tryout n a dinner-hour program. Their success was neither mmediate nor sensational. But they did manage to attract the attention of station KFRC (CBS hookup) which hired them for a successful coast program, "Blue Monday Jamboree." It was during this long run, that the radio moguls got the idea that there was something unusual and appealing about Al Pearce's Master-of-Ceremonying. He never worked from a script, everything was impromptu. He would just stand up there and say, "Well, folks, now we got Mabel Todd coming up—where is that girl, anyway? Oh, there she is; come over here, Mabel. Here she is, folks." Informal is probably the correct word for his manner. There was a sincere ring of "just telling you something straight from the shoulder" about his voice. If he said "Rubs and Dubs Washing Powder" was the best on the market, the housewives would have faith enough in his honesty to believe him. Such talent couldn't be overlooked for long. From then on, Al Pearce became a sensation in a daytime broadcast to housewives.

Next, he was given an hour in the afternoon all to himself called "The Happy-Go-Lucky Hour." It was during the run of this program that Al invited a few friends up to the station to hear the act They came, they laughed, and they continued to come. Al watched this development with interest and finally got the idea that his audiences were actually getting a huge kick out of watching as well as listening to his troupe of artists go through their act. Then he got another one of his hunches and then and there decided to take his Gang on personal appearance tours.

HE was undecided as to whether his Gang would "go over" when they got away from the radio station atmosphere, so he tried his home town theatre first. They crowded the aisles and almost tore the rafters down. Billed for one hour, the show (*Continued on page 91*)

You see Jack Denny at his regular Sunday night job—getting supper. He says, in making a salad, first imagine how it will taste and how gay you can make it in color. The coupon for his favorite recipes is on page 99.

JUST cut up everything in the kitchen!" says Jack Denny.

"Even the nasturtiums in the window box aren't safe when Jack starts making a salad," his wife interrupted, "for he claims a few chopped stems add an unusual flavor to a vegetable salad."

Quite unexpectedly we had dropped in on the Dennys last Sunday evening. Jack was in the kitchen. Mrs. Denny told us that she has to resign it and her apron to him on Sunday, the one day he becomes boss of his own household, for the rest of the week he's busy rehearsing and playing his music for you over CBS and NBC.

Seeing Jack with an apron on, we decided to find out just how kitchen-wise he was, and discover the kind of food music maestros prepare.

"No, you don't use a recipe—they ruin any good salad," he remarked, when we started asking how many spoons of this and cups of that he was using. "Just cut up anything and put it together—lettuce, green peppers, red ones, endive, celery, romaine, chicory, tomatoes, cucumbers, olives, pickles, some parsley, and a few nasturtium stems, if you like. Then pour on the dressing, toss the salad about in it, and you'll find out that I'm right about recipes being the bunk."

While Jack may not use a recipe, we noted when he was tossing in everything from chopped olives to a celery stalk, that he used one-half cup each of shredded lettuce, endive, romaine, celery, and cucumber, two medium size tomatoes, diced, and two small sweet pickles, sliced to paper thinness, two tablespoons each of chopped olives, red and green peppers and one each of minced parsley and the finely chopped stems. He rubbed the inside of the salad bo with a split clove of garlic before put into it any of the greens a vegetables. Then he squeezed onion. Simply cut a large dri onion in half, leaving on the ski and squeeze in the same manner you would an orange or lemon ov the squeezer. You get onion juic He added a tablespoon of this to t French dressing, poured it over t salad, tossed it about in enou dressing to moisten, and served it individual portions on red cabba leaves. Over the top he dott nasturtium blossoms.

"But you can't live on salads, eve in summertime," he confided. "Y need something hot, too."

So curry of chicken, Bombay styl served in individual pattie shells a companied the salad. Jack gave this recipe and here we pass it o

(*Continued on page 99*)

Jack Denny steps into the kitchen to show you how to concoct summer salad

IF YOU WANT TO BE *Beautiful*

Do you know how to take care of your complexion in summertime? Here are answers to that and other problems

By CAROLYN BELMONT

Is your nose all shiny and have you tiny red splotches popping out here and there, and do your pores look large? In other words, are you forced to hide behind your powder puff?

Well, I know a new powder that you can brush on the tip of your nose and be assured that you will look as cool and fresh at the end of a dance number as you did when your escort called.

But I do not advise a lavish use of cosmetics in summer. The days are warm and the dancing nights are downright hot. Beads of perspiration trickle down your well-powdered nose to mar a most romantic moment, and your complexion begins to look like a pink and white striped zebra.

For beauty's sake, in the very hot weather, substitute a skin freshener or a *very mild* astringent for powder. (I use witch hazel.) During the day you can keep at hand several little pads of cotton with a bottle of astringent, and when you feel sticky and droopy, give your face (and the palms of your hands and wrists, if you like) a generous dash of the liquid. It makes you look fresher than do dabs of powder laid on other dabs. Not only does this make you appear cooler and feel better, but it is at the same time beneficial, for an astringent washes away the dust particles and closes the pores. In the hot weather they are relaxed and so become clogged with powder, with red splotches and blackheads resulting.

If you prefer, use the astringent instead of powder on date nights, too. Keep a tiny bottle in your purse. In shaded lights and under the moon, the shining (not shiny) face that results from the liquid is adorably young and piquant-looking.

Now about those red splotches! The first principle for an envied complexion, which you've been told a hundred times, is cleanliness inside and out. None of you go around with a dirty face, at least you don't think you do, but if your pores should suddenly yield up all the soil they harbor, you would be shocked. Everyone wants a clear skin and most of us can get it by drinking lots of water and eating plenty of fresh vegetables and fruit and leaving out of the diet rich, fried foods and pastries. Raw and leafy vegetables are particularly good. I know one radio star who decided that if cucumber

(*Continued on page 90*)

Pretty Betty Winkler, who plays the role of telephone operator in "Grand Hotel," NBC, uses more common sense than cosmetics in the summer.

PROGRAMS DAY BY DAY

To you and us, bewildered pipples, time is not money, but phoney, especially when some cities want daylight time and others standard. However, the best we can do is base our programs on Eastern Daylight Time as NBC and CBS do. Then, if our time's not your time, just use the conversion chart below.

Babe Ruth, hero of baseball, is on the air each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8:45 p. m. EDST over an NBC blue-WJZ network.

Eastern Daylight Saving Time	Eastern Standard and Central Daylight Time	Mountain Daylight and Central Standard Time	Pacific Daylight and Mountain Standard Time	Pacific Standard Time
1 A.M.	12 Mdt.	11 P.M.	10 P.M.	9 P.M.
2 A.M.	1 A.M.	12 Mdt.	11 P.M.	10 P.M.
3 A.M.	2 A.M.	1 A.M.	12 Mdt.	11 P.M.
4 A.M.	3 A.M.	2 A.M.	1 A.M.	12 Mdt.
5 A.M.	4 A.M.	3 A.M.	2 A.M.	1 A.M.
6 A.M.	5 A.M.	4 A.M.	3 A.M.	2 A.M.
7 A.M.	6 A.M.	5 A.M.	4 A.M.	3 A.M.
8 A.M.	7 A.M.	6 A.M.	5 A.M.	4 A.M.
9 A.M.	8 A.M.	7 A.M.	6 A.M.	5 A.M.
10 A.M.	9 A.M.	8 A.M.	7 A.M.	6 A.M.
11 A.M.	10 A.M.	9 A.M.	8 A.M.	7 A.M.
12 Noon	11 A.M.	10 A.M.	9 A.M.	8 A.M.
1 P.M.	12 Noon	11 A.M.	10 A.M.	9 A.M.
2 P.M.	1 P.M.	12 Noon	11 A.M.	10 A.M.
3 P.M.	2 P.M.	1 P.M.	12 Noon	11 A.M.
4 P.M.	3 P.M.	2 P.M.	1 P.M.	12 Noon
5 P.M.	4 P.M.	3 P.M.	2 P.M.	1 P.M.
6 P.M.	5 P.M.	4 P.M.	3 P.M.	2 P.M.
7 P.M.	6 P.M.	5 P.M.	4 P.M.	3 P.M.
8 P.M.	7 P.M.	6 P.M.	5 P.M.	4 P.M.
9 P.M.	8 P.M.	7 P.M.	6 P.M.	5 P.M.
10 P.M.	9 P.M.	8 P.M.	7 P.M.	6 P.M.
11 P.M.	10 P.M.	9 P.M.	8 P.M.	7 P.M.
12 Mdt.	11 P.M.	10 P.M.	9 P.M.	8 P.M.

SUNDAYS

(June 3rd, 10th, 17th and 24th.)

8:30 A.M. EDT (½)—The Balladeers. Male chorus and instrumental trio.
WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

9:00 EDT—Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's. Children's program, but lots of older ones listen.
WABC, WADC, WCAO, WAAB, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WCAU, WJAS, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WICC, KRLD, KTRH, KLRA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, KOMA, WMBD, WDBJ, WHEC, KTSA, WTOC, KSCJ, WMAS, WIBW, WACO, WMT, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WKBN, WNAX, WBNS.

10:00 EDT (½)—Southernaires Quartet. Poignant harmony.
WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

10:00 EDT (½)—The Radio Pulpit. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.
WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

11:05 EDT (½)—Morning musicale.
WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

11:15 EDT (1)—Major Bowes Capitol Family. Tom McLoughlin, baritone; Hannah Klein, pianist; Nicholas Cosentino, ten.; Four Minute Men, male quartet; symphony orchestra.
WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

11:30 EDT (1)—Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ. Magnificence in Church music.
(WABC on 12:00 noon), WADC, WOKO, WACO, CKLW, WDRC, WQAM, WDBO, WGST, WPG, WCAH, WLBW, WHP, WFLA, WDBJ, WORC, WKBN, (WNAC, WCAU-W3XAU, WEAN, WSPD, WHEC, on 11:45. WICC, WTOC off 11:45.) KMBC, WHAS, WBRC, WDOD, WTAQ, KTRH, KLRA, WREC, KOMA, WMBD, WIBW, WMT, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, WSBT, WACO. (WISN on 10:45. WOWO off 10:45). KVOR, KLZ.
(Network especially subject to change.)

12:15 EDT (¼)—Baby Rose Marie, juvenile sob-sister of song. (Tastyeast.)
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, WMAL, WLW, WHAM, WJR, WSYR, KDKA.

12:30 P.M. EDT (1)—Radio City Concerts; Symphony Orchestra; Chorus; Soloists.
WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

1:00 EDT (½)—Road to Romany: Gypsy Music.
WEAF and an NBC Red network. Station list unavailable.

1:30 EDT (½)—National Youth Radio Conference. Dr. Daniel Poling.
WJZ and an NBC Blue network. Station list unavailable.

1:30 EDT (½)—Mary Small (big for 11 years old); William Wirges Orchestra; guest artists. (B. T. Babbitt and Co.)
WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WFI, WFBR, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WSAI, WTAM, WEEI, WMAQ, WCSH, WRC, WWJ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF.

2:00 EDT (½)—Bar X Days and Nights. (Health Products.)
WJZ, WBAL, WSYR, KDKA, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, CRCT, WGAR, WJR, WCKY, KWK, KWCR, KSO, WREN, KOIL, KYW.

2:00 EDT (½)—Admiral Gene Arnold and his four Commodores. (Crazy Crystals Water Company.)
WEAF, WWJ, WWNC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WCAE, WMAQ, WPTF, WKY, WLW, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KVOO, WOW, KOA, WRVA, WIS, WJAX, WFLA, WMC, WAPI, WSMB.

2:30 EDT (½)—Lazy Dan, the Minstrel Man. (A. S. Boyle Floor Wax.)
WABC, WADC, WDRC, WBT, WTAR, WHEC, WCAO, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WJSV, WBNS, WMBG, WBBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCCO, KMOX, WWVA, KRLD, WOWO, WGST, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KSCJ, WMT, KSL, KLZ, KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOIN, KOL, KVI, KERN, KMJ, KFBK, KDB, KWG.

2:30 EDT (½)—Rings of Melody. Ohman and Arden, piano team; Arlene Jackson, vocalist; Edward Nell, baritone. (Perfect Circle Co.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WLW, CRCT, CFCF, WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WJR, KWCR, KOIL, KSO, WIBA, KWK, KSTP, WREN, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, KVOO, KTHS, WFAA, KTBS, WOAI, WTMJ, KPRC, KYW, KDYL, KOA, KTAR, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

3:00 EDT (2)—Symphony Orchestra; Howard Barlow conducting.
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN, WSPD, WQAM, WDBO, WKBN, WCAH, WICC, WLBW, WBIG, WHP, WFEA, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, WTOC, WSJS, WORC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WGST, WBRC, WDOD, WTAQ, KTRH, KLRA, WREC, WSBT, WMT, WISN, WCCO, WLAC, WIBW, KFH, WDSU, KOMA, WMBD, WACO, KVOR, KLZ. (Network especially subject to change.)

3:00 EDT (½)—Talkie Picture Time: The pictures are mental.
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WRC, WFBR, WGY, WCAE, WSAI, WOW, WMAQ, WDAF, WSM, WMC, WOC, KSD, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WHO, WAPI, WSB, WJDX, WSMB.

4:30 EDT (½)—Princess Pat Players; dramatic program. (Princess Pat, Ltd.)
WJZ, WMAL, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL.

5:00 EDT (½)—National Vespers: Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick.
WJZ and an NBC Blue network. Station list unavailable.

5:15 EDT (¼)—Waves of Romance—with Vincent Calendo, vocalist; Ted Black and Orch. (Rieser Co.)
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WKBF, WMAQ.

5:30 EDT (¼)—"Grand Hotel." The keyhole to romantic adventure drama. (Campana.)
WJZ, WBZ, WBAL, WMAL, WJR, WBZA, WSYR, WCKY, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, WKBF, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ

5:30 EDT (½)—Chicago A Capella Choir; Edward Davies, baritone; Koestner's orchestra. (Hoover.)
WEAF, WBEN, WCAE, WCSH, WEEI, WFI, WGY, WJAR, WTAG, CFCF, CRCT, WFBR, WRC, WTAM, WWJ, WMAQ, KPRC, KVOO, WBAP, WDAF, WEBC, WIBA, WKY, WOAI, WOW, WTMJ, KDYL, KOA, KFI, KGO, KGW, KHQ, KOMO, WLW, WSM, WSB, WMC, KFYR.

5:30 EDT (½)—Mr. and Mrs. Crumit and Sanderson. (General Baking.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU-W3XAU, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WICC, WBNS, WTAR, WHEC, WWVA, WORC, WMAS, WADC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KTUL, WDSU, KOMA, KFH.

(Continued on page 70)

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■ Miss Anne Gould spent much of her early girlhood in the Hawaiian Islands. Her adventurous spirit not only made her an expert surf rider, but she went to the bottom of the ocean herself to secure certain rare shells and corals for her collection, the finest private collection in America. She studied in Paris under two famous French masters and her paintings are exceptionally fine. She is a proficient horsewoman and loves the open country. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

Why Miss Anne Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, prefers Camels

"Why do I smoke Camels? Because I honestly like their taste better than any of the other cigarettes," says Miss Gould. "Like most of the girls I know, I prefer a mild cigarette—that's another reason I am devoted to Camels. Besides, I see no reason for letting cigarettes make you nervous—Camels never make me edgy or jumpy. And I really believe you could smoke Camels forever and ever and not get tired of their fine, smooth flavor."

Camel's costlier tobaccos are Milder

Through his pleasing voice and his talents in verse, David Ross, one of Columbia's best announcers, has reached the pinnacle of radio success.

THE SMART *MOST SATISFACTORY* WAY TO AVOID UNSIGHTLY HAIR ON ARMS & LEGS

..... Make It INVISIBLE with Marchand's

THAT'S the best way to banish ugly dark hair on arms and legs. MAKE IT INVISIBLE with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. That's what smart women are doing. It's daintier, safer—results are *more satisfactory.*

Remember this. Hair growth on limbs is natural. To shave it off or rub it off or to try to affect the hair roots, goes against nature. And nature hits back by making hair grow back thicker and blacker.

So don't touch the hair, advise Marchand's hair experts — take the blackness out of it. MAKE IT INVISIBLE. One or two treatments with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it so light and unnoticeable, no one sees it. Then you can wear all the short-sleeved frocks and sheer stockings you want. You won't have to worry about coarse regrowth or irritating the skin. Arms and legs look smooth, dainty, attractive always.

Summer is here. Use Marchand's now. Easy to do at home, takes 20-30 minutes, most economical.

Blondes Use Marchand's To Keep Hair Beautifully Golden

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is used by thousands of attractive blondes. It restores youthful color and luster to darkened hair—brings a new loveliness of subtle lights and glints to the dullest hair. Keeps blonde hair from darkening. Used safely, successfully at home. Not a dye. Economical—be sure to get genuine.

Ask Your Druggist Or Get By Mail
Use Coupon Below

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

MARCHAND'S HAIR EXPERTS DEVELOP MARVELOUS NEW CASTILE SHAMPOO—FOR ALL SHADES OF HAIR

Now—a shampoo that brings out the hidden, *innate* beauty of the hair —natural, rich color—soft, silken texture—free of soap film because it rinses completely. Does not change color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo or write us.

C. Marchand Co.,
251 W. 19th St., N. Y. C.

45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. MM734

Name .....

Adress.....City.....State.....

Who discovered EX-LAX?

WHO discovered it first for the family? Mother? Father? Big Brother Bill? Grandpa?

There are different answers—but all agree that, once tried, Ex-Lax becomes the family laxative from that time on!

Mother discovered it!

A mother told us she started to use Ex-Lax because little Johnnie revolted against the customary dose of castor oil—and she found that a delicious little chocolate tablet of Ex-Lax solved the problem perfectly.

Big Brother Bill did!

Brother Bill, who is an athlete, broke a long habit of taking strong stuff after he learned that mild, gentle Ex-Lax did all that powerful, disturbing purgatives did.

Grandpa wants the credit because his age made him doubly careful that the laxative he took was mild and gentle.

Everybody discovered it!

So you see, while all sorts of people—young and old—claim to have discovered Ex-Lax, all of them agree that Ex-Lax is the perfect laxative—mild, gentle and effective.

When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax! You can get Ex-Lax at all drug stores. 10c and 25c.

keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Programs Day by Day

(*Continued from page 66*)

(SUNDAY—Cont'd)

6:00 EDT (¼)—"Roses and Drums," and War dramas. (Union Central Life Ins. Co.)
WABC, WADC, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WJAS, WJSV, WBBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WGST, WBRC, KTRH, KLRA, WREC, WCCO, WDSU, KOMA, KTSA, KFAB, KRLD, KLZ.

7:30 EDT (½)—Penner wisecracks and of foolishness. Harriet Hilliard, vocalist. Ozzie Nelson's orchestra.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WLW, WJR, WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WTMJ, WLS, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, KVOO, WKY, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KTAR, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KTHS, WSY.

7:45 EDT (¼)—Wendell Hall, music-making for Fitch's
WEAF, WLIT, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, CFCF, WHO, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WOW, WDAF, WKBF.

8:00 EDT (1)—If you Cantor take it, how will Durante do? And Wallington? And Rubinoff? (Chase and Sanborn.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WIOD, WFLA, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, CFCF, WWNC, WIS, CRCT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WPTF, WJAR, WCSH, WRVA, WJAX, WLIT, WMC, WJDX, KSD, WOC, WHO, WDAF, WSB, KFYR, KPRC, WKY, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KVOO, WFAA, WOAI, WSM, WOW, WMAQ, KTHS, WSMB, WAVE, KTAR, KDYL, KOA, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

9:00 EDT (½)—Don't tell a soul, but they're happily married. We mean Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield. James Melton singing. Guest artists. (Ward Family Theatre.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WDAC, WHK, WFBL, WLBZ, WICC, WFEA, WMAS, WWVA, WORC, WKBN, WMBR, WBNS, WBBM, WFAM, WBRC, WSFA.

9:00 EDT (½)—Climb on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. Tamara, blues singer; David Percy, orch.; Men About Town.
WEAF, WTIC, WJAR, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WWJ, WSAI, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, KHQ, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, WFI, WTAM, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, CFCF.

9:00 EDT (½)—Irving Berlin; Revelers' quartet; Al Goodman's orchestra. (Gulf Gasoline.)
WJZ, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, WJAX, WWNC, WFLA, WIOD, WGAR, WJR, WLW, WSYR, WMAL, WRVA, KDKA, WIS, WJDX, WSMB, WFAA, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAVE.

9:30 EDT (½)—Ford presents Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians with Babs and her brothers, Priscilla, and Rosemary Lane and Tom Waring.
WABC, WGLC, WNAC, WSJS, WADC, WGR, WBT, WBNS, WCAO, WCAU, WDAE, WDBJ, WDBO, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WMBR, WHEC, WHK, WHP, WICC, WJAS, WJSV, WKBN, WRR, KTAT, WREC, WSFA, KSCJ, WNAX, WKRC, WLBW, WLBZ, WMAS, WOKO, WORC, WQAM, WSPD, WTAR, WTOC, CFRB, CKLW, KLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, KTRH, KTSA, WACO, WBBM, WBRC, WCCO, WDOD, WDSU, WFBM, WGST, WHAS, WIBW, WISN, WLAC, WMT, WOWO, CKAC, KTUL, WNAX, KLZ, KSL, KVOR, KOH, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KFOR.

9:30 EDT (¼)—Hot flashes from the journalistic heart specialists, Walter Winchell. (Bunny Grauer mentioning Jergen's.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WLW, KOIL, WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN.

9:30 EDT (½)—American Album of Familiar Music. Frank Munn, tenor; Virginia Rea, soprano; Ohman and Arden, piano team; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; Haenschen Concert Orchestra. Sweet old melodies. (Bayer.)
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WCKY, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WIOD, WFLA, WRVA, WJAX, WPTF, CFCF, CRCT, KSD, WENR, WOC, WHO, WOW, WMC, WSB, WOAI, WJDX, WFAA, WSMB, WKY, KPRC, WDAF, KVOO, WTMJ, KSTP, WSM, KDYL, KOA, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KGO.

10:00 EDT (½)—Wayne (Waltz) King's orchestra. (Lady Esther.)
WABC-W2XE, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, KLZ, WCCO, KSL.

10:30 EDT (½)—Hall of Fame. Guest artist and Nat Shilkret's orch. (Lehn & Fink Products Co.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAM, WTAG, WEEI, WWJ, WJAR, WCSH, WLW, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, CFCF, WMAQ, KTHS, WOW, WBAP, WDAF, KTBS, WSM, KPRC, WMC, WOAI, WAPI, KSTP, WJDX, WSB, WKY, WSMB, WKBF, WOC, WHO, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

11:15 EDT (¼)—What? Winchell again? (Jergen.)
WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WKY, WSMB, KTHS, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, KOA, WOAI, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR.

MONDAYS

(June 4th, 11th, 18th and 25th.)

6:45-7:20-7:45 A.M. EDT—C'mon! Unstomach yourself with Arthur Bagley's health exercises. (Metropolitan Life.)
WEAF, WEEI, WFI, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, CRCT, (WRC on 7:30 EDT.)

8:30 EDT (½)—Cheerio. Radio's unpessimist.
WEAF, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WTAG, WEEI, WRVA, WPTF, WIS, WIOD, CRCT, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, CFCF, WWNC, WJAX, WFLA, WOW, KSD, WDAF, WSB, WMC, WJDX, WSMB, WKY, KPRC, KFYR, WSM, WOAI, KTBS, WAPI.

10:15 EDT (¼)—Clara, Lu 'n' Em. They outgossip the best of us. (Super-Suds.)
WEAF and a red NBC network.

10:30 EDT (¼)—Today's Children. Dramas of American Life. (Pillsbury.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, KDKA, WRVA, WJAX, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WGAR, WCKY, WPTF, WFLA, WJR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WKY, WBAP, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, KPRC.

11:00 EDT (¼)—Kitchen Closeups. Mary Ellis Ames, Home Economist. (Pillsbury.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WDRC, WEAN WJSV, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WCAU-W3XAU, WFBL, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WJAS, WSPD, WBBM, WFBM, KMOX, WGST, WREC, WCCO.

11:15 EDT (¼)—Will Osborne's Orchestra. Pedro de Cordoba chants homespun philosophy. (Corn Products.)
WABC, WCAU, WDRC, WEAN, WGR, WJAS, WNAC, WOKO, WBBM.

12:00 EDT (¼)—Voice of Experience.
WABC, WCAO, WNAC, CKLW, WCAU-W3XAU, WGR, WKRC, WHK, WDRC, WJAS, WEAN, WJSV, WFBL, WBT, WWVA, WBBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WOWO, KRLD, KFAB, WCCO, KLZ, KSL, KOL, KFPY, KHJ, KOIN, KVI, KERN, KMJ, KFBK, KGB, KRFC, KDB, KWG.

12:15 P.M. EDT (¼)—Osborne orch.; Pedro de Cordoba. (Corn Products.)
WCAO, WHK, CKLW, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WCCO, WHEC.

1:30 EDT (1)—National Farm and Home Hour. Guest speakers; Walter Blaufuss Orchestra.
WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

2:00 EDT (¼)—Just Plain Bill. Dramatic sketches. (Kolynos.)
KMBC, KMOX, WCCO, WFBM, KLZ, KSL, KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOIN, KOL, KVI, KERN, KMJ, KFBK, KDB, KWG. (See also 7:15 P.M. EDT.)

2:15 EDT (¼)—Romance of Helen Trent, dramatic sketch. Players—Virginia Clark, Karl Huebel, Lester Tremaine and Gene McGillen. (Edna Wallace Hopper, Inc.)
WABC, WKBW, WKRC, WCAU, WFBM, KMOX, KRLD, KSL, KLZ, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

2:30 EDT (¼)—Judy and Jane. Dramatic sketch. (J. A. Folger & Co.)
WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, KSTP, WEBC, KVOO, WKY, WBAP, WOAI.

3:00 EDT (1)—Radio Guild. One of air's few vehicles of the better drama.
WJZ and a blue network. Station list unavailable.

4:30 EDT (¼)—Betty and Bob. (General Mills.)
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WBAL, WGAR, WJR, WLW, KWK, KOIL, WLS.

5:15 EDT (¼)—Skippy. Comic strip lad in childhood radio sketches. (Sterling Products.)
WABC, WAAB, WGR, WDRC, WCAU-W3XAU, WEAN. (See also 6:30 P.M. EDT.)

5:30 EDT (¼)—The Singing Lady. Enchantment for the younger ones in story and song. (Kellogg's.)
WJZ, WHAM, WJR, WGAR, WLW, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA. (Also on WENR at 7:30 EDT.)

5:30 EDT—Frank Merriwell's Adventures.
WEAF and network.

5:30 EDT (¼)—Jack Armstrong. All American schoolboy adventures. (Wheaties.)
WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WGR, WDRC, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN. (See also 6:30 P.M. EDT.)

5:45 EDT (¼)—Little Orphan Annie. Comic strip heroine's adventures. (Wander Co.)

(*Continued on page 72*)

He Listened to His Wife

(*Continued from page 27*)

voice. But she knew that she couldn't nag him into a singing career. But if it hadn't been for Julietta, there would be no Donald Novis, radio tenor. All through his eventful career, Julietta has unobtrusively, but decisively, turned his head toward the path of glory.

It was because of her insistence and her faith in him that he entered the Atwater Kent auditions in 1928. Daily, Julietta at her piano coached Don in his singing. As his thrilling tenor soared in song, Julietta, with adoration lighting up her face, encouraged and taught him. You mustn't forget that she's a fine musician.

When Don won the Atwater Kent state award Julietta was the only one who took the news calmly. Their friends were amazed at her coolness.

THEN, Don tore through the sectional contest as winner and was headed for New York for the finals.

Julietta, of course, was at the station to see him off. When the newspaper reporters saw how Don clung to her just before the train was to carry him half-way across the continent, they sensed a good story, for, "If Donald Novis wins the contest," they wrote, "he and Julietta Burnett will get married."

It made very romantic reading. That was just the beginning. More and more the story was played up until Julietta, besieged on all sides by those ever-growing reports, rushed a wire to Don when he reached Salt Lake City.

"The papers say we're married. What shall I do?" she appealed.

"Hold everything," he shot back, "till I return."

When Don did come home, a few weeks later, it was as the conquering hero. He had sung his way into the glittering limelight of first place, and he was coming home to claim Julietta. The newspapermen were not wrong. They married.

You may think now that Julietta had it easy. But listen. To begin with, Don was a classical singer. I don't have to tell you that classical singers are not in great demand. After singing a bit on a local west coast station, Donald suddenly found himself with no work. For a while they got along on his prize money, but when that gave out and their hoped-for prospects were fast dwindling his spirit reached the breaking point.

"I'm not going to go on any longer with this," he cried. "A teacher may not make as much as a successful singer, but the job's more certain."

IT was then that Julietta would perch on the arm of his chair, soothe his forehead and whisper to him words of comfort and encouragement that renewed confidence in himself. How could a man quit with a woman like that?

Early one morning Julietta woke him. She was waving a telegram in the air and

(*Continued on page 73*)

WHAT WAS KAY'S *Summer Secret?*

What was there about Kay that warm July night that captivated Jerry, the town's hard-to-get bachelor? If romance is passing you by, read this true story—

Adorable Kay! Sticky heat waves don't interfere with *her* popularity—she knows how to keep herself attractive to men. In the summertime she's especially careful to take *odorless* Ivory baths. For she realizes how quickly the faintest trace of perspiration—or soap perfume—repels a man's interest. It was her freshness, her feminine daintiness that won Jerry—and now she's engaged!

You can't insist too strongly on having odorless Ivory Soap beside your tub in this hot weather. No perfumed or "medicinal" soaps, please! For their odor may linger for hours. But Ivory leaves your skin fresh as a camellia—with no soapy perfume to conflict with the fragrance of your real perfume.

If you want your complexion to have that fine-pored, baby-smooth look, wash your face with Ivory night and morning. Ivory is *pure*—so pure that doctors advise it *even for the super-sensitive skins of tiny babies.* It doesn't dry up the natural oils that keep the skin young.

For a few spare pennies you can get a whole summer's supply of Ivory from your grocer. Don't risk another unpopular date—start your odorless Ivory beauty treatments today!

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 % PURE · IT FLOATS

By far, the greatest service I've ever offered!
Madame Berthé SPECIALIST

permanently destroys hair

ZIP IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT EPILATOR

TODAY, *ZIP* is the only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growth. So simple. So quick. It is ideal for *face,* arms, legs and underarms. Pleasant to use, and delightfully fragrant, *ZIP* acts immediately and brings lasting results. Complete Kit, with the identical preparations I use at my Salon all for $1.00.

ZiP PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM

As delightful as your choicest cold cream. Simply spread on and rinse off. It instantly removes every vestige of hair; eliminates all fear of stimulated growths. Giant tube, twice the size at half the price—50c.

ZiP INSTANT DEODORANT

Large bottle of this meritorious deodorant now available at 10¢

Also the novelty of the year

ZiP *Spray Deodorant*

The sanitary way to check perspiration. All good stores 35c-50c.

Madame Berthé, Specialist, 562 Fifth Ave., New York City

Enclosed find $_____ Please send items checked.
☐ $1.00 *ZIP* Epilator Kit ☐ 50c ZiP Depilatory Cream
☐ 35—50c ZiP Cream Deodorant ☐ 50c ZiP Spray Deodorant
7-Y
Name _____
Address _____
City & State _____

Programs Day by Day

(*Continued from page 70*)

(MONDAY—Cont'd)

WJZ, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, CRCT, KDKA, CFCF, WLW, WHAM, WGAR, WJR, WRVA, WWNC, WIS, WJAX. (See also 6:45 P.M. EDT.)

6:00 EDT (½)—Peter Van Steeden's dinner music from Hotel Gotham in N. Y. C.
WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

6:00 EDT (¼)—Buck Rogers. Sketches of imaginary adventures in the 25th Century. (Cocomalt.)
WABC, WAAB, WCAU, WFBL, WEAN, WJAS, WKBW, WOKO, WADC, WBT, WCAO, WHK, WJSV, CKLW. (See also 7:30 P.M. EDT.)

6:15 EDT (¼)—Skippy. Comic strip character in childhood sketches. (Sterling Products.)
WBBM, WCAO, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WJSV. (See also 5:00 P.M. EDT.)

6:15 EDT (¼)—Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim. Clean Western drama for youngsters. (Hecker H-O.)
WABC, WOKO, WAAB, WGR, WHK, WDRC, WCAU-W3XAU, WEAN, WFBL, WLBZ, WHEC, WORC, WMAS. (See also 8:15 P.M. EDT.)

6:30 EDT (¼)—Jack Armstrong. All American Schoolboy adventures. (Wheaties.)
WBBM, WCAO, WHK, WJSV, CKLW, WOWO. (See also 5:30 EDT.)

6:45 EDT (½)—Dixie Circus. Dramatic sketch. (Dixie cups.)
WABC, WBT, WCAO, WCAU, WJSV, WNAC, WOKO, CKLW, WBBM, WCCO.

6:45 EDT (¼)—Lowell Thomas. News by the adventurer-journalist. (Sun Oil.)
WJZ, WGAR, WLW, CRCT, WBAL, WBZ, KDKA, WHAM, WJR, WSYR, WBZA, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA.

6:45 EDT (¼)—Little Orphan Annie. Comic strip heroine's adventures. (Wander Co.)
WREN, KOIL, KWCR, KPRC, WOAI, WFAA, KTBS, WKY, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR. (See also 5:45 P.M. EDT.)

7:00 EDT (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy. (Pepsodent.)
WJZ, WHAM, WJR, WCKY, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, KDKA, WLW, WRVA, WPTF, WMAL, WGAR, WIOD, WFLA, CRCT. (See also 11:00 P.M. EDT.)

7:15 EDT (¼)—Just Plain Bill. (Dramatic sketch. (Kolynos.)
WABC, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WCAU-W3XAU, WJSV, CFRB, WJAS.

7:15 EDT (¼)—Gene and Glenn.
NBC Service to WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WWJ, WTAM, WSAI, WKBF, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA. (See also 11:15 P.M.)

7:30 EDT (¼)—The Molle Show with Shirley Howard; the Jesters: Red, Guy and Wamp; Milt Rettenberg, piano.
WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WFBR, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF.

7:30 EDT (¼)—Music On the Air, with guest star. (Tidewater Oil.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WDRC, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WJSV, WLBZ, WICC, WHP, WFEA, WHEC, WORC, WGLC.

7:30 EDT (¼)—Buck Rogers in the 25th Century. (Cocomalt.)
WKRC. 6:30 CST — WBBM, KMOX, WCCO, WFBM, WHAS.

7:30 EDT (¼)—Music by George Gershwin and orch. (Health Products Co.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, WJR, KDKA, KSO, WENR, KWK, KWCR, KOIL, WREN.

7:45 EDT (¼)—Boake Carter. (Philco.)
WABC, WCAO, WNAC, WJSV, WHK, CKLW, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WBT, WBBM.

7:45 EDT (¼)—The Goldbergs. Laughter and tears in sketches of Jewish life played by Jewish actors. (Pepsodent.)
WEAF, WEEI, WSAI, WTAG, WRC, WBEN, WTAM, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WGY, WCAE, WWJ, WENR, WOW, WDAF.

8:00 EDT (½)—Soconyland Sketches starring Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly. The real thing in Down East radio drama—touching and amusing.
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WGY, WBEN.

8:15 EDT (¼)—Edwin C. Hill. "The Human Side of the News." (Barbasol.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WBBM, WFBM, KMBC, KMOX, WCCO, WOWO.

8:30 EDT (½)—Voice of Firestone. Lawrence Tibbett, baritone, and guest artist; William Daly's orch. (Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, CRCT, CFCF, WRVA, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WCAE, WMAQ, KSD, KTBS, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, KPRC, WTMJ, WOAI, WEBC, WDAY, WIBA, KFYR, KTHS, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, KVOO, WKY, WFAA.

9:00 EDT (½)—Sinclair Greater Minstrels, Gene Arnold, interlocutor; Joe Parsons, basso; male quartet; Bill Childs, Mac McCloud and Cliff Soubier, end men; band direction Harry Kogen.
WJZ, WGAR, WRVA, WWNC, WLW, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WSB, WLS, KWK, WREN, KSO, KWCR, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WTMJ, WFAA, WMC, WSM, WSMB, WJDX, WIBA, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS, WKY, KOIL, KOA.

9:00 EDT (½)—A & P Gypsies Orchestra direction Harry Horlick. Frank Parker, tenor.
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WWJ, WLIT, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WSAI, WOW, WDAF, WHO, WMAQ, WOC.

9:00 EDT (½)—Rosa Ponselle; Andre Kostelanetz Orchestra; 16 voice mixed chorus. (Light a Chesterfield.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WPG, WLBZ, WICC, WBT, WTAR, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, WTOC, WORC, WEAN, WBNS, WBBM, WKBW, WOWO, KTAT, WFBM, KLRA, KMBC, WREC, WHAS, WISN, KMOX, WCCO, WGST, WLAC, WBRC, WDSU, KOMA, WRR, KTSA, WMT, KFH, KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KOH.

9:30 EDT (½)—Jack Frost's Melody Moments. Guest artists. Joseph Pasternack's orchestra. Delightful light opera.
WJZ, WBAL, KDKA, WHAM, WGAR, WLW, WJR, WENR.

9:30 EDT (½)—Del Monte Ship of Joy with Hugh Dobbs; guest artists; Doric and Knickerbocker quartets; Meredith Willson orchestra.
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WRVA, WJAX, WIOD, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WWNC, WIS, WFLA, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, KVOO, WKY, KTBS, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL.

9:30 EDT (¼) — Gertrude Niesen, torch singer; Mady Christians; Erno Rapee's orchestra. (Ex-Lax.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WJAS, WSPD, WJSV, WCAH, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU-W3XAU, WEAN, WFBL, WICC, WBT, WTAR, WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KRLD, WREC, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KHJ.

10:00 EDT (½)—Wayne (Waltz) King's orchestra. (Lady Esther.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WBBM, WOWO, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WCCO, KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WFBM, WDSU, KRLD.

10:00 EDT (½)—Contented Program. Soothing words and music. Gene Arnold, narrator; the Lullaby Lady; male quartet; Morgan L. Eastman orchestra. Jean Paul King, announcer.
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, CFCF, CRCT, WEBC, KSTP, KFYR, WSM, WMC, WSB, KPRC, WOAI, WMAQ, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

11:00 EDT (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy. (Pepsodent.)
WMAQ, WENR, KWK, WREN, WSMB, WKY, KOIL, WTMJ, WSM, KDYL, KTHS, WDAF, KSTP, WMC, WSB, KPRC, WFAA, WOAI, KOA, KHQ, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO. (See also 7:00 P.M. EDT.)

11:15 EDT (¼)—Gene and Glenn.
WMAQ, WHO, WOW, WTMJ, WIBA, WEBC, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WKY, KTBS, WOAI. (See also 7:15 P.M.)

11:30 EDT (½)—Voice of Firestone.
KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD. **Honolulu Time** KGU. (See also 8:30 P.M. EDT.)

TUESDAYS

(June 5th, 12th, 19th and 26th.)

6:45-7:00-7:20-7:45 A.M. EDT—Tower Health Exercises.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:30 EDT (½)—Cheerio.
(For stations see Monday.)

9:45 EDT (¼)—The Mystery Chef. (R. B. Davis Co.)
WABC, WCAU, WEAN, WJAS, WADC, WCAO, WFBL, WSPD, WAAB, WGR.

10:15 EDT (¼)—Clara, Lu 'n' Em.
(For stations see Monday.)

10:30 EDT (¼)—Today's Children.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:00 EDT (¼)—Home economics. (Pet milk.)

(*Continued on page 74*)

He Listened to His Wife

(*Continued from page 71*)

ancing around the room. "It's from Ar-ıur Hammerstein in New York!" she ·ied. "He wants you for his new show Luana.'"

Before Don could make a dash for the elegram, Julietta was already tossing ıeir things into a trunk. As the young lovises, full of expectations and promises, eaded for New York in their old "Chev-ie," they didn't know there was more eartbreak in store for them.

"Luana" flopped. After rehearsing for eeks without pay, Don sang in the show nly two weeks when it folded up. It would ave been very easy for his bride to break own and cry. Instead, they wired home r money, strapped their trunk on back f their "Chevvie" again, and drove back.

On the coast, Don found things no better ıan when he had left. Again his spirits gged and he talked about quitting this nging career for the certain, if unglamor-ıs one of teaching.

It was then that Julietta gave him ad-ice that was to lead to his present glory. Why don't you switch to popular melodies; ongs that have a greater popularity, in-ead of the purely classic numbers you've een doing," she suggested.

"But I can't do it," Don remonstrated. I'm not a jazz singer."

"Oh yes you are. I'll prove it to you." Julietta did prove it to him. She sat own at the piano and coached Don in what as to be his new forte. Before he knew , Don was singing at the popular Cocoa-ut Grove in Hollywood. Singing jazz!

HIS reputation reached the ears of some NBC executives who were in California the time. They strolled into the Grove ıd listened.

Julietta was at the table where she sat most every night listening to her hus-ınd sing, when she saw him in earnest onversation with the important-looking en. Then Don called her over.

"Darling," he cried, unable to contain imself, "these men are offering me a con-act to sing on the NBC network. We ave for New York this week."

They took a leisurely boat trip to New ork—a trip that really was planned to be e honeymoon they had missed. It was trip that made all their dreams come ue, and an engagement that made Don ı established NBC star.

Recently, at the Golden Gloves Boxing ournament in the Madison Square Gar-en in New York, I noticed Don and ılietta, as excited as kids, watching the rilling bouts. They both jumped up and own, their eyes lit up by the crazy gleam at only a zealous fight fan has, but nary shout or scream out of either of them. commented on this as I met them on the ay out.

"Oh," Don laughed, "that's Julietta's do-g. She doesn't want me to take a chance ı injuring my voice by yelling, so she icked me in the leg each time I started open my mouth."

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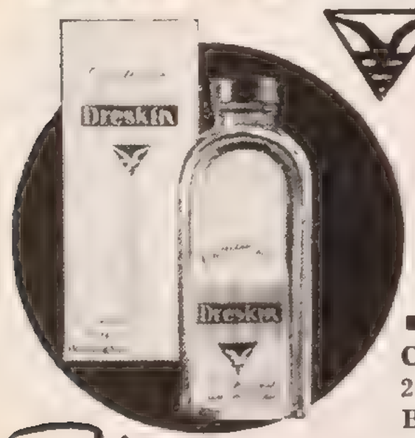

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Programs Day by Day

(*Continued from page 72*)

(TUESDAY—Cont'd)

WBT, WCAH, WCAO, WDAE, WDBO, WHK, WJSV, WKBW, WLBW, WQAM, WSPD, WTAR, WTOC, CKLW, KFH, KLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, WRR, KTRH, KTSA, WBBM, WBRC, WDOD, WBNS, WGST, WHAS, WLAC, WMBD, WODX, WOWO, WREC, WSFA, KLZ.

11:15 EDT (¼)—Child Welfare Program. (General Foods.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WLIT, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WCAE, WLW, WBAP, KSD, WOC, WHO, WDAF, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, KPRC, WKY, WMAQ, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WSMB, KTHS, KVOO, WOAI, KTBS, WOW.

12:00 Noon EDT (¼)—The Voice of Experience.
(For stations see Monday.)

1:15 EDT (¼)—Joan Marrow. Music. (Marrow Co.)
WABC, WNAC, WGR, CKLW, WJAS, WFBL, WJAS, WBBM, KMOX.

1:30 EDT (1)—National Farm and Home Hour.
(For stations see Monday.)

1:45 P.M. EDT (¼)—Tony Wons homespins yarns and philosophy. Peggy Keenan and Sandra Phillips, piano team. (Johnson Floor Wax.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WJSV, WBT, WCAH, WHP, WMBG, WDBJ, WBBM, WOWO, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WGST, WBRC, KRLD, KTRH, KFRB, WREC, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WIBW, WMT, KLZ, KSL, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI, KERN, KWG, KMJ, KDB, KFBK.

2:00 EDT (¼)—Just Plain Bill.
(For stations see Monday.)

2:15 EDT (¼)—Romance of Helen Trent, dramatic sketch.
(For stations see Monday.)

3:30 EDT (½)—Woman's Radio Review.
(For stations see Monday.)

4:00 EDT (¼)—Betty and Bob.
(For stations see Monday.)

4:15 EDT (¼)—The Singing Stranger. Wade Booth, baritone; dramatic sketch with Dorothy Day. (Bauer and Black.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WCKY, WKBF, WRVA, WPTF, WSM, WSB, WAPI, KYW, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, KSTP, KVOO, KTHS, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, WFLA, KOMO, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KHQ, KGW, WAVE.

5:15 EDT (¼)—Skippy.
(For stations see Monday.)

5:30 EDT (¼)—The Singing Lady.
(For stations see Monday.)

5:30 EDT (¼)—Jack Armstrong.
(For stations see Monday.)

5:30 EDT (¼)—Frank Merriwell's Adventures.
(For stations see Monday.)

5:45 EDT (¼)—Little Orphan Annie.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:00 EDT (½)—Xavier Cugat's Orchestra with Mme. Frances Alda.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:00 EDT (¼)—Buck Rogers.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EDT (¼)—Skippy.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EDT (¼)—Bobby Benson.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:30 EDT (¼)—Jack Armstrong.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EDT (¼)—Lowell Thomas. News.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EDT (¼)—Little Orphan Annie.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EDT (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EDT (¼)—Gene and Glenn.
(For stations see Monday. See also 11:15 P.M.)

7:15 EDT (¼)—Just Plain Bill.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EDT (¼)—Eddie and Ralph; orch. (Tastyeast.)
WEAF, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WTAM, WSAI, WMAQ, KSD.

7:30 EDT (¼)—The Silver Dust Serenaders.
WABC, WOKO, WGR, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WFBL, WHEC, WMAS, WWVA, WORC.

7:30 EDT (¼)—Buck Rogers.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EDT (¼)—Boake Carter.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EDT (¼)—The Goldbergs.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EDT (½)—Eno Crime Clues. Edward Reese and John MacBryde star in another Spencer Dean mystery drama. Second half tomorrow night.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, KDKA, WGAR, WLW, WJR, WMAQ, KWK, WREN.

8:15 EDT (¼)—The Voice of Experience. (Wasey.)
WABC and Columbia network.

8:30 EDT (½)—"The Big Hollywood Show" with Abe Lyman's Orchestra and "Accordiana." (Phillips Dental Magnesia.)
WABC-W2XE, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WCAU, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WJSV, WCCO, WHEC, CFRB.

8:30 EDT (½)—Lady Esther Serenade. Wayne King's undulating dance music.
WEAF, WCAE, WBEN, WFI, WGY, WCSH, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WRC, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WTMJ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, KSTP, WMAQ, WKBF, WDAF, WKY, KPRC, WOAI, WSM, WSB, WMC, WSMB, WFAA.

8:30 EDT (½)—Conrad Thibault, baritone. Lois Bennett, soprano; Harry Salter's orch.; choir. (Hudson Motor.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, WGAR, WLW, WLS, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL.
(Station list incomplete.)

9:00 EDT (¼)—Maury H. B. Paul, Cholly Knickerbocker to you and Freddy Martin's orchestra. (Elizabeth Arden.)
WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, WEAN, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WNAC, WSPD, CFRB, CKLW, KMBC, KMOX, KRLD, KTRH, WBBM, WCCO, WDSU, WFBM, WGST, WHAS.
(See also 12:30 A.M. EDT.)

9:00 EDT (½)—Ah! Ah! Bernie, Bernie's Orchestra, too. (Pabst.)
WEAF, WFBR, WEEI, WCSH, WBEN, WCAE, WRVA, WWJ, WRC, WTAG, WJAR, WGY, WTAM, WLW, WFI, KSD, WHO, WSM, WSMB, WOAI, WFAA, KSTP, KFYR, WOC, WOW, WMC, WKY, KPRC, WTMJ, WDAY, WBAP, WLS, KOA. (See also 12:00 Midnight EDT.)

9:00 EDT (½)—Edgar A. Guest, verse; Alice Mock, soprano; vocal trio; Josef Koestner's Orchestra, make up Household Musical Memories.
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, WSYR, WKBF, WREN, KSO, KWK, WLS.

9:30 EDT (½)—Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. (Pepsodent.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, WGAR, WJR, KDKA, WCKY, KWK, KWCR, KOIL, WREN, WENR.

9:30 EDT (½)—Texaco's laughing gas, applied by Ed Wynn and Graham McNamee. Don Voorhee's orchestra.
WEAF, WCSH, WFI, WRC, WFBR, WGY, WLW, WIS, WWNC, WJAX, WPTF, WBEN, WJAR, WWJ, WEEI, WCAE, WTAM, WTAG, WFLA, WRVA, WIOD, WJDX, WSMB, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WHO, WOC, WDAF, WOAI, WBAP, WSM, WSB, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, KVOO, WMC, WKY, KTBS, KPRC, WTMJ, KDYL, KOA, KGIR, KGHL, KFSD, KTAR, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

10:00 EDT (½)—Palmer House Promenade. Ray Perkins, master of ceremonies; Gale Page, contralto; Harold Stokes orch. guest artists.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WCKY, WENR, KWCR, KSO, WREN, KOIL, WSYR, KWK.

10:00 EDT (½)—Those old invention thinkers, uppers, Stoopnagle and Budd. (Light Camel.)
WABC, WAAB, WADC, WBIG, WBT, WCAH, WCAO, WCAU-W3XAU, WDAF, WDBJ, WDBO, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WFEA, WGR, WHEC, WHK, WHP, WICC, WJAS, WJSV, WKBN, WKRC, WLBZ, WMAS, WMBG, WOKO, WORC, WPG, WQAM, WSJS, WSPD, WTAR, WTOC, WWVA, CKLW, KFAB, KFH, KLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, KRLD, KSCJ, KTRH, KTSA, WACO, WBBM, WBRC, WCCO, WDOD, WDSU, WFBM, WGST, WHAS, WIBW, WISN, WKBH, WLAC, WMBD, WMT, WNAX, WOWO, WREC, WSFA, WTAQ, KLZ, KSL, KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOH, KOIN, KOL, KVI.

10:00 EDT (1)—Grand operettas. Gladys Swarthout. (Colgate-Palmolive Peet Co.)
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WWJ, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WLW, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WTMJ, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSM, WMC, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WSOC, WKY, KTBS, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR.

10:30 EDT (¾)—Forty-five minutes from Hollywood.
WABC and a Columbia network. Station list unavailable.

11:00 EDT (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:15 EDT (¼)—Gene and Glenn.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:15 P.M.)

11:45 EDT (¼)—Voice of Experience. (Wasey.)
KLZ, KSL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KERN, KMJ, KGB. (See also 8:30 P.M. EDT.)

12:00 Midnight EDT (½)—Ben Bernie and his orchestra.
KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ. (See also 9:00 P.M. EDT.)

(*Continued to page 76*)

Do They Earn Their Pay?

(*Continued from page 15*)

nyone writing to them would be given free copy of the paper.

Then the fun began. The first day here were only about 2,000 letters and verybody was disappointed. The next ay 28,000 were received and the third lay an additional 35,000. Then came he week-end, and Monday found 157,000 hore letters from subscribers until finally t the end of a week their paper had a irculation of nearly 350,000 which is bigger than that of most newspapers in the arge cities, or of the national magazines.

John and Esley Stebbins, in case you ave forgotten, were the characters played y Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly, oth veterans of the legitimate stage. Allen umped from stock to Broadway where e played character parts; Fennelly played Hamlet on the road, touring and playing New York alternately for some fifteen ears. Their radio acting, however, won hem more fame on the legitimate stage han did all the years they trod the boards, for the acme was reached when the curtain line of a melodramatic hit was, "Now, my dear sir, you may go home to your radio and listen to the Stebbins Boys."

Was Swift and Company's advertising manager pleased with their work? He said, "In eight weeks they made Brookfield Butter over fifty per cent better known in twenty-eight major cities."

That's a bold comment, but now let's see some figures on a proven check-up of directly traceable sales as made by that pair of super-salesmen, Freeman Gosden and Charles J. Correll, better known as Amos 'n' Andy, so much better, in fact, that I could not recall their real names. When I phoned NBC, neither could the man who answered the phone in the Press Department, he had to look them up.

But you can bet the Pepsodent people know those names, know them with a touch of awe and reverence, for they sold 2,000,000 tubes of toothpaste through a single brief campaign. Before and after the darky dialogue sketch, the announcer said that any listener sending in two cartons in which Pepsodent toothpaste was packed, would be given a free bottle of mouth wash. The announcement was continued for a limited time or until 1,000,000 bottles of mouth wash had been requested. These requests were accompanied by cartons representing $500,000 worth of toothpaste.

In a recent magazine article a writer kids radio advertisers who say that your purchases of a product make their programs possible, urge you to continue buying. The effectiveness of such appeal was demonstrated by another Pepsodent show, "The Rise of the Goldbergs."

You may recall when an announcement was once made during their program to the effect that, "Although this program is presented for your entertainment, we cannot continue it unless it is making new users for Pepsodent Toothpaste and Anti-

(*Continued on page 77*)

WHEN NAPKINS HARDEN THEY HURT!

Try Modess Free! To get a full-sized Modess Napkin —FREE, and mailed to you in an unmarked package —send your name and address to The Modess Corporation, Dept. 11, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

MODESS STAYS SOFT!

HOW PERFECTLY SIMPLE

A NEW DEODORANT CREAM APPLIED LIKE A LIPSTICK

Instantly banishes odor for the day

BEAUTY advisers to more than 10 million women have poured their praises upon Perstik because it is the *dainty* new way to rob perspiration of its offensive odor. Your fingers hold the handsome lipstick case—they never come in contact with the cream.

A few quick strokes each morning gives you unfailing all-day protection against odor.

Physicians' Wives Use Perstik

Wives of thousands of physicians are daily users of Perstik because it is just as safe as it is easy to use. Perstik never irritates, even after shaving. Not greasy. Approved by Good Housekeeping.

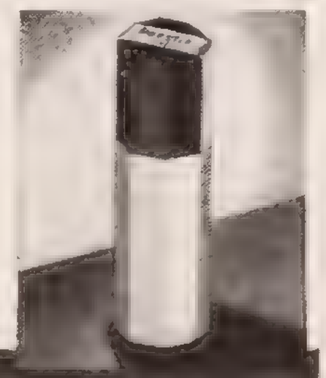
Perstik is as friendly to fabrics as it is to your skin. You can apply Perstik and slip right into your dress.

Doctors say that perspiration increases during moments of excitement. To freshen up before your "big moments", carry an extra Perstik in your bag

On Sanitary Pads

Perstik is just the grandest thing in the world for sanitary napkins. Two strokes across the pad—and your secret is your own.

Be certain to get *real* Perstik, in the handsome new black-and-ivory case with the name "Perstik" right on the cap. Perstik is sold at all stores from coast to coast.



Tested and Approved Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health

PERSTIK,
Fifth Avenue, New York

Perstik

THE ORIGINAL "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT

Programs Day by Day

(*Continued from page 74*)

(TUESDAY—Cont'd)

12:30 A.M. EDT (¼)—Cholly Knickerbocker again with Freddy Martin's orch.
KLZ, KSL, KVOR, KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOIN, KOL, KVI.
(See also 9:00 P.M. EDT.)

WEDNESDAYS

(June 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th.)

6:45-7:00-7:20-7:45 A.M. EDT—Tower Health Exercises.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:30 EDT (½)—Cheerio.
(For stations see Monday.)

9:00 EDT (¼)—The Mystery Chef.
WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

10:15 EDT (¼)—Clara, Lu 'n' Em.
(For stations see Monday.)

10:15 EDT (¼)—Bill and Ginger. Songs and patter. (C. F. Mueller Co.)
WABC, WOKO, CKLW, WNAC, WGR, WKRC, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WJSV, WCAU-W3XAU, WHK.

10:30 EDT (¼)—Today's Children.
(For stations see Tuesday.)

10:45 EDT (¼)—Betty Crocker. Cooking talk. (General Mills.)
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WSAI, WJAX, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WRVA, WIOD, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WPTF, WFLA, KYW, KSD, WOW, KPRC, WOAI, KVOO, WDAF, WKY, KTHS, WOC, WHO, WBAP.

11:00 EDT (¼)—Kitchen Close-ups.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:15 EDT (¼)—Will Osborne's Orchestra. Pedro de Cordoba.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:45 EDT (¼)—Jane Ellison's Magic recipes. (Borden.)
WABC, WADC, WBT, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WHEC, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WMBG, WNAC, WOKO, WSPD, CKLW, KFAB, KTRH, KTSA, WLAC, KFH, KLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMO, KRLD, WACO, WOWO, WBGM, WBRC, WCCO, WFBM, WGST, WHAS, WISN, WREC.
(See also 1:45 P.M. EDT.)

12:00 EDT (¼)—The voice of Experience.

12:15 P.M. EDT (¼)—Osborne orchestra; Pedro de Cordoba.
(For stations see Monday.)

1:15 EDT (¼)—Interviews by Louella Parsons. Dorothy Chase and Raymond Paiges orchestra. (Charis Corp.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WJSV, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WGST, WBRC, WICC, WBT, WBNS, WRR, KLZ, KTAT, KTRH, KFAB, WREC, WISN, WCCO, CKAC, WLAC, WDSU, WTAR, KOMA, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, KTSA, CFRB, WORC.

1:30 EDT (1)—National Farm and Home Hour.
(For stations see Monday.)

1:45 EDT (¼)—Jane Ellison, recipes. (Borden.)
KLZ, KSL, KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOIN, KOL, KVI.
(See also 11:45 A.M. EDT.)

2:00 EDT (¼)—Just Plain Bill.
(For stations see Monday.)

2:15 EDT (¼)—Romance of Helen Trent, dramatic sketch.
(For stations see Monday.)

3:30 EDT (½)—Woman's Radio Review.
(For stations see Monday.)

4:00 EDT (¼)—Betty and Bob.
(For stations see Monday.)

5:15 EDT (¼)—Skippy.
(For stations see Monday.)

5:30 EDT (¼)—The Singing Lady.
(For stations see Monday.)

5:30 EDT (½)—Jack Armstrong.
(For stations see Monday.)

5:45 EDT (¼)—Little Orphan Annie.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:00 EDT (½)—Xavier Cugat's dinner music.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:00 EDT (¼)—Buck Rogers.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EDT (¼)—Skippy.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EDT (¼)—Bobby Benson.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:30 EDT (¼)—Jack Armstrong.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:30 EDT (¼)—George R. Holmes, Chief Wash. Bureau, International News Service.
WEAF and an NBC red network. (Station list unavailable.)

6:45 EDT (¼)—Lowell Thomas.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EDT (¼)—Little Orphan Annie.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EDT (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EDT (¼)—Gene and Glenn.
(For stations see Monday. See also 11:15 P.M.)

7:15 EDT (¼)—Just Plain Bill.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EDT (¼)—The Molle Show.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EDT (¼)—Music On the Air.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EDT (¼)—Buck Rogers.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EDT (¼)—Boake Carter.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EDT (¼)—The Goldbergs.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EDT (½)—It's all a pack of lies. Jac Pearl (Baron Munchausen); Cliff (Sharlie Hall; Peter van Steeden's orchestra (Chase and Sanborn's Tea.)
WEAF, WTIC, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WTAC WCKY, CFCF, CRCT, WLS, KSD, WOW WDAF, WOC, WHO.

8:00 EDT (½)—Eno Crime Clues.
(For stations see Tuesday.)

8:15 EDT (¼)—Easy Aces. Bridging the ga between 8:15 and 8:30 (Jad Salts.)
WABC, WCAO, WKBW, WHK, CFRE WKRC, CKLW, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS WNAC, WBBM, KMOX, KMBC, WCCC KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY KWG, KVI.

8:30 EDT (½)—Broadway melodies. Everet Marshall; Jerry Freeman's orchestra.
WABC-W2XE, WCAO, WNAC, WGR WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, KMBC WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, KMOX, WJSV KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGL KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI WBT, KRLD, KLZ, WCCO, CKAC, WLAC WDSU, KOMA, KSL, WIBW, CFRB.

9:00 EDT (½)—Nino Martini, tenor; Andr Kostelanetz orchestra; 16 voice mixe chorus.
(For stations see Monday.)

9:00 EDT (1)—Theodore Webb, baritone Lennie Hayton, orch. Humor, New En gland Style, by Fred Allen and Portlan Hoffa. (Bristol-Myer's Co.)
WEAF, WJAR, WCAE, WCSH, WLIT WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM WWJ, WMAQ, WOW, WIS, WJAX WIOD, WSB, KOMO, KHQ, WTMJ, KSTP WDAF, WRVA, WSMB, KPRC, WOAI KTBS, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW WLW, WTAG, KVOO, WKY, WEBC.

9:00 EDT (½)—For nonsense lovers only Raymond Knight and his Cuckoos. Mr Pennyfeather, Mary McCoy, Jack Arthu The Sparklers, Robert Armbruster's orc (AC Sparkplug Co.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR WCKY, WLS, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN KOIL, WKBF.

9:30 EDT (½)—Burns and Allen; Guy Lom bardo Orchestra. (Light a Robert Burns.
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WJSV WNAC, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, WBIG CKLW, WDRC, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS WORC, WQAM, WEAN, WFBL, WSPI WDAE, WBT, WBBM, KRLD, KMOX WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, KTRH, WCCO KOMA, KTSA, KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMJ KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

10:00 EDT (½)—Plough's Musical Cruise Vincent Lopez and Orch.; Ed Sullivan columnist; Three Scamps; Charles Lyon
WJZ, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM KDKA, WGAR, WWNC, WIS, WJAX WIOD, WFLA, WSYR, WCKY, WPTF KWCR, KWK, KSO, KOIL, WREN, WSM WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB WKY, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS WMAQ, WKBF.

10:00 EDT (½)—Corn Cob Pipe Club of Vir ginia. Barnyard music; male quarte (Light some Edgeworth.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WTAM, WLW WCSH, WRC, WGY, WCAE, WEE WFBR, WLIT, WBEN, WWJ, WJR WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, KSTP, WENR KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTM WIBA, KOA, KGIR, KGHR, KDYL, KGO KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

10:30 EDT (1)—Albert Spalding, violinis Conrad Thibault, baritone; Don Voorhe Orchestra. (Centaur Co.)
WABC, WNAC, WGR, WCAU, WDRC WEAN, WJAS, WOKO, WORC, CFRB CKAC, WCAO, WFBL, WHK, WJSV WKRC, CKLW, WBBM, WOWO, KLRA KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, KTRH, KTSA WBRC, WCCO, WDOD, WDSU, WFBM WGST, WHAS, WLAC, WMT, WREC WRR, KTAT, WIBW, KLZ, KSL, KFPY KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOIN, KOL, KVI KERN, KMJ, KFBK, KDB, KWG.

10:30 EDT (½)—Conoco presents Harry Rich man, Jack Denny and his orchestra an John B. Kennedy.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, WHAM KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WCKY, WRVA WENR, KWCR, KSO, WREN, KOIL WTMJ, WIBA, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR WKY, WFAA, KPRC, KOA, KDYL.

11:00 EDT (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:15 EDT (¼)—Gene and Glenn.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:1 P.M.)

(*Continued on page 78*)

Do They Earn Their Pay?

(*Continued from page 75*)

septic. If you want it continued, write us a note on the back of a Pepsodent carton." As an added inducement, a bathroom tumbler was offered to all carton-senders.

The Goldbergs are still on the air. The sponsors counted 820,000 cartons and decided it was well worth continuing, for that represented nearly $250,000 worth of business.

Incidentally, Harlow P. Roberts, advertising manager of Pepsodent says that about ninety per cent of the Goldbergs' listeners are Gentiles and it is true that a great majority of the 820,000 appeals for their retention came from Gentiles, although the Goldberg sketches deal with the doings of an extremely Jewish family."

Again, Amos 'n' Andy offered to swap photos of themselves for Pepsodent cartons and got 75,000 takers in the first week.

Add it up. Right here we have a total of 2,895,000 cartons, not letters, but cartons, each representing a twenty-five cent sale, sent in by listeners replying to only three pleas. Do a little multiplication and then decide whether or not the Pepsodent programs earn their pay.

Then take the Kraft Musical Revue which featured Al Jolson and Paul Whiteman in a presentation running for two hours in New York and one hour in New England. We are told that each of these stars rates $5,000 a show and, with the station time and all, it cost Miracle Whip Salad Dressing a pretty penny. Well, was it worth the money?

Let John H. Platt, Kraft's advertising manager, tell you, as he told *Sales Management,* "Inside of three weeks from the first announcement, eighty-five per cent of the distributors in the territory stocked Miracle Whip. In six weeks it was in first place in sales throughout New York and New England." True, newspapers and other media were used in this campaign, but radio gets a big share of the credit.

Ireene Wicker—that's not a mistake in her first name, a numerologist told her to spell it that way—is one of radio's best saleswomen. As "Kellogg's Singing Lady," heard over the blue network late every afternoon except Saturday and Sunday, she has been directly responsible for thirty-eight women getting steady jobs. No, Ireene didn't hire them, but their work is to take care of her fan mail, and it keeps them mighty busy. You see, the Singing Lady offered to send her Song Book to people mailing her tops from Kellogg packages, and about 14,000 a day take advantage of the offer. So Ireene is responsible for nearly 100,000 sales of Kellogg products every week.

Cities Service spends about $300,000 a year on broadcasting and has been on NBC over seven years. Its program features Jessica Dragonette. Now, $300,000 is a lot of money, but through radio broadcast advertising in one month they sold

(*Continued on page 79*)

New discovery adds solid flesh quick . . !

5 to 15 lbs. gained in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Brings new beauty.

TODAY you don't have to remain "skinny" and unattractive, and so lose all your chances of making friends. Get this new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and alluring curves—often when they could never gain before—*in just a few weeks!*

You know that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Thousands have been amazed at how quickly they gained beauty-bringing pounds; also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

Mr. Irvin Echard

14 lbs. quick

"I was so skinny and weak that everybody laughed at me and called me scarecrow. Finally I tried Ironized Yeast. In 5 weeks I gained 14 lbs. Now I go out regularly and enjoy life." *Irvin Echard, Barberton, O.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money refunded instantly.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away,* we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 37, Atlanta, Ga.

Don't be an AIREDALE

IN the merciless slang of Hollywood, a girl with hair on arms or legs is "an Airedale." That's why film stars take hair off and keep it off with X-Bazin, the safe, efficient, and reliable hair remover.

Spread mild, creamy X-Bazin over your limbs and under arms. With beautiful certainty it destroys the hair swiftly, completely, avoiding the blue look — and the irritation — that comes from shaving. X-Bazin leaves your skin virginally white, smooth and hair-free — and definitely discourages re-growth.

Be sure to get genuine X-Bazin today at drug or department stores — 50c for the new Giant Size tube; 10c for good-sized tubes at five-and-ten cent stores. X-Bazin also comes in powder form.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., Est. 1848, Brooklyn, N. Y.

X-BAZIN

removes hair

Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your own room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and smooth, the complexion fresh and clear. *A Jar* 50c

Stillman's
FRECKLE CREAM

Mail this Coupon to Box 11
THE STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Illinois
FREE ☐ Booklet on Freckles.
☐ Sample Face Powder.
Name .....
Address .....

Programs Day by Day

(*Continued from page 76*)

THURSDAYS

(June 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th.)

6:45-7:00-7:20-7:45 A.M. EDT—Tower Health Exercises.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:30 EDT (½)—Cheerio.
(For stations see Monday.)

9:45 EDT (¼)—The Mystery Chef.
(For stations see Tuesday.)

10:15 EDT (¼)—Clara, Lu 'n' Em.
(For stations see Monday.)

10:15 EDT (¼)—Visiting with Ida Bailey Allen's Radio Home Makers.
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WDBO, WKBW, WDBJ, WSJS, WCAO, WAAB, CKLW, WCAH, WHP, WTAR, WORC, WJAS, WSPD, WQAM, WLBW, WMBG, WMAS, WBT, KMBC, WHAS, WGST, WBRC, WREC, WLAC, KOMA, WODX, KTRH, KLRA, WDSU, WMBD, WACO, WOWO, KMOX, WDOD, KTSA, KSCJ, KVOR, KLZ.

10:30 EDT (¼)—Today's Children.
(For stations see Tuesday.)

11:00 EDT—Home Economics.
(For stations see Tuesday.)

11:30 EDT (¼)—Climalene Carnival.
(For stations see Tuesday.)

12:00 Noon EDT (¼)—Commodores Male Quartet with Gene Arnold.
(For stations see Monday.)

12:00 EDT (¼)—The Voice of Experience.
(For stations see Monday.)

1:15 EDT (¼)—Joan Marrow, music.
(For stations see Tuesday.)

1:30 EDT (1)—National Farm and Home Hour.
(For stations see Monday.)

1:45 EDT (¼)—Tony Wons.
(For stations see Tuesday.)

2:00 EDT (¼)—Just Plain Bill.
(For stations see Monday.)

2:15 EDT (¼)—Romance of Helen Trent.
(For stations see Monday.)

3:30 EDT (½)—Woman's Radio Review.
(For stations see Monday.)

4:00 EDT (¼)—Betty and Bob.
(For stations see Monday.)

5:15 EDT (¼)—Skippy.
(For stations see Monday.)

5:30 EDT (¼)—The Singing Lady.
(For stations see Monday.)

5:30 EDT (¼)—Jack Armstrong.
(For stations see Monday.)

5:45 EDT (¼)—Little Orphan Annie.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:00 EDT (½)—Xavier Cugat's dinner music.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:00 EDT (¼)—Buck Rogers.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EDT (¼)—Skippy.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EDT (¼)—Bobby Benson.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:30 EDT (¼)—Jack Armstrong.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EDT (¼)—Lowell Thomas.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EDT (¼)—Little Orphan Annie.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EDT (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EDT (¼)—Gene and Glenn.
(For stations see Monday. See also 11:15 P.M.)

7:15 EDT (¼)—Just Plain Bill.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EDT (¼)—The Molle Show.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EDT (¼)—Silver Dust Serenaders.
(For stations see Tuesday.)

7:30 EDT (¼)—Buck Rogers.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EDT (¼)—Boake Carter.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EDT (¼)—The Goldbergs.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EDT (1)—Rudy Vallee; stage, screen and radio celebrities and Connecticut Yankees orchestra. (Fleischmann's Yeast.)
WEAF, WCSH, WRC, WCAE, CRCT, WJAX, WRVA, WTAG, WFI, WGY, WTAM, CFCF, WFLA, WLW, WEEI, WFBR, WBEN, WWJ, WIOD, WJAR, WPTF, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, KSTP, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WSB, WDAF, WEBC, WDAY, WSM, WOAI, WBAP, KTHS, KFYR, WHO, WOW, WMC, WKY, KPRC, (WTMJ, KVOO on 8:30 EDT.) KDYL, KOA, KTAR, KFI, KGO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

8:15 EDT (¼)—Easy Aces.
(For stations see Wednesday.)

8:30 EDT (½)—Voice of America. Alexander Gray and Mary Eastman, Underwood singers and Nicholas Kemper's Orchestra with guest speaker. (Underwood Elliot Fisher Co.)
WABC, WADC, WGR, WCAU-W3XAU, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKRC, WNAC, WOKO, WSPD, CKLW, KMBC, KMOX, WBBM, WFBM, WHAS, WOWO.

9:00 EDT (1)—Maxwell House Show Boat. Captain Henry (Charles Winninger), Lanny Ross, tenor; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January, comedy; Show Boat Band.
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WRVA, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WCKY, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WJDX, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WSMB, KTBS, WKY, KPRC, WOAI, WSM, WBAP, KSTP, KFSD, KTAR, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

9:00 EDT (½)—Death Valley Days, Thrills in the American desert. (20 Mule Team Borax.)
WJZ, WBZ, WBAL, WBZA, WJR, WHAM, WLW, KDKA, WGAR, WLS, KOIL, WREN, KWK.

9:30 EDT (¼)—Eddie Duchin's Orchestra.
(For stations see Tuesday.)

9:30 EDT (½)—Waring's Pennsylvanians.
(For stations see Sunday.)

10:00 EDT (1)—Whimsical wit of Deems Taylor; Paul Whiteman and his gifted entourage. (Kraft Cheese.)
WEAF, WTAG, WFBR, WBEN, WWJ, WPTF, WJAX, WEEI, WCSH, WRC, WCAE, WLW, WNC, WIOD, WJAR, WFI, WGY, WTAM, WRVA, WIS, KSD, WMAQ, WOC, WHO, WOW, WSMB, WBAP, KPRC, WTMJ, KSTP, WDAF, WSM, WDAY, KFYR, WKY, WTHS, KTBS, WOAI, WIBA, WEBC, KOA, KDYL, KOMO, KGO, KFI, KGW, KHQ.

10:00 EDT (½)—Glen Gray's Orchestra.
(For stations see Tuesday.)

10:30 EDT (¼)—Doris Lorraine, cadets and Wheeler's orchestra. (E. L. Bruce Co.—Terminex.)
WABC, WCAO, WKRC, WHAS, KMOX, WMBR, WGST, WBRC, WBT, WRR, KTAT, KLRA, WREC, WLAC, KOMA, KTSA, KFH.

10:45 EDT (¼)—Myrt and Marge.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:00 EDT (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:15 EDT (¼)—Gene and Glenn.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:15 P.M.)

FRIDAYS

(June 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd and 29th.)

6:45-7:00-7:20-7:45 A.M. EDT—Tower Health Exercises.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:30 EDT (½)—Cheerio.
(For stations see Monday.)

9:00 EDT (¼)—The Mystery Chef.
WJZ and a blue net-work. Station list unavailable.

10:15 EDT (¼)—Clara, Lu 'n' Em.
(For stations see Monday.)

10:15 EDT (¼)—Bill and Ginger. Songs and patter. (C. F. Mueller Co.)
WABC, WCAU-W3XAU, WOKO, WJAS, WNAC, WEAN, WGR, WFBL, WKRC, WJSV, WHK, CKLW.

10:30 EDT (¼)—Today's Children.
(For stations see Monday.)

10:45 EDT (¼)—Betty Crocker. Cooking talk. (General Mills.)
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WCAE, WSAL, WCSH, WBAP, WFI, WTAM, WIOD, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WWJ, WFLA, WFBR, WRVA, WPTF, WJAX, WJAR, KYW, KSD, WOW, KPRC, KTHS, WOAI, WKY, WOC, WHO, KVOO, WDAF.

11:00 EDT (¼)—"Kitchen Closeups."
(For stations see Monday.)

11:15 EDT (¼)—Will Osborne's Orchestra. Pedro de Cordoba.
(For stations see Monday.)

12:00 Noon EDT (¼)—Gene Arnold and Commodores.
(For stations see Monday.)

12:00 EDT (¼)—The Voice of Experience.
(For stations see Monday.)

12:15 EDT (¼)—Orborne orchestra; Pedro de Cordoba.

1:30 EDT (1)—National Farm and Home Hour.
(For stations see Monday.)

2:00 EDT (¼)—Just Plain Bill.
(For stations see Monday.)

2:15 EDT (¼)—Romance of Helen Trent.
(For stations see Monday.)

3:00 EDT (1)—Maria's Certo Matinee. Kinda like the evening Show Boat Hour.
WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

3:30 EDT (½)—Woman's Radio Review.
(For stations see Monday.)

4:00 EDT (¼)—Betty and Bob.
(For stations see Monday.)

5:00 EDT (¼)—Madame Sylvia of Hollywood. (Ralston.)
WEAF, WEEI, WTAG, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WWJ, WMAG, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WTMJ, KSTP, WIBA, WEBC.

5:15 EDT (¼)—Skippy.
(For stations see Monday.)

5:30 EDT (¼)—The Singing Lady.
(For stations see Monday.)

5:30 EDT (¼)—Jack Armstrong.
(For stations see Monday.)

5:30 EDT (¼)—Frank Merriwell's Adventures.
(For stations see Monday.)

5:45 EDT (¼)—Little Orphan Annie.

(*Continued on page 80*)

Do They Earn Their Pay?

(*Continued from page 77*)

over 20,000 shares of common stock and one order for 50,000 barrels of oil. Down in Dallas, Texas, a salesmen closed a contract for 9,000 gallons of Koolmotor Gasoline, monthly, as a result of radio, these are only a few examples. So, you see, they get their $300,000 back.

The Carnation Milk Company put on a contest for a slogan during their weekly half-hour over thirty-seven NBC stations, and, during the thirteen weeks the contest lasted, received 659,270 slogans, most of them written on labels taken from the cans.

Graham-Paige motor cars once put the Detroit Symphony Orchestra on the CBS chain in a series of weekly half-hours. A copy of a poem by Edgar A. Guest was offered anyone visiting the show rooms. About 50,000 people a week took advantage of the offer, and Graham-Paige had to increase their factory production schedules about fifty per cent to meet the resulting demand for their cars.

Walter Winchell clicked big on the same network when he broadcast for La Gerardine, a hair lotion selling for one and two dollars a bottle in competition with other products, many at ten cents. Before Winchell took the air, "Gerry" wasn't sold in drug stores. When he finished not only did they have complete distribution, but sales had increased 250 per cent before the broadcast had been running two months. He's doing another grand job on Jergen's Lotion right now.

The networks always point with pride to sponsors who have been on the air continuously over a long period of time. "Would they," station officials ask, "have stayed on so long if their programs didn't pay?" To which we can only answer, "No one can fathom the mind of a radio sponsor. Let's see some figures."

In reply they trotted out a handsome set of statistics on the A and P Gypsies, whom Harry Horlick had on NBC continuously since 1924, save for a two-months vacation in 1927. They've played sixty-six solid months on the air since '27, which is a longer run than even Abie's Irish Rose. They're credited with increasing the chain store's sales 173 per cent.

And now to take a peek at an inexpensive broadcast. Ida Bailey Allen, as you know, broadcasts at a time of day when charges for time are low. Likewise, she appears under the joint sponsorship of several trade-marked brands, which further reduces the cost for each of her sponsors.

One of them, who makes a product retailing for fifteen cents, had 7,000 handy little kitchen appliances left over from a former premium stunt and asked Mrs. Allen to give them away over the air. So she offered one to anybody sending in ten flaps torn from the product, thus proving actual sales of $1.50 for each request. Suddenly the advertiser found that all the appliances had been given away. Still package tops poured in, until more than 200,000 had

(*Continued on page 81*)

RADIO ANN—*She Gets Her Man!*

WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Ann's skin, they should do for yours. These delicious tablets of pasteurized yeast strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone to the nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation and nervousness all go. All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. Get a bottle today!

FREE INTRODUCTORY PACKAGE

NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY *MM7*
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Please send free sample of YEAST FOAM TABLETS and descriptive circular.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

KEEP YOUR *Eyes Alluring* IN SUMMER TOO

Ann Sothern, the lovely Columbia star of "The Party's Over"

NO HEAT
NO COSMETICS
NO SKILL REQUIRED

How many romances begin with a summer moon, and a pair of coquettish eyes! Kurlash . . . a new, improved Kurlash that's easier to use . . . will give your lashes the provocative upward sweep that makes the eyes so *very* alluring. Kurlash costs $1, and if your own drug or department store doesn't have it, we'll send it.

THE NEW IMPROVED *Kurlash*

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, New York
The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3

SKIN ERUPTIONS
NEED NOT WORRY YOU

Pimples, eczema, itching, burning skin, undue redness, minor rashes and scaly scalp are no longer necessary when relief is so simple. Poslam will show what it will do for you in one application. Just apply at night and note improvement next morning.

JUST TO PROVE IT
we will send you a test package FREE
Simply send your name and address to:
POSLAM COMPANY
Desk 4-W, 256 W. 54th St., New York, N.Y.
You can get Poslam at any drug store, 50c

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 78)

(FRIDAY—Cont'd)

(For stations see Monday.)

6:00 EDT (¼)—Xavier Cugat's dinner music.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EDT (¼)—Skippy.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EDT—Bobby Benson.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:30 EDT (¼)—Jack Armstrong.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EDT (¼)—Lowell Thomas.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EDT (¼)—Zoel Parenteau's Orchestra, Harold Van Emburgh and Margaret Daum. (Worcester Salt.)
WABC, WBT, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WFEA, WHEC, WJSV, WKBW, WLBZ, WNAC, WOKO, CKLW.

6:45 EDT (¼)—Little Orphan Annie.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EDT (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EDT (¼)—Gene and Glenn.
(For stations see Monday. See also 11:15 P.M.)

7:15 EDT (¼)—Just Plain Bill.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EDT (¼)—Music by George Gershwin and orchestra.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EDT (¼)—Music on the Air.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EDT (¼)—Boake Carter.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EDT (¼)—The Goldbergs.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EDT (1)—Cities Service Concert. Jessica Dragonette, soprano; Cities Service Quartet; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's Orchestra.
WEAF, WTIC, WSAI, WEEI, WCAE, WRC, WBEN, WTAG, CRCT, WJAR, WLIT, WTAM, WWJ, WRVA, WCSH, WFBR, WDAF, WOAI, WOC, KPRC, KTBS, WKY, WFAA, KYW, KSD, WHO, WOW, WEBC, KTHS (WTMJ, KVOO on 8:30 EDT.) KOA, KDYL.

8:00 EDT (½)—Nestle's Chocolateers, with Ethel Shutta, vocalist; Walter O'Keefe, the Broadway Hill Billy; orchestra.
WJZ, WMAL, WBAL, WCKY, WJR, WLS, KWK.

8:15 EDT (¼)—Easy Aces.
(For stations see Monday.)

9:00 EDT (½)—Let's Listen to Harris, Phil Harris' ingratiating, deep voice and Leah Ray's blues songs. (Northam-Warren.)
WJZ, WBAL, KDKA, CFCF, WMAL, WBZ, WGAR, WBZA, WSYR, WCKY, WLS, KWCR, KSO, WSM, WAPI, WKY, WFAA, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WSB, WSMB, WOAI, KOA, KWYL, KGIR, KGHL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

9:00 EDT (½)—Ah, your old Showboat Love, Muriel Wilson, singing with Frank Munn, tenor, and Abe Lyman's orchestra. (Sterling Products.)
WEAF, WEEI, WSAI, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WDAF.

9:15 EDT (¼)—Little Jack Little and his orchestra. (Continental Baking Corp.)
WABC, WADC, WNAC, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WSPD, WJSV, WICC, WMBG, WHEC, WMAS, WWVA, WBNS, WBBM, WISN, WFBM, WCCO, KMBC, KOMA, KMOX, WMT, WRR, KFH, KTAT, KLRA, WREC.

9:30 EDT (½)—Comedians Phil Baker, Beetle and Bottle are not hams. They sell 'em. (Armour.)
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WWNC, WBAL, WHAM, WJR, WJAX, KDKA, WGAR, WRVA, WIOD, KPRC, WOAI, WKY, WTMJ, WEBC, WMC, WAPI, WFAA, WENR, KWK, WREN, KOIL, KSTP, WSM, WSB, WSMB, KSO, KPRC, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KOMO, KGW, KHQ.

9:30 EDT (½)—Pick and Pat, blackface comedians. Joseph Bonime, orch.; guest singers. (U. S. Tobacco Co.)
WEAF, WDAF, WWJ, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WSAI, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WTIC, WMAQ.

10:00 EDT (½)—Schlitz Program.
WABC, WADC, WBT, WBNS, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WGR, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKRC, WNAC, WOKO, WSPD, WTAR, WWVA, CKLW, KLRA, KMOX, KOMA, KRLD, KTRH, KTSA, WBBM, WCCO, WDSU, WFBM, WHAS, WISN, WLAC, WOWO, WREC, KTUL, KLZ, KSL, KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOIN, KOL, KVI.

10:00 EDT (½)—First Nighter. Drama. (Compana.)
WEAF, WEEI, WLIT, WGY, WTM, CRCT, WTIC, WJAR, WFBR, WBEN, WWJ, WTAG, WCSH, WRC, WCAE, WSAI, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WAPI, WKY, KPRC, KTBS, WKBF, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, WSM, WSB, WSMB, WFAA, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KTAR, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD.

10:30 EDT (½)—That tireless funny fellow, Jack Benny; Mary Livingstone. (General Tires.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WKBF, WMAQ, WOW, WDAF, WRVA, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WKY, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

11:00 EDT (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:15 EDT (¼)—Gene and Glenn.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:15 P.M.)

SATURDAYS

(June 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd and 30th.)

6:45-7:00-7:20-7:45 EDT—Tower Health Exercises.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:30 EDT (½)—Cheerio.
(For stations see Monday.)

1:30 EDT (1)—National Farm and Home Hour.
(For stations see Monday.)

2:30 EDT (½)—Dancing Echoes.
WABC and a Columbia network.

5:30 EDT (¼)—Jack Armstrong.
(For stations see Monday.)

5:45 EDT (¼)—Little Orphan Annie.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:30 EDT (¼)—Frederic William Wile. "The Political Situation in Washington Tonight."
WABC and a Columbia network. Station list unavailable.

6:30 EDT (¼)—Jack Armstrong.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EDT (¼)—Little Orphan Annie.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EDT (¼)—Flying with Captain Al Williams.
WJZ and an NBC blue network. (Station list unavailable.)

7:30 EDT (¼)—Silver Dust Serenaders.
For stations see Tuesday.)

8:30 EDT (½)—That tireless talker, Floyd Gibbons. (Johns-Mansville.)
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WRVA, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WSMB, WKY, WBAP, KPRC.

9:00 EDT (½)—Donald Novis, tenor; Frances Langford, blues singer; Arthur Boran, mimic; Rhythm Girls Trio; Melody Boys Trio; Don Voorhees orchestra; Brad Browne, master of ceremonies. (Colgate.)
WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

9:00 EDT (½)—Grete Stueckgold, soprano; Andre Kostelanetz orchestra; 16 voice mixed chorus. (Light a Chesterfield.)
(For stations see Monday.)

9:00 EDT (1)—Jamboree. Variety show with Don McNeill, master of ceremonies; Harold Stokes Orchestra; The Hoofinghams, comedy team; King's Jesters; Morin Sisters; Mary Steele, soprano; Edward Davies, baritone.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, WHAM, WFLA, WGAR, WJR, WCKY, KDKA, WJAX, WJDX, CFCF, WRVA, WWNC, WIS, WIOD, KYW, KWK, WKY, KPRC, KTBS, KOIL, WREN, KSO, KWCR, WEBC, KFYR, WAPI, WIBA, KSTP, WDAY, WSM, WSB, WMC, WSMB, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

9:30 EDT (½)—Beatrice Fairfax. Drama.
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WDAF, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KHQ.

9:30 EDT (½)—Eddie Duchin orchestra. (Pepsodent.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WCKY, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WLS.

10:00 EDT (½)—Saxon Sisters, male quartet, Lennie Hayton's orchestra; Graham McNamee, master of ceremonies. (Terraplane.)
WEAF and an NBC red network. (Station list unavailable.)

10:00 EDT (½)—Voices from Antarctic wastes. News of the Byrd Expedition. (General Foods' Grape Nuts.)
WABC, WADC, WBT, WCAH, WCAO, WCAU, WDAE, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WHEC, WHK, WHP, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WLBW, WMBG, WNAC, WOKO, WORC, WOAM, CKLW, KFH, WLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, KRLD, KTRH, KTSA, WACO, WBBM, WBRC, WCCO, WDSU, WFBM, WGST, WHAS, WIBW, WLAC, WMT, WOWO, WREC, KLZ, KSL, KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOIN, KOL, KVI.

10:30 EDT (1)—National Barn Dance. Rural Revelry. (Dr. Miles Laboratories.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WLW, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, WLS, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL.

Do They Earn Their Pay?

(*Continued from page 79*)

bn received. The cash return, as proven b package tops, was $304,500 from just th two-line announcement, which is quite a ather in the CBS chapeau.

That network also made an exhaustive sv ey of the sales of various products—sos, cigarettes, cleansers, etc—to find the rtion between their sales in centers were they were advertised on the air, as cpared with places where no stations cried the programs, and to find out wther they were more popular in homes tlt had radios than in those which hadn't.

The results, far too long and complex to bgiven in this article, were overwhelmingly n favor of broadcasting.

Enough figures have been given, hower, to prove conclusively that no matter hv high a radio entertainer's salary is h brings a profit to the sponsor. So, a tst to the super-salesmen of the air and t the advertising agents who are the bins of broadcasting!

And you, the next time you hear of t fabulous salary paid to some radio chedian, don't say to yourself, "Huh! I cld be as funny as he is! Why can't I g into radio and make that much money?" ust ask yourself if you could give away dozen foolish little firemen's hats let alone 00,000 of the doggone things?'

Could you?

Catching Killers by Radio

(*Continued from page 35*)

tion and at once started a veritable luge of like subscriptions. Within twenty-ur hours of the five dollar offer, Sta-n KFWB had received $27,000 in cash, sides $55,000 telephoned subscriptions. nday and Monday the city was forced to -route the usual bus service on Sunset bulevard because of the terrific line of ople in front of the studio anxious to ke part in the search and offer their oney for the purpose.

"You can ask for anything you want over e radio in an emergency and get it," aims Jerry King of KFWB. And to ove it is this one small example in the ickman case: Bill Ray at one in the orning on the first night's broadcasting ked the citizens of Los Angeles to "go it in front of your house this minute and e if you can see a Ford coupe with the llowing license—" and he proceeded to ve the number. For days after the broadst, people throughout the city were writ-

HOW THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER CAN MAKE YOU LOOK YEARS OLDER

Pavlova's Experience

ANNA PAVLOVA, the great dancer, was giving two concerts in a distant city. The first night she looked gloriously young and vibrant. But the second night she was another woman altogether—she looked old and haggard. Something terrible had happened to cause the transformation. What was it?

Just this: By mistake the wrong colored spotlight was thrown on her. And the effect was that she appeared twenty years older. The audience whispered—"My, how old Pavlova looks." The right light was immediately switched on. But the damage was done! No one in the audience could be convinced that Pavlova hadn't grown old.

Your Face Powder Shade—Aging or Youthifying?

What holds for lighting holds for face powder shades, too. The wrong shade can make you look five to ten years older. Many women, choosing their face powder shade on the wrong basis, are victims of a decidedly aging effect. Could it be possible that *you*, too, are paying the penalty of the wrong shade of face powder? Look at the above illustration. It gives you some idea of the difference the right and wrong shade of face powder makes.

One Way to Tell

There is one way to tell which is the right shade of face powder for you—which shade makes you look young rather than old—and that is to try all the five basic shades. As Lady Esther has demonstrated and, as color specialists confirm, there are five basic shades which supply the needs of all types of women. One of these will prove the most flattering and—*youthifying*—for you. And Lady Esther offers you the opportunity of finding out that shade at her expense.

At Lady Esther's Expense!

Simply mail your name and address and you will receive a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all on your face before your mirror and instantly one of these shades will prove *the* one for you. Mail coupon now for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You Can Paste This on Penny Postcard) **FREE**

LADY ESTHER, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

I want to find the right shade of face powder for my type. Please send liberal supply of all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder free and postpaid.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

This offer not good in Canada. (4)

Clear Skin
WINS LOVE

Letters like this prove that what Ambrosia has done for others, it can do for you. You *feel* Ambrosia tingle; you *know* it is cleansing as nothing has done before. Blackheads, pimples, muddiness disappear. Your skin has the clear, glowing freshness of youth. Ambrosia cleans pore-deep as only a liquid can.

Skin dry? Follow every Ambrosia Cleansing with Ambrosia Dry-skin Cream. Penetrates, restores oil, ends dryness, smooths wrinkles.

Skin oily? Follow every Ambrosia Cleansing with Ambrosia Tightener. Tightener reduces large pores, normalizes oiliness, invigorates circulation.

Ask for Ambrosia preparations at drug or department stores. 75¢. Slightly higher in Canada. Also in smaller sizes at 10¢ stores. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., 114 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ing in and telling of the unusual occurrences on their street the moment after this broadcast. A friend of Bill's said he heard the broadcast and immediately went to the front door and walked out. It was like a signal for everybody to go into action—every house was suddenly lighted up as if by magic, and immediately nine-tenths of the occupants were in the middle of the street looking for Fords.

Of course, the description of the murderer was broadcast, and everyone who looked even slightly like him was immediately thrown into jail. Nick Stuart, at that time married to Sue Carol, the actress, was the same general height and coloring of the killer. After being stopped and detained four times in one day, he hung a placard from his neck, upon which was written, "This is Nick Stuart—NOT Hickman."

SUCH an intensive man hunt was bound to bring results. It did. In January, 1928, William Edward Hickman entered a clothing store in Seattle, Washington, and paid for his purchases with a five dollar bill. The serial number of the bills paid as ransom money had been broadcast and the haberdasher had written down the number of the bills and placed them next to his register. Immediately after Hickman left the shop, he telephoned the police the description of Hickman and the color, make and license number of his car.

In spite of a wild automobile race by Hickman to Pendleton, Oregon, two state policemen captured and returned him for trial in Los Angeles, where he was sentenced to be hung. Thus ended the biggest man hunt engineered by one radio station in the history of the United States to that date.

Radio—a voice traveling faster than the fastest plane, the swiftest car; a voice which pursues its victim to the darkest corner in which he tries to skulk; a voice beyond whose reach he cannot get!

The story of Hickman isn't the only national case where radio has been of service in trailing criminals and killers. In 1929 the newspapers were full of the story of the "Tiger Woman," Irene Schroeder, and her lover, Glenn Dague, who had shot and killed a highway patrolman while making their escape after a series of robberies. But few of the newspapers mentioned the part radio played in stalking these criminals.

One day in the winter of 1929, a grocery store was robbed at Butler, Pennsylvania. Corporal Brady Paul and Patrolman Ernest Moore were assigned to the case. On the Newcastle-Butler road they saw a car which answered the description of the one in which the criminals had fled.

Corporal Paul drew up close to the road. "Stop!" he ordered.

In the care were a man, a woman and a child. They were Irene Schroeder, her lover, and her little son Donnie, a boy of four.

"Show me your papers," said Corporal Paul gruffly.

The man made a move toward his bag.

"Stick 'em up," said the woman, a began to fire.

Corporal Paul wasn't expecting th With a cuddly, adorable little boy in t car, the man and the woman would nev open fire, he had reasoned. He fired o wild shot and dropped in his tracks, fata wounded.

AGAIN shots rang out. Ernest Moo was firing blindly at this desperate m and woman. His bullets riddled their c Then he, too, dropped down, wounded.

The criminals sped on, thinking they h escaped the toils of the law. They we free. At the point of a gun they had lenced one man forever, and fatally woun ed another. But the invisible man hunt was on their trail. They had overlook the one voice they could never silence—t voice of radio. All of Pittsburgh's rac stations went into action. Descriptions the woman, man, child and Ford car we broadcast.

With the voice of radio pursuing the the criminals rode on. To West Virgin into eastern Ohio, and finally into the hi of Arizona they were trailed. There th shot it out with deputy sheriffs and we captured.

"Tiger Woman" the newspapers labell Irene Schroeder. And no wonder! S had not hesitated to take a human l even before the eyes of her four-year-o son. "Tiger Woman" they called her she battled bitterly in the courts, she a her lover, fighting for their own wretch lives though they had held others' cheaply. Like most criminals, they we cowards at the end, cringing and snivelli with fear.

On some purely technical charge th fought for a trial in Arizona, hoping escape through the mazes of the law. Th lost, were brought back to Pennsylvan and convicted of the murder of Corpor Brady Paul. At Rockview prison, th died in the hot seat, cursing radio, the i visible voice that had trailed and broug them to their doom.

Do you remember the "Crime Must G programs put upon the air last year the National Broadcasting Company und the auspices of the United States Fl Association? It was part of an organiz drive against crime by government agenci When President Roosevelt declared w against criminals and racketeers, the broa casting stations swung into line to he him in his campaign.

Probably the most gallant fight ev waged by radio against crime was t battle fought by Jerry Buckley, radio a nouncer for Station WMBC in Detro Mich. That battle ended when Buckl was shot to death in the lobby of the Hot LaSalle, the hotel from which he broa cast.

THE idea of fighting crime didn't occ to Jerry Buckley when he first becan an announcer at Station WMBC. In t beginning he just made routine commen on news events. Gradually he noticed th the newspapers of Detroit seemed to be

Watch for the free photograph offer to b made in RADIO STARS next month.

iance not to stress unemployment and me, which ruled Detroit.

Something had to be done. He began attack the problem of unemployment, the ten political situation in Detroit. Then I openly began to expose "the shadowy nd of the underworld pulling the strings puppet officials."

These were no vague, abstract talks on me. He dared to give names and exse crimes that made sleek-haired young n with ratty faces shiver with fear. He acked Lefty Clark's gambling house in orse, crapshooting joints in Detroit, and e Anioa Club, a gaming establishment tronized by the sporty set of Detroit. e called the attention of the public to the pearance of spin-wheels in the blind pigs, d forced their removal. He helped send orman B. Smith, a rum-runner, to avenworth Prison.

One day, after one of his most bitter posals, a well-known lawyer accompanied a dozen hoodlums visited the radio staon, and asked to talk to Jerry Buckley. ckley ordered them out, flung his dence at them, "Do anything you dare. I'm t afraid."

His friends begged Jerry to be careful, carry a pistol with him at all times. t Jerry only laughed. "I'm not afraid," said. It was to be his requiem. He did t know that he was laughing in the very eth of death.

In Detroit there was raging at that time battle for the impeachment of Mayor owles, who had promised to purge the ty of vice, and who had not kept that omise.

One day Jerry Buckley received a letter reatening him with "a long ride" if he t on the air a speech favoring the imachment of Mayor Bowles.

On July 18, he made that speech. "Pistol litics must end in Detroit," he said. Bowles must go." On July 21, he was urdered in the Hotel LaSalle as he sat the lobby reading the papers which told his triumph and of the impeachment of Mayor Bowles.

If the murderers of Jerry Buckley, whoer they were, had expected to silence his ght against crime and vice, fate played a ueer trick on them. For his voice and is ideas were more powerful in death an in life. That invisible voice, that forver vanished voice on the air, still purued the vicious criminals of Detroit.

When Jerry Buckley died, a great hue nd cry arose in the city. The people of Detroit demanded the extermination of ice. The police bore down on crime arder than ever. The great gambling ouse syndicate of Detroit was destroyed. Criminals were routed out of their nests f vice; blind pigs were raided as they had never been raided before; disorderly houses were closed; hidden arsenals were discovered and smashed. Criminals shivred with fear.

"Pistol politics must end in Detroit," Jerry Buckley had said. And now, though his body was cold, people remembered his words.

Radio—a finger pointed at the criminal, putting him on the spot, hounding him down! Regardless of where he would flee he would be sure to be discovered.

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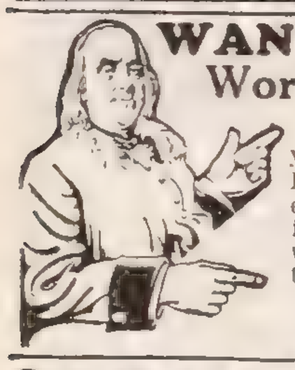

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NATIONAL SECURITY LIFE ASSOCIATION
Dept. C-187, 204 S. Hamilton Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal.

In a town about 100 miles from Birmingham, Alabama, the Bank of Ardmore was robbed in 1932. News of the robbery was received in Birmingham and a description of the robbers and their car broadcast over Station WAPI. The men were apprehended the same day and were later sentenced and convicted.

AS far back as 1932, fifty cities reported the use of police radio systems. In one year those cities had made 155,656 emergency calls and 12,676 arrests through the use of radio. Just one-half of the reporting showed a total of $386,953 worth of property had been restored. Over 32,000,000 people were served.

The reason the criminal fears a police radio system is because its descent on him is so swift. Formerly, he could be fairly sure of a getaway. Even though the police crew might be just a few blocks from the crime, they would know nothing of it unless they happened to telephone the police station for orders. Today, the voice of radio travels faster and farther than can the criminal.

Four seconds after a crime has been reported to the police of a city equipped with police radio, all the police cars in the city receive the report, and special cars are told to visit the scene of the crime immediately. If someone notices a suspicious looking person in a building and phones the police, an investigation can be made immediately and the persons caught red-handed.

Some cities in the United States have reported that the average time it takes them to make arrests with the help of radio is ninety seconds!

Not long ago a series of robberies were perpetrated in Baltimore. The criminal was finally discovered, and it was found that he lived in Washington, D. C. They asked him why he took the trouble of making regular trips from Washington to Baltimore to perpetrate his crimes.

"Well, sir," he explained, "they got that radio business in Washington, and I didn't want no messin' with that stuff."

Since that time Baltimore has also been given a police radio system.

During the first three months of the operation of a radio police system in New York City, there were 131 arrests made through its use. Former Commissioner Mulrooney said then, "It is safe to say that seventy-five per cent of the criminals would have escaped at the time except for the radio motor patrol plan which brought the police quickly to the scene.

"We get on the trail of the criminals while it's still hot," Superintendent William Allan, head of the Telegraph Bureau of the New York Police Department, told us. "A minute and a half after we receive a call, we can have patrol cars on the scene of the crime."

How does it work? From the control room at police headquarters go orders to the cruising cars. The dispatcher is provided with a microphone and a voice amplifier connected by telephone lines to a radio transmitter. The police cars have radio receivers tuned to the wave length used by the transmitter. The calls can be heard only on short-wave sets. There is a good reason for this.

THE police radio system is used when a crime has just been committed or is just being committed. Naturally, the criminal is not supposed to know that the police are hot on his trail, hence the reason for the short wave equipment which ordinary radios do not have, and over which cannot, therefore, receive the police reports.

Look at what happened in Chicago a few years ago when short wave sets were not so common. In April, 1929, a Chicago woman discovered a burglar looting an apartment nearby. At once she telephoned the police. They, in turn, notified station WGN, a regular broadcasting station. A moment later listeners on WGN were startled when the music suddenly broke and a police broadcast was inserted in the program.

When the police entered the apartment the burglar was gone. In one corner of the room a radio was going full blast. It was tuned in to station WGN.

On top of the radio the police found a strange note, "Dear Radio Man—Thanks for the tip-off. You're a swell announcer. I'm now signing off."

"The Leaders are on the air!" You've heard that expression many times over NBC. Here they are (left to right): Glenn Cross, Eddie Ellingson, Dick Ballow and Ed Smalle, arranger and accompanist.

The True Story of Gene and Glenn

(*Continued from page 57*)

was doing. In a few weeks they became the radio habit in Cleveland. It was Gene and Glenn every place you went. A network followed, and vaudeville with house-breaking records. "Another Amos 'n' Andy," people said, and as far as many parts of the country were concerned, they were.

The success went to their heads. They got that low-slung touring car they had been wanting and a couple of raccoon coats. They bought an interest in a prizefighter and had ring side seats. They backed a baseball team and bought a summer camp in Wisconsin. They were known in all the swankiest night clubs. They were pointed out wherever they went.

Suddenly it all ended. People stopped tuning in on them. Their contract came to an end and so did they.

But it was something more than just a means of a livelihood that they had lost. Their pride was jolted. They weren't important to people's entertainment any more. People were tired of them. It's one of the cruelest of realizations to a star in any walk of life.

WERE they through? They couldn't be, they told themselves. Why not try Chicago again, or Pittsburgh. But not all of Cleveland forgot them overnight. Members of the fire department, whom they had befriended and aided by radio on many occasions, circulated petitions. Two hundred and fifty thousand Gene and Glenn followers signed, asking WTAM to put them on the air again.

Imagine the emotions of the boys when they received these petitions revealing to them that they still had one of the largest and most loyal followings in Cleveland.

Again they repeated their previous air success, reaching even greater heights than before. And they were never too busy to work over-time and help whenever they could, for Cleveland had helped them plenty.

They, perhaps more than anyone else, were responsible for the bright Christmas many of the poor in that city enjoyed. For three Saturday nights before the holiday, they broadcast and offered to stay on the air as long as anybody was interested enough in their program to send in contributions for the poor.

It was a huge task for at the time they were also appearing in a local vaudeville theatre as well as carrying on their regular radio schedule. Six shows a day and a broadcast at night was telling on their vitality. They shouted themselves hoarse, caught cold, and got very little sleep. The longer they stayed on the air, the more help they received. Donations poured in from every part of the country. People sent dollar bills, coal, food, clothing and every conceivable thing to them.

Delighted with the help the needy had received through the efforts of this team, the newspapers decided to stage the concluding broadcast in the town's mammoth

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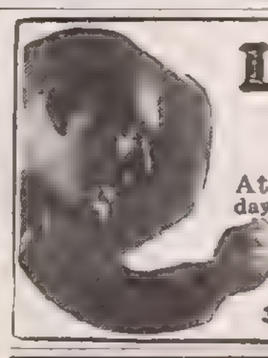

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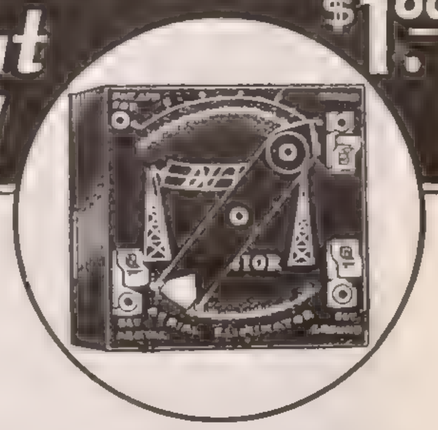

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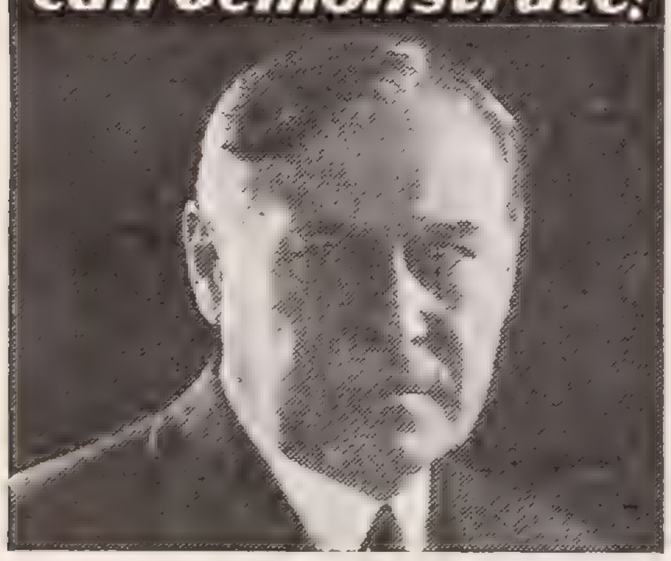

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ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD
San Jose AMORC Calif.

auditorium. Gene and Glenn feared the undertaking was too great, but again Cleveland stood by. Over 15,000 people turned out.

A girl singer was on the stage when they appeared. She was never heard for the crowd spied them at once and for ten minutes the building shook with shouting and cheering.

They had made the grade. Now comes a new stumbling block. Marital troub Scandal. Divorce. Will it end their ra career?

They are not afraid. Today their p fessional worth has been proven, for sponsor is trying them on a NBC netw program that is being broadcast from co to coast. You can decide for yourself they will succeed or go down for the th —and last—time.

The Band Box

(*Continued from page 61*)

Lombardo is through in that spot. There are three possible reasons for the maestro's decision. First, it is said that he felt that too much of the program was given over to the comedy of Burns & Allen. Second, it's also said that he never got over the fact that Burns & Allen were put on the program in the first place. Third, he's afraid if he stays on the same program too long he'll be tagged "White Owl" for life.

● Wayne King has inaugurated his fifth half hour commercial program at 10 p. m. Sundays over Columbia. This makes two shows a week on CBS. He has three on NBC. A studio has been constructed at the Aragon Ballroom so that the networks may pick up his sponsored shows from the dance spot which is seven miles from Chicago's Loop. King plays there every night and has practically a dozen sustaining programs over WGN every week.

● Mysterious fires and explosions have been putting Chicago night clubs that flourished during the prohibition era out of business. Three famous midnight to morning spots have been destroyed recently. First one to burn was the Granada Cafe, made known on the air by Guy Lombardo, Paul Whiteman, Tom Gerun and Henry Busse. Soon thereupon the famous Frolics was mysteriously razed by a blaze. It had been prominent since prebroadcast days when Abe Lyman played there. Then a mysterious explosion and fire wrecked the Moulin Rouge, known for years as the Winter Garden. Here Isham Jones and Gus Arnheim had made their last Chicago stands and Helen Morgan had sat many a night upon the piano.

● I've had so many requests from readers to publish the personnel of their favorite bands that the only way I can catch up is to give you three at a time. Here you are:

Jack Denny's Hotel Pierre Orchestra—Earl Breckenridge, bass; Louis Goodwin, piano; Vince Mignola, violin; Joe Gibson, violin and viola; Max Goodwin, violin and viola; Sam Amorosa, harp; Sol Gillis, accordion and piano; Art Horn, saxophone, oboe and English horn; Walt Littlewood, saxophone, flute and clarinet; Stan Simons, saxophone and clarinet; Dan Burt, saxophone, clarinet, flute; and Whitie Palmer, drums. Note that Denny uses no trumpets or trombones in his hotel band. He does, however, on some of his commercial programs.

Will Osborne's Orchestra—Bruce Yantis, Jack Small and Elliott Russell, violins; Jack Stacey, Joseph Denton and Frank Salto, saxophones; Phil Capicato and John McGhee, trumpets; Andrew Russo, trombone; Neil Marshall, drums; Jack Mea bass; George Odell, guitar; and Fra Froba, piano.

Ozzie Nelson's Band—B. Brak violin; S. Wolf, guitar; C. Gray, pia H. Murphy, piano; J. Bohan, drums; Whiteside, bass; W. Schliestein, sa phone; C. Bubeuch, saxophone; W. N son, saxophone; E. Ashford, trumpet; Johnson, trumpet; and H. Humphr trumpet.

● Pancho, the tango master holding fo over CBS wires from the Hotel Amb sador in Manhattan, is really not Panc any way you consider it. In the first pl the word "Pancho" is Spanish for "Fr cis." In the second place the maestr name is not Francis. He is really Ado Rosquellas and the word "Pancho" merely a nickname. For your added formation, he's 34 years old, married Mary Coyle who was formerly of t Follies, weighs 131 pounds and is f feet seven inches tall.

● The radio profession is so young t deaths among its fraternity are rare deaths in the studio hitherto unheard Two days before WGN celebrated its ter anniversary Adolphe Dumont was directi the WGN Concert Orchestra in the pr gram "Melodyland" when death came su denly and unexpectedly in the form of fatal heart attack. Director Dumont, w was 46, had been known on NBC for se eral years. Previously he had been dire tor of music for Chicago's biggest mov house, the Chicago.

● Your Cousin from Milwaukee and a most everyone else in the beer city turn out to see Hal Kemp's orchestra recent Kemp, a midwestern radio favorite, play a one night stand at the gigantic Rive view park. Seven thousand paying cu tomers jammed the place. Three tho sand were turned away.

● Pat Kennedy, the unmasked tenor, h traded his Irish personality for that of dashing cabellero of the Argentine. Carl Molina, the NBC maestro, is his dan master. Molina, who came to the Chicag air channels from Hollywood, was th tango instructor for Mary Pickfor Gloria Swanson, Norma Shearer, Ramo Novarro, Clara Bow and Charlie Chapli

● Hal Kemp, radio orchestra leader, ar Norman Cordon, NBC and Chicago Gran Opera basso, were among 300 patrons a Ricketts restaurant lined up by three gu men at a recent drawing. Hal Kemp, wit his wife, had left the Blackhawk restauran where he played, to get a breakfast snac before going home. A few nights later th Blackhawk was held up and the till rifle

Unmasking the Hill Billy Hoax

(*Continued from page 48*)

a eal city feller, aplayin' with a band." Ze can play any instrument you hand h, and play it darn well.

Ie'll continue without batting an eye-la, "Pappy here 'dopted me when I was a aby. He was ma and pa to me. My mmmy she passed away and my pappy, he de left me. So Pappy tuk me in."

Ezra, forgetting his mountaineer accent a he warms up to the tale, interrupts to t how he swam in the Arkansas River f eight hours and forty-five minutes, when a oy. He relates how he fell into a man-h the first time he took a walk in New Y k. How back home he danced with a g at a country dance and her steady 'l for him and guv him a terrible beatin', s that his mammy near fainted when he c e home.' He doesn't forget to add that w t he did to her young man was no-b y's business. Ad infinitum.

Elton, the real hill-billy, is the only quiet, r rved one. There is no pretense about h. He's still scared of the Big Town, o ur autos and subways. A car ran over h the first day he was in New York. H s still afraid to sleep in a building near a ubway, he's scared when the subway s kes the building, it might cave in. When h tells you he fell into his grandpappy's n h barrel as a baby, and was almost s ded to death, you believe him. Elton is a ut twenty-one. For publication, he is e teen.

Yes, here in the Big Town, these Ozark Hl-Billies are taking us for a sleigh ride. W're the city slickers who fall for their f astic tales. But the miracle of the thing i his. You'd think something would come a g to blow them right open; that they're b nd to hit a snag. But they are so darn c vincing nothing seems to hurt 'em. You c say or write anything you like about th n and it just bounces off. They have s h skill in portraying the role of moun-t eers, who cares whether or not they are th real thing, when they are better than th real thing?

E Huggins, young baritone is a new find at CBS. He's from Virginia.

(Posed by George Burns—Paramount Pictures)

You'll get a barrel-full of mirth out of the current issue of FILM FUN. It's loaded to the margins with gags, laughs and screamingly funny jokes. It sells out fast so see your newsdealer right away.

FILM FUN

July issue — now on sale

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In 1-2-3 short days, your mirror will show your skin defects GONE!

The most astonishing discovery you ever heard of harmlessly removes that blemished, thin outer skin film and you have a rejuvenated, clear, true skin of youth-like alluring beauty! Think of what this will mean to you socially, in business and affairs of the heart in these days of worry and depression!

You are not asked to pay a cent for information and convincing evidence that you can do it yourself at home and surprise your friends and enemies with your clear, new skin IN 3 DAYS.

Simply write and ask for "BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS." Write your name and address plainly and this great happiness-bringing treatise will be sent by return mail, postpaid and ABSOLUTELY FREE! Send no money. Address William Witol, Room 398-J, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y. If you are pleased, tell your friends about it

as ordinary "surface dyes" never can!

WHERE ordinary dyes just give a "color wash" to clothes—Rit soaks into every fibre and every thread—through-and-through—*instantly.* Rit contains one remarkable new chemical (registered in the U. S. Patent Office) that no other tint or dye can have for 17 years—that makes Rit quicker, easier and surer than any product you have ever used!

Rit in its new form (*not a soap!*) is a quick-dissolving tablet for convenience—won't leave streaks and spots of undissolved dye as powders often do. Color won't rub off—not affected by perspiration—won't look "dyed". Try this *new* Rit—and you'll be lastingly grateful to the scientist who discovered it!

Your choice of 33 colors! Rit's complete color range meets every need. *And every color is clear, sparkling, professional.* Rit leaves the material soft and pliable as new. You'll have perfect results the *first* time and *every* time with new Instant Rit.

✓ CHECK THIS LIST OF RIT USES:

Draperies	Hooked Rugs	Slip Covers	Bed Spreads
Lingerie	Bridge Sets	Table Cloths	Children's
Sweaters	Men's Shirts	Stockings	Clothes

YOU'LL HAVE "BETTER LUCK"

WITH **RIT**

NEW!
No longer a soap!
Dissolves instantly.

WLS Has a Miracle Show in the Barn Dance

(*Continued from page 53*)

"Barn Dance." Up to this Spring, it has played over 530 consecutive Saturday night performances. Is there another program anywhere which can match that record?

YOU'VE heard some odd names announced over WLS. Walter Peterson, "The Kentucky Wonder Bean," for instance. Here's how that started. Peterson came in from the steel mills to play a mouth-organ, wired to his shoulder, and a guitar, both at the same time. Tall and lanky, he looked a lot like the picture of a long string bean in a seed catalogue that the station manager happened to glance through. One look at the name of the bean and he immediately switched it to Walter. After that, every announcement said, "Walter Peterson, The Kentucky Wonder Bean, playin' on his double-barrelled shotgun."

Ralph Waldo Emerson has been with the station ten years. At his first broadcast, he looked as if he had just come from an accident. With his head wrapped in Turkish towels, he sat before his pipe organ. He was wearing earphones and the towels were to keep out any sound except that from the phones. Television would have added a lot to that broadcast.

Another organist named Elsie Mae Look came in to play occasionally. She and Emerson worked out an arrangement whereby they could do organ duets, each using a separate studio. One notable result of this cooperation was heard all across the middle-west when they stood together before a WLS mike and were married. If you are a WLS listener, you know them as Ralph and Elsie Mae Emerson.

There are so many members of this WLS family, important members, too. Arthur C. Page—Art to you and you—who conducts the "Dinnerbell" program. Another part of his job is to be "editor" for the station. Just like the editor of a newspaper, he decides what is good and what is bad, what to put on the air and what to keep off. It's no easy task, you should know.

Then, Glenn Snyder is the man who makes the dollars roll in. It is rumored that WLS is the best money-making station in America. If that is true, Glenn Snyder gets the credit. It takes a heap of dollars to pay talent, you know. And a heap more to pay for expensive broadcasting equipment and studio rents and insurance. Probably WLS spends close to a half million dollars a year for its programs. That money has to come from somewhere. Where? That's Snyder's job. You don't hear much about him on the air, but if he weren't around, you just bet your life that you'd miss a lot of your favorite programs.

GEORGE C. BIGGAR is the man who directs the programs. He is supposed to have time to think and plan things ahead, according to WLS executives. How he does it, no one knows for he is usually the busiest man around the place. When y write a suggestion to WLS, he is the m who reads it. If your suggestion com back to you in the form of a radio progra you can thank him for it.

Dr. John Holland who conducts the Litt Brown Church is probably the only Amer can pastor assigned by his bishop to radio station. His office, by the way, is Mecca for young rural couples who fe "that way" about each other. It's a d week when he doesn't marry some coup just in from the country.

Hal O'Halloran is your friend if ev you've listened regularly to WLS. Usuall he runs the "Barn Dance" programs ar his announcing has probably sold mo merchandise to farmers than any oth voice in the world. More than that, h sings sailor songs on the lightest provoc tion. If anything happens to break dow any program, it is a studio tradition th Hal will sing "Asleep in the Deep" unt the next number is ready.

Those Ridge Runners—Slim Miller, Jo Lair, Karl Davis, Linda Parker, Red Fole Hartford Taylor—are almost everyone favorites. Their "Goofus" number is classic that has to be repeated time ar time again.

Uncle Ezra comes on the air at 1:00 p.r every day except Saturday and Sunda with his annoyer and helpmate, Mi Cecile. Their Station EZRA broadcas reveal a lot of tales. What they don't te is that Uncle Ezra and Miss Cecile, in re life, are Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Barrett, a attractive a young pair as you'd find an place.

Mac and Bob, the two blind boys, hav one of the most devoted followings in radi Every so often, they take time off fro their duties and go down into the hill where they were raised, and listen to th old folks singing the songs of pionee Americans. Their collection of folk musi is one of the best.

AND the Westerners! Honest-to-goodne boys and a gal from the wide ope spaces, these. Originally, they came fro a ranch near Roswell, New Mexico, wher they learned as much about cow punchin as they did about singing and playing When times got tough in the cattle busi ness, their dad led them into Chautauqu and Lyceum work, and then to radic They're fast becoming favorites.

There are scores of others, too. Dixi Mason whose story ran in RADIO STAR some time ago. Skyland Scotty, the smil ing Carolina mountaineer. Joe Kelly wh delights the youngsters with his "Jolly Jo and His Pets" periods. Malcolm Clair Tom and Don, Sophia Germanich, Arkie Lulu Belle, they are all regulars on th WLS program.

They are all helping the station maintai its policy of "effective friendship and kindl service." And keeping alive the apprecia tion of a vast audience for the real old fashioned music of our fathers.

Suppose This Happened at Your Wedding

(*Continued from page 58*)

yourself what her advice is worth.

Well, here she is, the celebrated radio star, as she awakens at eight o'clock on her wedding day. You see the blissful expression in her eyes as she muses that there are five and a half precious hours ahead which are to be inviolably hers, for the wedding ceremony won't be until one-thirty.

Sighing happily, she begins to dally with plans of her new life to come. Never, for example, will she appear at breakfast unless crisply turned out in a negligée of blue, Gene's favorite col—

Sudden panic seizes her. Thinking of blue reminds her of her wedding dress and —well, how would *you* feel remembering at the eleventh hour, as Marge did, that your wedding gown hadn't yet been delivered?

Phoning her modiste, she learns from that poor hysterical woman that two of the gown's imported buttons are missing. Either a worker, she says, or a customer must have filched them for keepsakes of a star's wedding.

Are you wondering if Marge, hearing this upsetting news, will break into a loud, helpless wail as you feel you might have?

But, no, not Marge. For she is a professional woman with determinedly calm nerves, and not allowed to indulge in feminine caprices even on her wedding day.

But the nature of her phone conversation with the modiste was mild compared with the calls that crowd Marge's next two hours. Good-bye to day dreams and seclusion—just stick around, now, and watch and listen as photographers, milliners, decorators, household salesmen, friends, reporters, etc., etc., keep jangling her phone requesting endorsements, conversations, testimonials. Whew! Do you think *you* could take it? And before breakfast, too, for don't forget that there hasn't yet been a free moment for such unimportant matters as food.

Then Mr. X, who handles Marge's publicity, calls and announces cheerfully that dozens of reporters are clamoring to interview her. "They're on the way over now, in fact, just give them a few minutes, he says. They'll understand, after all, it's your wedding day."

"It is, isn't it?" Marge echoes, weakly. But is cheered by the sight of her maid entering, laden with gifts, telegrams and flowers from fans and personal friends. She is suddenly very happy. And even happier for Gene phones, the one call for which she was waiting all morning.

At his suggestion, they agree to meet at their favorite restaurant after her studio rehearsal at ten—oh, yes; there's that rehearsal, too.

Revivified. Marge leaps singing from her feverish pillow, takes a grand shower and, emerging from same, pours herself some coffee. But forgets to drink it in the delight of suddenly beholding her wedding frock neatly laid out on the chaise longue.

But if your fingers are aching, as Marge's were, to stroke tenderly the delicate silken folds of that gown, you are as doomed to disappointment, for at this moment the press arrives and the questions begin.

Yes, answers Marge, it was love at first sight. Oh, she likes sportswear, laughter, chow mein, little orphans, big annuities. Gene? Gene likes Richard Crooks' voice, Zane Grey, spaghetti with meat sauce, hunting, fishing, collecting guns, travel. He's twenty-eight, she's twenty-three. No, she doesn't expect to drop her career after marriage. Oh, she weighs about 103. Etc.

Suddenly, it's ten o'clock, time for her studio rehearsal. Before and after she is waylaid by endless solicitations for her wedding day autograph, and it's noon before she's home again without having seen Gene and with just about time to take a few minutes rest before racing through the most important toilette of her life.

But that rest is out, for the hairdresser is waiting for her, but so is a fragrant corsage of gardenias and lilies-of-the-valley from Gene.

The phone. But now Marge scarcely hears it. For she is remembering that in an hour she'll be Mrs. Gene, that she must dress with the greatest care, and that she mustn't forget those new lines for this evening's broadcast.

Finally here's Marge ready to be called for by family and friends, and in the excitement forgetting that she hasn't eaten all day, and not noticing until Myrt calls her attention to it, that she's put on two different stockings.

Somehow, at the appointed hour she is at the People's Church. Dr. Preston Gradley, officiating, signs the wedding certificates, and in the place marked "witnesses," writes, "3000 friends and admirers." Gene's best man, Ray Hedge, known as Clarence Tiffintuffer on the Myrt and Marge program, smiles comfortingly at Marge.

Suddenly, there's a ring on Marge's finger, the Norseman quartet is singing "Abide With Me," and Gene is kissing the bride.

Then the attempted get-away through a jungle of movie cameras, on-lookers, autograph-seekers, and the gay luncheon party at which Marge can't eat a mouthful from excitement. But, you ask, are the lovers about to be alone at last? Well, no. For, you see, Gene has to leave for his broadcast and soon after he rejoins Marge, she has to leave for hers.

Of course, it's remarkable that she got through her lines that evening, but she did. When she was through, Gene was waiting for her, eager, full of wonderful plans. He'd arranged for them to steal away.

Marge looks at him and realizes that this day, for all its strain, was the happiest of her life. But just the same she can't forget what she's missed. "Girls, keep your wedding-day for your very own and don't be cheated out of a honeymoon."

ALL you need is boiling water and White Rit—then simply *swish* the color out of your dress!—leave the fabric as white as when it left the loom—dissolve spots and stains at the same time—and make re-tinting or dyeing easier because *all* the old color is removed and even the lightest shade "takes" easily.

White Rit affects only the dye, not the cloth—leaves the material soft and pliable as new—never harsh, brittle or rotted. It is harmless as boiling water. Millions of women now use White Rit in the laundry for the *family washing*—to make white goods *really white*, to take out mildew, grass or fruit stains, ink spots or rust marks. White Rit is the *original* color remover that cannot be successfully imitated because it is protected by 5 separate patents. *Insist* on White Rit.

Remember: White Rit takes old color *out*—Instant Rit puts new color *in*. 33 Rit Colors—clear, sparkling, professional. So easy, so sure, you'll have perfect results every time.

✓ **REMOVE COLOR, SPOTS AND STAINS FROM:**
Draperies Lingerie Slip Covers Dresses Table Linen Stockings Bed Spreads

YOU'LL HAVE "BETTER LUCK" WITH WHITE RIT

NRA

Harmless as Boiling Water

MAKE YOUR PERMANENT LAST 3 TIMES AS LONG

WOMEN everywhere are finding that the secret of keeping a permanent wave is to reset it regularly with the new Wildroot Wave Powder. Naturally curly and straight hair are also easy to set with this inexpensive home-made wave set. Just buy Wildroot Wave Powder, mix with water, and follow simple directions in package. Never leaves white flakes, dries quickly, keeps indefinitely. Used by hairdressers. At all drug and 5 and 10 cent stores.

10c
MAKES 1 PINT

New improved
WILDROOT
WAVE POWDER

Change Now!
Gayanne—SUN TAN

Your complexion deserves the flattering TAN of Gayanne—

10c

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT ALL
S.S.KRESGE CO. STORES

If You Want to Be Beautiful

(*Continued from page 65*)

preparations were beautifying, then the whole cucumber would work miracles. So she takes her cucumbers straight. Simply washes them, slices them very thin and eats 'em right up—peel and all. But a warning—be sure to chew them well, else you will get a pain in your stomach and a consequent wrinkle in your brow.

THERE are other kinds of wrinkles that are much more lasting. Those you get from going around in the sunshine without a hat or some other shade. You just naturally squint your eyes and crinkle up your forehead, and so develop a case of wrinkles which you spend the whole fall trying to rub away with nourishing creams. Another thing, your hair will take on every burnt shade of the haystack if it isn't protected from the rays of the sun. Hot oil treatments are a remedy, but you know the old proverb about an ounce of prevention.

If you are one of those girls who goes outdoors with a lovely lily white skin and comes back looking like a speckled tiger lily—the freckles are that bad—you might bathe the face, neck and arms with ten parts peroxide to one part aromatic spirits of ammonia. An excellent summertime lotion to prevent both freckles and sunburn can be made by using one-third olive oil, one-third oil of wintergreen and one-third witch hazel. It isn't expensive and is most effective. If you are one of those people who feel undressed without powder, use a foundation cream under it to protect your skin.

Now a word about your hands, especially if you go swimming. It is a well-known fact that no one has enough natural oils in her hands to keep them smooth and supple, which is the reason the hands age more quickly than even the face. Hence the old saying, "You can always tell a person's age by her hands."

Monday mornings you can spot the people who have spent the weekend at the beach. The cuticle of their hands is dry and rough. There's a slight grayishness around the nails. The tips of the fingers are wrinkled and the hands in general appear dry.

Go swimming, of course, but when you resume your land existence, take a soft towel and carefully push the cuticle back, shaping it at the same time. Dry your hands thoroughly. If you haven't time at the moment, when you get home dig down into the cold cream jar and cover your hands and wrists with cream. Work it into the hands. It will repay you in more ways than in just lovely hands, especially if you have a date with the same escort with whom you were swimming earlier in the day. Men admire lovely hands as much as a pretty face.

YOU no doubt know all the other little tricks of the manicure. Always file the nails from the underneath side, sweeping from one side to the other in one movement. Smooth the top with an emery board. Cut the cuticle if necessary, shape—never with a metal instrument—with an orange stick. If your nails are slightly discolored, cleanse and bleach with a bit of cotton dipped in peroxide before you apply the white paste or pencil under the nails. And lastly, the polish. If you want your nails to appear longer apply the polish right up to the tips. Don't however, cover the moons. A coat of colorless polish put on first will make the final coat, whatever color takes your fancy, go on smoothly.

And a last suggestion—about your feet. Since like the ancients, we are running around this season in toeless sandals and the heels in prominence, the feet come into their own on street and beach. If your feet don't take any prizes for beauty and shapliness, if you have corns, callouses, and bumps on your heels, I will be glad to help you attack these individual problems. But here is a simple routine by which

BEAUTY AND GLAMOR CAN BE YOURS

Are you blonde, brunette, redhead? Or a "disappointed," which can be the most attractive type of all?

Do you use the proper shampoo for your hair?

Are you going to have a permanent wave?

What kind should you have, or should you have one at all?

How is your complexion?

Do you know the shade and texture of powder, rouge and lipstick that suits you?

I'll be glad to help you personally to decide and choose. Write me at RADIO STARS, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City. I have lots of new beauty stunts that will delight and thrill you.

CAROLYN BELMONT

anyone can well profit. Wash the feet in very warm soapy water then plunge them into cold water into which you've thrown a handful or two or salt. And finish by rubbing vigorously dry with a rough towel. This will help to prevent perspiration. Another excellent bath can be made by dissolving a couple of tablespoons of boric powder in water. A little of this powder sprinkled between the toes will prevent perspiration and avoid cracked skin that is common to many in the swimming season.

Whenever possible go *barefoot.* The feet benefit tremendously by being completely unhampered. Or go around in those plain flat Japanese straw sandals. I had a pair made from a flat piece of leather duplicated in the same style. They are perfectly grand, wear forever, and don't leave splinters of straw all over the carpets.

Cut the toenails straight across, never round. If you scrape the top of the nails they will curl upward away from the toes and keep your feet safe from ingrown toenails. Only if your feet are unusually shapely, apply polish to the nails, then stick to the same color used on the fingers.

WHEN you go shopping for those smart little personal nothings, be sure to insist on the new stockings to wear with your toeless, heeless sandals. These stockings are a glorious film of chiffon—no reinforced toes or heels.

There is a very smart mascara compact out in a platinum toned metal case with shades of mascara to suit whatever type you are. Like a little jack-in-the-box the brush pops up when the compact is opened. Makes it convenient and amusing at the same time.

Are your cheeks too much like rosy-red apples when you apply your favorite rouge in the summer? Well, there is a certain kind, made by a special process, that is becoming, whatever the temperature. It comes in a lovely box with a puff of silk velvet that simply does things to the most difficult complexion.

If you don't want to make your own sunburn balm I know of a good one.

We've touched briefly on everything from your topknot to your toes. If you're concerned about one of the major problems of life—beauty—let me know. I will be glad to help you.

Meet Al Pearce and His Gang

(*Continued from page 63*)

ran into three. "Still," said Al, "It's the home town, maybe it doesn't prove anything." So they tried movie-wise Los Angeles. The public stood in line for blocks.

The next day Al signed all his Gang to personal contracts. Radio critics and reviewers wonder if Al makes the act or if he's merely a clever impresario of an exceptionally talented gang?

Al Pearce is a master showman. Like Rudy Vallee he builds up members of his cast, makes them important. Perhaps the best example is his girl singer, Hazel Warner, whom Al built up as "The Song Bird of the West." She became so popular that she was soon receiving as much fan mail as any of the radio artists on the coast. She realized how good she was and decided to go on her own. In less than a month oblivion set in. And the last we heard of her she was back with Al and his Gang!

Without his introductions and pluggings they can and have been lost in the radio shuffle. For this reason, the best answer to the questions would be: Al makes the act—and the act goes over.

His career as a CBS headliner came to a sensationally abrupt finale about six months ago. Someone connected with the chain on the coast formed an artists' bureau and asked Al to come in—and pay twenty per cent of his earnings, please! Al couldn't see the idea of throwing away twenty per cent when he wasn't getting a penny out of radio. He refused. An ultimatum was issued: "Either you come in, or you're out." Al took it on the chin. After all, if he was willing to donate his programs to the station, why should he then give them a percentage of his earnings outside of radio?

NBC, however, was glad to see eye-to-eye with Al on this score! Why should they turn down an artist with two paying sponsors when they didn't have to pay him? They changed his radio hour title and from that time on it became "Al Pearce and his Gang."

"Oh, yes, everything turned out all right," explains Al who is tall, heavy and blond. "But we all had a pretty blue week during our walk-out. It was a dangerous decision since ours is an act that must go hand-in-hand with the radio; we are lost without it. The folks get interested in the characters we create on the radio and they want to see them in the flesh. We are really a radio variety program, not a vaudeville troupe."

IN his private life Al maintains a great deal of the same thoughtfulness that characterizes his work. For instance, he used radio to collect 30,000 toys for poor children last Christmas—a purely personal act of charity conceived during his hours away from the microphone.

His hobby is fishing, but he spends much of his spare time choosing and buying "surprises" for his wife, Audrey. (He buys multi-cylinder automobiles for himself.) Audrey is not a professional and they have no children.

He and his gang are the biggest theater attraction in the west with kids. In the small town of Bakersfield, California, they outdraw even a Will Rogers picture.

Al is seldom seen in public without his brother Cal and he continually worries about the fact that his brother won't get enough credit for their radio and personal-appearance success. Cal dropped out of the act, except on occasions, sometime ago and attends to such important details as bookings, programs and money. And he doesn't care a darn if they nickname him "Al Pearce's stooge."

JANE GETS "LURE" WITH MOVIE EYES

Have the Witching Eyes of the Movie Stars Tonight

You can have exactly the same *"eye-appeal"* movie and stage stars do...instantly ...by darkening the brows and lashes with the wonderful make-up discovery they use. With DELICA-BROW! Let DELICA-BROW make *your* eyes literally wells of *allure tonight*—bigger, brighter... *irresistible.* DELICA-BROW is waterproof, too. Remember the name. Get it at any toilet goods counter, or at the 10¢ stores.

For canvas, buck, suede or kid shoes. At all stores . . . liquid, tube or cake. Try it today.

the PURE KNITTED COPPER CHORE GIRL
INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS
patented parallel outer layers give
"double the wear, where the wear comes"
Metal Textile Corporation, *Orange, New Jersey*

10c HANDYSIFT Loose Powder Vanity 15c
Elegant little vanities in newest shapes and colors; the finest value in the land at such low prices! Have you seen the latest HANDYSIFT creations by A. L. Siegel Co., Inc.?
Inspect Them—At Leading Chains

When a Farmer Needs a Friend He Counts on WLS

(*Continued from page 51*)

In most of the offices, prize-winning ears of corn hang on the wall. Or a wasp's nest taken from someone's orchard. Or a box of cowbells of just the sort you've seen on Bossy many a time.

There aren't so many studios, but visitors are always welcome. The main studio has glass windows all down one side. Visitors find themselves seats in long rows of pew-like benches and watch the broadcast at their ease. They stay as long as they like and leave when they please, and no uniformed page boy shushes them up if they want to smoke or whisper to a neighbor.

Making folks feel at home is a rare art, but one that WLS has mastered nobly. The quality sings through their programs. It was a wise man who said once, "Friendship requires deeds." If that is a true test, and I believe it is, Station WLS has proved itself more than once.

Listen! Do you remember the terrible tornado that struck southern Indiana and Illinois on March 18, 1925? WLS was just eleven months old. Big Ford and Little Glenn and the Solemn Old Judge had just put on "Lullaby Time" and sung the good-night prayer for the kiddies when they got word of the catastrophe. They put the news on the air. Within a few minutes, a stranger called on the telephone and said, "Will you accept five dollars for relief of the storm sufferers?"

Here was an idea, and the birth of WLS's role as an angel of mercy. George Hay who was the station's chief announcer took off his coat and went to work. His associates stuck to their guns. They started an all-night session with the WLS transmitter turning cherry red as it flung Hay's pleas into the storm-swept night.

At eight o'clock the next morning, he had raised $11,000. Within twenty-four hours after the storm, a WLS relief station had been established in the heart of the wind-ripped section and was dispensing food, blankets, clothing and medical supplies. Through the rest of the week, WLS told stories of human misery and suffering. Engineers stuck at their posts for twenty-eight hours straight. By sundown on Saturday, WLS had collected $50,000.

I wonder if you have listened to WLS's "Little Brown Church of the Air?" Or partaken of its inspiration and sympathy? It was born that first Sunday after the tornado. Sam Guard of the WLS staff flew back to Chicago with first-hand accounts of the catastrophe. A few minutes before he went on the air, it occurred to him that many out there in the stricken district had need of consolation. So he said a prayer and told a story of One whose love passeth all understanding. And the Little Brown Church came to be.

Thousands of hearts were touched by his "sermonette," and thousands of hands were lifted to help the sufferers he described. At the end of two weeks, WLS listeners had contributed $216,000.

There have been other times, too. Once, a spring flood swept across Illinois, drowning every chick which hard-pressed farmers had hatched. WLS came to the rescue and its listeners paid for new chicks to replace the ones washed away.

In the fall and winter of 1930-31, the friends of WLS maintained a free lunch station in Chicago where many a homeless and hungry man got his stomach filled. For a while, the entire lower floor of the Prairie Farmer building was turned into a clothing station filled with garments contributed by listeners. Needy mothers and children by the score were saved from sickness by these free gifts.

"Friendship requires deeds." No wonder this station's listeners are loyal.

It probably never occurs to most folk that chicken stealing is a serious offense. A colored boy with a gnawing stomach, a dark night, and a chicken coop have been ingredients for many a joke. Believe you me, it is no joke to a poor farmer to find his chicken houses stripped.

Chicken stealing in many agricultural districts is a large and lucrative racket. In a recent eighteen month period, for instance, almost $1,000,000 worth of poultry was hijacked. WLS is trying to put a stop to it. Whenever a roost is robbed, the owner immediately communicates with WLS. The news is put on the air with a description of the chickens. The station, in cooperation with "The Prairie Farmer," hires detectives to investigate. To date, approximately 1,000 chicken thieves have been caught. One gang of 28 members was captured and 21 of them are now in jail.

Not long ago, the sheriff of Mason County, Illinois, telephoned that 300 chickens had been stolen the night before. Arthur Page broadcast a description of the fowls on his "Dinnerbell" program. He talked directly to the thief and said, "We've sent a lot of you fellows to jail. We'll catch you and send you, too, if you try to sell those chickens." That night, the owner of the chickens reported that about a third of them had come straggling home. Next day, the whole lot was back in his coops. The thief had heard the broadcast and, fearing to dispose of his loot, had turned them loose in a nearby cornfield.

Radio stations are licensed by the United States Government, you know, just as long as they serve the interests of the public. I believe WLS has more direct service features than any station in America.

Weather news, for example, comes in regularly every morning, telling us what to expect, if storm or frost threatens. Farmers have saved hay crops by taking heed of rain warnings. Strawberry growers have on numerous occasions protected their young plants from frost.

Crop reports, poultry and cattle markets, these are vital services to many farmers. The files of WLS are chocked with appreciative letters from men who have followed the advice offered by WLS reporters.

Jim Poole, for instance, is a name many a stock-grower swears by. Eight years have passed since he took over a WLS

ke at the Chicago Livestock Exchange. has seen markets hit top and bump bot-n and his twice-daily chats vibrate with vigorous opinions. Some time ago, when ock Yard workers went on strike, the ce soon became glutted with cattle. Jim ole went to bat at his mike and told ery farmer within listening distance that d be a fool to send cattle to a place t had no way of caring for them. Single-nded, he practically stopped cattle ship-nts until the strike was over.

Another strike, in which WLS played a al part, was last year's milk embargo. e Chicago Pure Milk Association chose LS as an official means of contact with hundreds of members. One morning 6:05 a.m., an association official went on air and told his members to withhold their milk from the market. And the strike was on. For six days, this station informed milk strikers on their dairy farms just what was happening at headquarters and in the city. Finally, when the showdown came and the strikers had to be assembled in Chicago within four hours, WLS told them to go immediately to a certain meeting hall. At the appointed time 400 men rolled into Chicago from three states and voted to end the strike.

It is no wonder, is it, that the folk who wrest their living from the soil call WLS their best friend? Ten years is a long test of friendship—WLS celebrated its tenth birthday in April—and WLS men are proud of their record, and proud of their audience. You may be sure they'll never break faith with them.

She Lost Love and Found Fame

(Continued from page 49)

S Betty hurried home that afternoon, she stared through the film of mist on r auto window into the coldness of the y. Her thoughts were far from the nmunity she had known all her life. A usand things ran through her mind. New rk! The very name spelled success. oadcasting over a network! She was eaming—dreaming of the day she would called *a star*. She would succeed! Noth-g could make her happier. But if she led, she at least would have proven to rself that she had had the courage to .

The screeching of brakes aroused her the car came to a stop before the big me Mr. Barthell had provided for his fe and only child. Betty dashed in bbling with enthusiasm.

"This is something you must decide for urself, Betty. Do what you think is best." at was her father's wise advice.

But there was another man who had to consulted. He would be there soon for y had already planned to be together t evening. What would he say? In a tter that meant so much to her, surely would rejoice in this splendid oppor-ity.

Betty watched as he came up the walk. ndsome, charming, he swung up the ps like a young Lancelot. He had been r pal for years; recently, though, that g standing friendship had changed to mething more serious.

HE met him at the door, her story lilt-ing from her lips. "Isn't it glorious. st think, in a few months I'll . . ." But mething was wrong. As she went on plaining, trying desperately to make him derstand, she felt him stiffen.

"You don't like it," she faltered .

He didn't have to answer. She knew at he felt—a wild panic filled her mind—He doesn't want me to leave Nashville. e doesn't want me to do radio work—or y sort of work."

It was a shock to Betty. The man she ved, the man from whom she expected r greatest encouragement was against r; was discouraging her from doing the ry thing she had dreamed of, the thing e could now realize.

He put his arm around her and began to talk. He told her that such a career was not for a girl of her gentle birth. That New York and broadcasting with its gayety and glamour would change her, make her forget their love.

After he left, Betty dropped into a chair, dazed. Later, when she tried to sleep, she found the night only added to the gloom of her thoughts of doubt and the realization that she had to settle the first important problem of her life without the help of any man.

Betty had faith in herself. She was determined to justify that faith. "I'll succeed and then I'll come back and show him I haven't changed," she said to herself.

AS the light of the soft southern moon filled her room, so the light of her reasoning became fuller. "I will go," she decided.

Mr. Seebach of the Columbia Broadcasting System was willing that she come to New York for a two months trial, and then make her final decision. This should make it easier, she said to herself as she went to tell that one man in her life who meant so much, of her decision.

For the next two months, Betty lived in a different world. Her name was written across the skies as a successful Columbia artist. Listeners acclaimed her. Several sponsors, notably Chesterfield, had their eyes on her. And down in Nashville the man she loved was expecting her to give it all up and return to him.

What would you have done, then, when the network offered you an additional contract for one year? You, as did Betty, would perhaps have said to yourself, "I have proven my faith in myself. I will go on."

Betty did just that.

She wrote to the young man in Nashville telling him all about her work. He answered and told her the news of her home. Things seemed to be running smoothly and happily.

Then something happened. A newspaper carried this sentence, "Betty Barthell and Carlyle Stephens (a Columbia announcer), are more than pals." How that New York

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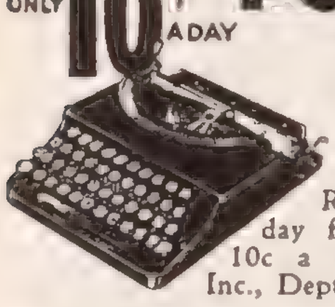

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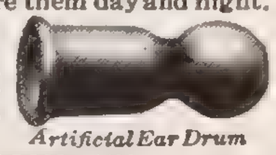

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City.....*State*.....

paper got into the hands of the man in Nashville is still a mystery. But it did.

Of course, it wasn't true. Betty had been seen in the company of this announcer, but that is nothing to create gossip. The real truth of the matter is that Betty was invited to a party. She had no escort. The announcer was invited to the same party and he had no escort. So, the two decided to go together. That was all.

BUT do you think that explanation made any difference to the young man in Nashville? It did not. And Betty did try so hard to make it all clear. This, remember, occurred just four months after Betty had arrived in New York.

It was a tragic and heart-breaking business. One thing led to another. Letters between them became fewer. In September came a startling message from Nashville, "He was married this week to ———"

Their romance was over—dead.

Has she found anything in her new to recompense her for the loss of so m that was precious in the other? Betty never admitted it, but I don't think she ever been happier. Today, she is featu over a big Columbia network every M day, Wednesday and Friday in a progr called "Betty Barthell and her M deers." When a big New York departm store recently decided to sponsor a progr over WOR, Betty was selected to sing w Ferde Grofe's orchestra and Frank Pa er, romantic tenor.

Today, as that exciting, two-month t goes into its third year, there is no do that Betty has proven her faith in her: She said she could be among chang trends without being a part of them. T too, has been demonstrated. Hard w and common sense made it possible.

But as you hear her sing can you h but wonder if she still has love in heart—lost love?

He Turned His Back on Society

(*Continued from page 37*)

the circumstances, he concluded, the best thing to do would be to close the Spalding account, which he did. Then he printed his complete conversation with Papa Spalding in the next issue of the magazine.

The public buzzed with excitement, everyone took sides in the controversy. And upon poor Albert Spalding descended all the bitterness and heat of battle! He was bewildered, ashamed. Everyone was laughing at him, believed he was trying to purchase applause not through his ability, but with the Spalding shekels. He realized his social position was a hindrance in his fight to become a recognized musician. For a fight, he now understood, it would have to be.

Since his father's influence was a handicap, young Lochinvar would ride forth on his own. He'd accept no allowance. He would go where no one could throw his connection in his face. He decided to tour the small towns of Russia.

A third-rate manager on speculation was all he could afford. So he hired one and went barnstorming. Sometimes his fee was twenty-five dollars, some nights it was nothing. He traveled third-class and in cattle cars. Unless you've done it yourself, you can't realize just what it is like. Once he narrowly escaped landing in jail, because his fly-by-night manager refused to pay his accompanist. The police came to his rooming-house, intent on dragging him to jail. What could Spalding do in such a predicament? What would you do?

First he told them to get hold of his manager. They wouldn't listen. Then he appealed to the wild-eyed young accompanist who only grew more furious. Finally, Spalding took from his pockets every nickel he had and turned it over. The accompanist and the police departed.

With courage like his, he was bound to get ahead. The European press began to praise him. He was getting where he wanted. But his family and friends were again to be reckoned with. They refused to be discarded, invitations to pink te dinners, dances deluged him. His fam purchased the gorgeous old palace Talleyrand in Florence, Italy, for a su mer home and his mother entertained tensively. The blue blood of both United States and Europe were guests. How could Albert devote ten fifteen hours a day to his music wh her social crowd were constantly abo

ONE night he stood at the top of long, winding staircase overlooki the reception room. What a foolish, ov dressed bunch, he thought. Lord, th never had an original idea. They'd j sit around and chin for hours. He w wise to them. Those penurious Itali noblemen who flocked around were seeking him because of his perso charm. It was his father's bankroll th interested them, he would make a go match for their daughters and sisters.

Only one girl in all this circle refu to join in the chase and remained elusi She was a beautiful young Hungari countess whom he had met at one of Berlin concerts. It was love at first sig But the girl's father disapproved of marrying a commoner. He whisked home. Albert Spalding was heartbrok

For the next eight years he dodg feminine attention. When finally capitulated in 1919, it was to a childho playmate, Mary Pyle. Mary and he longed to the same social set. A mu cian herself, she understood him. "We just as good friends now," he told me t other day, "as we were before we ma ried fifteen years ago."

YOU'D be amazed to learn of the dev tion this man's violin playing arous in the opposite sex. Many women wr him, begging for a rendezvous. The ma notes he receives would make you blu One famous woman invited him to wh he believed was a formal dinner. It turn out to be a dinner for two. Anoth phones him at all hours of the day a

ght pestering him with her solicitude. this day she arrives, Johnny on the ot, at each of his concerts and always s in the second row. Surely he might ve made a fool of himself except for e little experience. On one of his first urs through Finland, a patroness of usic insisted upon giving him and his ompanist, Andre Benoist, a dinner. They were dead tired and wanted a od night's sleep more than anything e. But she was so inisitent they finally ve in. Groaning, they donned evening thes and drove to the city's swankiest tel. The dinner was excellent. The stess beamed with pleasure and lauded m to the skies. It was the happiest ning in her life; she had never dared e the great Spalding would be her est of honor. He thought nothing of when the hostess took advantage of a y's privilege to leave first. But she n't bothered to pay the check. That le item was reserved for him. He s, "I guess she thought flattering me s sufficient payment for the meal."

When the war came, young Spalding the final something to endear himself the public. In spite of his dad's money and power he enlisted. Nor did he attempt to get an officer's commission, he chose to go across as a private, traveling in steerage. His first job was that of a porter hauling officers' trunks. On merit alone, he rose to become Major LaGuardia's aide at the American flying camp in southern Italy. Here again he demanded no special privileges. Machine gun practice was dangerous and he might lose his fingers, yet he practiced daily with other men. He was plain Al Spalding, an American soldier, doing his bit.

Somehow, when he came back, things were different. Wherever he played, the audience was filled with friends—critics were friends, too. Gone was the strain. His experiences had mellowed his playing and put a new warmth into it. Soon, Al Spalding, wanderer and soldier, knew he had "arrived."

What has his long struggle got him? For one thing, it has brought him self-respect. He knows he has risen above the barriers of petty snobbery. Another thing, it has brought him self-confidence. He has proved his ability to stand on his own two feet, alone. He has made the grade.

Happiness Guaranteed

(*Continued from page 25*)

s. So, he writes, just to relieve his feel- s, "Irma and I were married twenty rs when I deliberately left her. I'm a dle aged man, but she is still twenty rs old, physically, mentally and spiri- lly; she hasn't grown a bit since we t. She has no interest in our home, our ldren or in my business. Now I've picked voman who has brains, and intelligence ugh to live with. One who thinks and s and reasons, not a namby-pamby doll."

seems strange that love, the most recious thing in the world, worth any ount of sacrifice, of forgetting one's le, is given so little consideration by many. There are people foolish enough think they can live happily without it. is not until they face ruin, when they embittered, lonely, desperate, that they ke up. Miss Fairfax has had tons of ers from men and women who have lized, almost too late, that life held no etness for them without love.

Even if love is there, it must be ex- ssed. Men seem to be the chief offenders, e. There was the man who came to Miss Fairfax, puzzled. "How can I e my wife see reason? A man can't romancing all the time. Now we're ried and settled down, can't she for- love-making? After all, she's far from b and if I didn't love her I wouldn't k so hard to make her comfortable."

he difficulty was, as you discovered if listened in on this particular broad- , that the husband was trying to give wife not what she wanted, but what wanted for himself. She was a roman- t, and craved love and attention. He ted wealth. Let him take time off from d work to take his wife out, to shower with the little attentions and flatteries mean more to a woman than any amount of money, advised Miss Fairfax. Let him work a little harder at being the courteous, attentive lover who had wooed and won her.

It has been this lovelorn adviser's experience that more than anything else, human beings crave love. They must have it, no matter how they get it. That is why so many poor, heartbroken girls get themselves into a mess; why so many women, neglected by their husbands, fall in love with other men. Perhaps the most tragic of all cases are those in which a girl falls in love with a married man. Their number is legion.

To all these girls Miss Fairfax gives the same counsel, that it is useless to try to win happiness riding roughshod over the corpse of another woman's love. If a husband has proved stealable, don't kid yourself, some other girl will come along and steal him from you. You'll get a dose of your own medicine in the end. So forget about some other woman's husband, no matter how much he vows he loves you. It's not that you should consider the moral aspect of your right to him, but consider your own well-being. From a purely selfish standpoint, if you would avoid heartache, drop him as you would some dread disease.

IT is not only for advice that people seek Miss Fairfax, often they write for consolation, when it's too late to do anything about their problem. These are the hardest pleas to answer.

Perhaps you wondered why Miss Fairfax devoted so much time to the subject of immortality a few weeks ago. Well, this is why. A woman sent in a letter to her. It began, "There's nothing you can advise me. It is all my fault. Because of the heritage I passed down, knowingly, to my daughter, she lies dead today. I wish to

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heed this warning!

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God I were in her place, my life ended."

The mother felt herself to blame because years before, she had married a notorious criminal, against the advice of her family. She had done it with her eyes open—love seemed to her sufficient justification.

Their child, of course, inherited the father's tendencies. Realizing the least she could do was to provide the tot with a good background to counteract her heritage, the woman left her husband, moved to another city, got a job and made a home for the youngster. In spite of all her efforts, the child seemed headed for trouble. She was sneaky, unreliable, always in difficulties with her classmates and teachers. Then at eighteen, she ran aw with a married man. Shortly after, b were killed in an automobile accident. T mother blamed herself for the girl's wast life. She was driving herself crazy w remorse.

There wasn't much Miss Fairfax co do, she did not have the woman's addre she could not communicate with her except over the air. So she devoted alm half of one broadcast to the subject immortality. She tried to put across t idea that if we have done our best wipe out past mistakes, we have nothing reproach ourselves with. By our efforts have atoned for our weaknesses.

Don Ameche, Radio's Don Juan

(*Continued from page 17*)

again. It may seem insignificant, years later, may even appear silly, but is unforgettable. There is glamor about it that nothing can ever match or erase.

That thrill came to Don Ameche at Madison when he had leads in such plays as "Liliom," "Outward Bound" and "Young Woodley." In these college campus productions he met Bernardine Flynn, who later became an NBC leading lady ("Vic and Sade") and who had much to do, incidentally, with changing the course of his career.

ONE morning the leading man with a stock company playing Madison was injured in an auto accident. The manager of the company turned to the university to find someone who could substitute. Don Ameche got the call at noon. Slated to play the part of the movie star in "Excess Baggage," he was told to be ready at 3 o'clock for a matinee performance.

His biggest thrill and his first paying job! Don played twenty weeks with the company. New York was his next stop. He landed with Fisk O'Hara and played the juvenile lead in "Jerry for Short." Did a turn, too, with Texas Guinan in vaudeville. Texas was presenting the parody on her famous trial and Don did the part of the prosecuting attorney. Then he played the lead in "Illegal Practice" with the Chicago Company.

One day he found himself out of a job, he ran up to Kenosha, a stone's throw up the lake from Chicago, to visit his parents and all the younger Ameches. (It's pronounced as if it were ah-meech-ie with the accent on the second syllable.) Don has three brothers and four sisters.

Neither Don nor Jim had dreamed of a radio career at this time. The "All American" from Hudson High was just starting in at Kenosha High School where he made a brilliant record. He debated, won the state oratorical contest, and in his spare time played tennis.

While there a long distance call came for Don. It was from Bernardine Flynn, Don's dramatic associate at Wisconsin, now with NBC at Chicago.

"Great Northern is having an audition for their new show 'Empire Builders.' I think you're just about what they need for their leading man," she told him.

Don had faced a mike several times in connection with his work on the sta he had plenty of self assurance, but wasn't at all confident that he could m the grade.

When he tried out and was told he been elected you could have pushed over with a leaf. Bernardine was as the leading lady and so the two mer campus players made good together one of the first big national shows o inating in Chicago.

Through the years they have been c friends. Bernardine has married, too. husband is a physician and it was he ushered Don, Jr., into the world a months ago. Today, Bernardine is S of "Vic and Sade," one of the most po lar daytime sketches as is "Betty and B in which Don is featured.

FOR three years now Don has thri millions of listeners with those passi ate declarations from "The Little The Off Times Square," bringing the gla of Broadway to thousands of homes to institutions, hospitals, sanitariums their inmates to whom the drama radio has particular appeal.

The romantic hero of "First Nigh and the newer "Grand Hotel" gets his gest kick out of dialect parts. His favo role was that of the singing Frenchma "Beau Bachelor," something of a Mau Chevalier of the air.

He is the kind of a chap to w you're likely to say, "You ought to b pictures." Don Ameche hopes sec that things will so shape themselves some day he may. When he rece stepped into an entirely new role as m ter of ceremonies on NBC's coast to c "Romantic Melodies," he was surprise get a telegram from Hollywood w read: "Enjoyed your new type of gram very much; particularly uni Congratulations and best wishes.—J Crawford." Those good wishes were tirely spontaneous. Don doesn't k Joan, she doesn't know him, and he no inkling that she would be listening his program.

But no matter what the future holds this idol of the airlanes, it is someth to have said of one at twenty-five: has played almost every conceivable of part on the air for almost every ceivable kind of listener."

Laughing Singer

(*Continued from page 41*)

There's swash-buckling adventure in his blood. Back in '49, his grandfather rode into California in a covered wagon. His father, Sheriff of Kern County, was famous for his two-fisted, quick-trigger daring. Gallant fighters, both of them. And Lawrence Tibbett can fight, too! It doesn't look like fighting because of that smile of his. It looks more like juggling. If he seems to have gotten the things he wants from life, it's because he juggles with the things he gets and spins them around to fit specifications.

He began his juggling at the age of six. That year there was trouble in Bakersfield, the hold-up of a stage-coach and the brutal murder of two of its passengers stirred the citizens. Sheriff Tibbett and a posse traced the gang of bandits to a disreputable Chinese opium den. The bandits barricaded themselves behind a massive door, and refused to open it. Sheriff Tibbett bade his men stand back while he forced an entrance alone. As he battered down the door, a pistol flashed fire. The posse of men stayed to make the arrest, but two of them carried William Tibbett home—dead.

There was a town funeral and a band played Chopin's "Funeral March," the first piece of classical music Lawrence Tibbett ever heard. I have heard him say that today, with years of serious music study behind him, he can never listen to that composition without being carried back to the Main Street of a California town, where as a boy of six he tried to fight back tears and be glad that his father had done a valiant deed.

THE father's death put an end to the happy home life. Mrs. Tibbett was left nearly penniless. Their house had to be sold, and the family separated. Larry, the youngest, was to be sent away to the ranch of an uncle in the Tejon Mountains. Because he was little, and affectionate by nature, he clung to his home and his folks. He would lie awake nights, missing his father and dreading that trip to a wild, strange country, but before his mother, he put on a bold front, and declared he wanted to go. The sooner the better. "Gee, there were cowboys there," he told himself. The purest kind of juggling, that.

When a united home was possible again, young Lawrence was sent to the Manual Arts High School, in Los Angeles, and there it was that he went back to that first love of his, the footlights. He had no notion of singing, he wanted to act. During the long vacations, when he sold newspapers, and worked as a printer's devil in a newspaper office, and picked fruit in the orchards, he would memorize parts from Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw, and study acting of the movies. Finally, he talked himself into a tiny job in a touring stock company, but it didn't last long.

After months of job hunting, the only thing that presented itself was an opening to sing with a light opera. And he took it. He didn't especially want to sing, but when you need a job, you take whatever comes your way. You had to do "somepin." The more he wanted to act, the more singing offers he received. Managers discovered that he had a voice. Once he sang in a motion picture house, next he got an engagement to sing in the weekly musicale of a hotel, a definite step upward. Then one day something happened.

When the concert was over, a gentleman came up to Tibbett. He was well-dressed, suave, cosmopolitan. The waxed moustaches and the heavy eye-glasses looked familiar, but Tibbett just couldn't place him.

"You have a glorious voice," said the gentleman. "You are extremely talented. You ought to go to New York and study for bigger things. If I can be of help to you there, look me up." He handed him his card. It read Emilio de Gogorza!

THEN Tibbett knew why he had looked so familiar. Concert announcements! Phonograph record catalogues! At that time, Gogorza was perhaps the most celebrated concert baritone in the country. And this man had looked him up to tell him how gifted he was; to advise him to go to New York and study for bigger things. Anything seemed possible!

But how, Tibbett asked himself? Not one cent did he have. For a whole year the exciting prospect of going to New York danced before his eyes, and he did some tall financial juggling to scrape together the ways and means for railroad fare and a start. Then, at the end of a year of nearly impossible economies, the great goal seemed just as far away as it had from the first. So he juggled again. He gambled with the future and borrowed on his life insurance to get his chance. The pioneer spirit of Grandfather Tibbett spoke to him. Gallantly the older man had gone west in search of fortune. With his head set just as high, his grandson went east.

New York and hard work. No studio parties. Nothing like a small-town boy's dreams of the Gay White Way. There was a small apartment with no sunlight. There was a tiny upright piano with a stack of music. And there were endless amounts to be learned. People who remember Tibbett from those days recall a big fellow, gay enough but rather shy. He never went in for "arty" crowds. Didn't he like fun? Yes, he liked fun first-rate, but the kind of fun he could understand, the outer fringe of Bohemia frightened him. He sang in a church choir to earn his living and after services he went off on long hikes into the country.

During that first winter in New York, he made his first metropolitan appearance, singing as soloist with the Westminster Glee Club. Reviews of that concert reveal the fact that though the critics were present, they treated this unknown young newcomer simply as an unknown young newcomer. But during that same season Tibbett secured an audition with the great Metropolitan Opera Company. And the rest is history.

IN one night, the unknown young westerner was accorded the most sensational ovation ever witnessed at the famous "Met." He stopped the show for twenty minutes.

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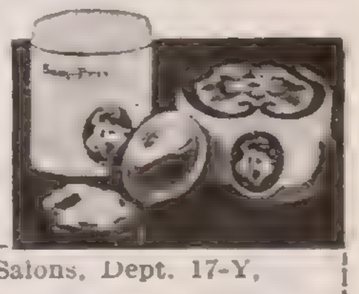

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because she is beautiful. But only a short time ago she was skinny and showed her bones instead of healthy, smooth flesh. She was pale, too. But she took "Valitone Bonbons," Dr. A. Gallinger's prescription. By eating these tasty bonbons the weight may be increased within a few weeks from 5 to 15 pounds. The unsightly bones that show on the cheeks and shoulders should become beautifully covered, the flat chest develop, skinny limbs become beautifully rounded, and the body weight increased by many pounds of firm flesh, evenly distributed. She is no longer tired and sickly and within a few weeks her former skinny looks have given way to a beautiful, healthy appearance. If you really want to add many pounds of solid weight on your bones, increase your stamina and nerve force, send for free information to
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Free Screen and Talkie Test thru my home-study Physical Culture Course. What training has done for me and many other picture stars it can do for YOU. Send NOW for FREE booklet. Give name, age and address for particulars. **Joe Bonomo, 230-K Bonomo Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.**

He walked out on that famous stage as a singer of small parts and walked off a star. By morning every paper in the country carried headlines about this straight, square, un-Bohemian American boy who had captured New York, not by press-agent publicity, but by the sheer glory of his voice and his art. He was twenty-eight years old, he had never set foot on European soil, and he was suddenly the most glamorous figure in the world's greatest opera house, where the unwritten law was understood to be "No Americans Need Apply."

Yet, he's the same jolly, rollicking Larry Tibbett, who manages to find the funny side of things. Never has he tolerated any attempts to Italianize his name. Once he entered a New York phonograph shop, and asked for a record of his own making.

"There is no such record," said the girl at the counter.

"I'm sure there is," he insisted. Perhaps you could order it for me?" The girl consulted a catalogue.

"I tell you, sir, there is no such record. We have only one disc of that song by the great baritone Tee-bay."

"Tee-bay? That's not the way to say it," Lawrence told her. "It's plain Tibbett."

"We always say Tee-bay, sir!"

Tibbett grinned. "What will you bet you're wrong?" The girl looked at him haughtily. And then Tibbett produced his card.

The fun in his nature has induced Tibbett to juggle even his own popularity. In California, he once had the idea of testing how much praise came to him because of his reputation and how much was due sheerly to his merit. Dressing himself in old clothes and with a slouch hat over his eyes, he walked into a wayside roadhouse and asked for a job in the cabaret. The proprietor looked him over and didn't seem too much impressed.

"We generally prefer girls," he said.

"Well, it's too late to change that now. Give me a chance." Grudgingly, the man indicated a piano over in the corner.

He could sing if he liked. Tibbett sang "On The Road To Mandalay." The proprietor looked up from his ledgers. "Not so bad. You can come on for Saturday night. I pay five dollars."

On Saturday night, Tibbett appeared, disguised again. He sang ballads, to the unmistakeable delight of the cafe's patrons, and got his five dollars. During the week, the proprietor sent for him; there was a demand for him; he could come back again the following Saturday. Tibbett said he'd try to. Then, when the time came, he drove over to the roadhouse in his own clothes and his own car and had his chauffeur give the bewildered proprietor a large, flat package. Inside it was the crumpled five-dollar bill fastened to an autographed photograph of Lawrence Tibbett.

Another time this sense of humor stood him in good stead on a motor trip through the California woods. Engine trouble developed and nightfall found him still deep in the forest, far from shelter. As he pushed forward, on foot, in search of a place to spend the night, a heavy storm broke. At last, through the downpour he spied a rude mountain shack. He knocked eagerly; then, as the door opened a crack, he heard the welcome sound of a phonograph playing a record of his own. The shack's owner seemed dubious about admitting a husky-looking stranger at that hour of the night. Leaving Tibbett outside in the pelting rain, he asked, through the door, who he was and what he wanted there.

"I want to come in out of the storm. My name's Tibbett—the man who made that record you're playing."

"Oh, yeah?" came the rejoiner. "I thought maybe you wuz the Prince of Wales! If you're Tibbett, stranger, you gotta prove it."

"O. K.," said Tibbett. And in the deluge of chilling rain, he lifted his golden voice and finished the record in person.

"Lawd A'mighty!" cried the man. "I guess you're the guy. Come on in!"

AT thirty-seven, and at the height of a glorious career, Lawrence Tibbett represents more than merely a successful performer. He has achieved the best kind of success—human success. He meets life with a smile and laughs outright at trouble. The reason why his life reads like a swashbuckling romance of adventure is because he has made it that way. Good things haven't come to him any more easily than they do to most people. He's had his share of struggles and disappointments and worries. But when shadows appear, he snaps his fingers and begins to juggle. And then the shadows fade and the bright side comes up, and the people who observe him wag their heads and say, "He's a lucky guy!"

And so he is, not because of the glamorous things that have come to him, but because of that juggling imp deep down inside of him, who laughs at hardships and makes life turn out exactly the way he wants it. That's Laughing Singer.

We'll Tell the World

(*Continued from page 59*)

Q. There have been reports circulated that Lanny Ross intends to marry Olive White, his personal representative. Is that so?

A. Well, all I've got to say is that the circulation's terrible. Nothing to it.

Q. Hi, Unkie, whaddye know? We mean about June Meredith, that lu-huvely star of the "First Nighter" dramas.

A. Puh-lenty. I mean about her biography and stuff. Like for instance her real name is Mary Katherine Meredith. Guess the June kind of got there on account of she was born in Chicago June 8th, 1906. She's five feet five and a half inches and weighs nine stone, ten pounds if she weighs an ounce. Oh, figure it out for yourself. Anyhow, she has brown hair and brown eyes. She's not married. And what's more she is not engaged and she doesn't discriminate about types of men, if you're interested, which I imagine some of you are.

WHO WAS THIS GIRL?

Expensively dressed, but crossing the continent in a day coach, her fifty-dollar purse empty one day and filled with money the next. What was it all about?

This month's novelette, "The Adorable Little Liar," will hold you spellbound. You will thrill to every word when you learn the real identity of this amazing girl and the real reason for her mad cross-country dash.

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30x4.50-21	2.40	0.85
28x4.75-19	2.45	0.95
29x4.75-20	2.50	0.95
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35

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Size	Tires	Tubes
6.00-20	$3.75	$1.65
7.00-20	5.95	2.95
7.50-20	6.95	8.75

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Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$2.25	$0.65
30x3½	2.35	0.75
31x4	2.95	0.85
32x4	2.95	0.85
33x4	2.95	0.85
32x4½	3.35	1.15
33x4½	3.45	1.15
34x4½	3.45	1.15
30x5	3.65	1.35
33x5	3.75	1.45

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30x5	$4.25	$1.95
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Food Fit for Kings of the Air

(Continued from page 64)

CURRY OF CHICKEN—BOMBAY STYLE

1½ cups shredded cooked chicken
1 cup chicken broth
4 tablespoons butter
½ cup chopped apple
1 teaspoon chopped onion
1 tablespoon shredded cocoanut
¼ teaspoon English mustard
1 tablespoon curry powder
1 heaping teaspoon flour
3 tablespoons heavy cream
Salt to taste

Melt butter, add apple and onion, cook 3 minutes. Add cocoanut, mustard, curry powder and flour. Mix and cook 3 minutes, stir constantly. Add the chicken broth and continue to stir. When boiling add chicken. Cover pan with lid and simmer over a very low fire for 10 minutes. Stir occasionally to avoid burning. After 10 minutes cooking add the cream, salt to taste and serve immediately in hot little dishes or pattie shells. Serves 6.

Jack Denny's other favorite recipes are yours for the asking; simply fill in the coupon below and mail it to the Recipe Department of RADIO STARS.

Salted bread sticks and little cheese eggs—no doubt called that because they have nothing to do with eggs—were served with the salad. You'll find the recipe in this month's folder of Jack Denny's favorite summertime salads.

For desert there was Creme d'Amour. This is neither pie nor cake, but a perfectly grand cross between both. It's called Cream of Love because, according to the chef who originated it, it's responsible for as many marriages as the Justice of Peace or the minister.

Crême d'Amour

17 graham crackers, pulverize. Should make 1½ cups.
Add ½ cup melted butter
Add ⅓ cup granulated sugar

Mix all together. Line pie tin with mixture, leaving 1 tablespoon to sprinkle over top of filling. Bake in a moderate oven for 10 minutes.

Filling:
2 cups milk

(Continued on page 100)

JACK DENNY'S SALAD RECIPES

RADIO STARS RECIPE DEPARTMENT
RADIO STARS Magazine,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y

Please send me JACK DENNY'S Salad Recipes.

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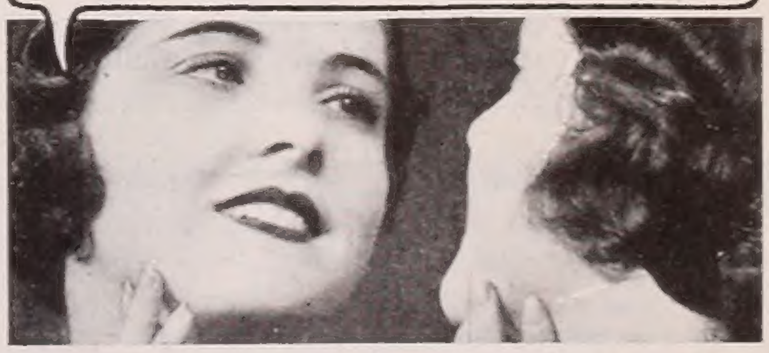

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Nadinola Bleaching Cream

(*Continued from page 99*)

⅓ cup granulated sugar
3 egg yolks
5 level teaspoons cornstarch
1 tablespoon butter
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
¼ teaspoon almond extract

Put the cornstarch into the top of a double boiler. On it pour the milk, a little at a time, stir until cornstarch is dissolved, then add rest of milk. Beat the yolks of eggs until light and creamy, to them add the sugar and salt, beat slightly and pour into the milk mixture. Stir all together. Add butter. Place double boiler over fire. Stirring the mixture constantly, cook until very thick. Remove from fire. Stir in the vanilla and almond extract. Pour into the crust made of graham crackers and bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Beat the 3 whites of eggs until stiff enough to stand alone. Add to them the tablespoon of graham cracker mixture you have left. Spread this meringue over top of pie and brown in oven. Serve hot or chilled.

During the meal we discussed salads, Jack's favorite food topic.

"There are certain basic and important rules, you know," he declared.

"First, thoroughly chill the vegetables, or fruit, if it's to be fruit salad, the salad bowl, forks, spoons, cups, and whatever implements you use to make it. And finally the dishes in which it's served.

"Vegetables should be washed and wrapped in a damp towel or vegetable bag and placed in the ice box. Simply wash fruit very carefully before putting it away.

"Second, always imagine how the salad is going to taste, how it is going to look—the color combination in other words, and how it will *feel* in your mouth, that is, you should consider the texture of the various ingredients. By all means, use colorful and dainty serving dishes and be sure they're icy cold.

"Third, make the salad as quickly as possible and serve immediately. If this is not possible, replace in the refrigerator until ready to use. But a warning—if the salad contains greens, they will become brown and droopy from the low temperature if left in the box for any length of time.

"You can make numerous salads with cooked vegetables (included in the folder) as well as with raw," Jack went on, "and there are so many delicious fruit combinations and amusing and attractive ways of serving, too. The vegetables and greens can be piled into chilled cucumber boats, which are made by splitting the cucumber longways and hollowing out the center, which may be used in the salad.

"Then, you know the old tricks of cutting a hole just big enough to admit a spoon in the top of an orange, scooping out the inside and refilling with a fruit concoction. Or make orange baskets by cutting around the orange and allowing a half inch strip to go over the top for the handles. You can also cut the top from a rosy apple, remove the pulp and so have another container for fruit. Serve these all in nests of crisp green lettuce."

Excellent fruit combinations are pineapple, orange, banana, apple and cherries. If some of the cherries are chopped up, the numerous sparks of red are very decorative. Layers of orange, cocoanut and whipped cream simply melt in your mouth. And don't forget that sections of grapefruit can be added to almost any fruit combination to improve flavor. Also it's exceedingly refreshing. Peaches and apples or peaches and pears are good, or try pears and watermelon, or canteloupe and orange.

Serve fruits with whipped cream sweetened with powdered sugar to taste, or with mayonnaise to which is added one-third part whipped cream. A few drops of either lemon or lime juice adds a pleasant tartness. If you like honey, try one-third honey to two-thirds mayonnaise. If you cannot get heavy whipping cream, a stiffly beaten egg white added to the whipped cream will make it much stiffer.

An attractive salad is made by piling halves of peaches or pears with whipped cream, in which you've mixed finely chopped crystalized ginger and nuts—walnuts, almonds and pecans, preferably— Or omit the whipped cream, nuts and ginger, and fill the centers with cream cheese and nuts. Garnish with bits of pimiento.

You can invent innumerable vegetable and fruit combinations if you begin to think about them. But first, as Jack Denny said, decide how they will taste, how gay you can make them, and lastly, how they will feel in your mouth. His recipes will give your imagination a head start, so send in for them today.

Strictly Confidential

(*Continued from page 23*)

be a song writer. And when he became proficient at that he quit to direct an orchestra.

BOSTON, long hidebound in the matter of books and the arts, is getting fussy about radio, too. When Bob Becker, the Frank Buck of the mid-continent, recently dedicated one of his dog shows to a discussion of housebreaking the purp, the bean city outlet refused to let it go on the air. The sponsors dropped the station on future broadcasts. Incidentally, this broadcast, which was handled with gloves, brought a record mail response. Poodles need to know about parlor proprieties and plenty of persons are grateful for tips.

PAUL WHITEMAN is made the defendant in a suit filed by Al Zugsmith who asks $250,000 judgment from the popular band master. Zugsmith, a former press agent for Whiteman, charges that the book "Whiteman's Burden" was his idea and that most of it was his work. You'll remember "Whiteman's Burden" is the book which tells all about Paul's reducing from a great big fat man to just a plain fat man.

BETTY BOOP is New York's leading artist at the moment. Helen Kane, who claims to be the original boop-a-dooper, is peeved that the Betty Boop movie cartoons are such a success and she's not getting any money out of them. So she booped herself to court, sued Max Fleischer, who pulls Betty out of an inkwell, and Paramount-Publix, which shows her capers, for the tidy sum of $250,000, claiming that the cartoon idea was stolen from her work and that, as a result, she has lost the chances of making a lot of those things called dollars.

The trial was a stupendous success, as show people would say. Fleischer hauled Mae Questel, Bonnie Poe and Marge Hines into court to show the nice judgey-wuggy that these three girls were the ones who did the booping for his cartoons and that none of them were like Helen Kane.

Court moved for a time to the Paramount Theatre to see some movies and let the boops decide. The whole trial of boop vs. boop was a huge success as far as laughs for the public was concerned, even though the court was a little dizzy with all the baby talk. The decision is as yet unknown.

ROGER WOLFE KAHN, a network bandsman some years ago who is slated to return to the air again soon, recently inherited $150,000 in addition to a quarter of the personal effects and residue of the estate of his famous father, Otto H. Kahn, business magnate and patron of the arts, who died in April.

AT last, after nine years of courtship, George Jessell, the CBS comedian, and Norma Talmadge, ex-movie queen, are hitched. It all happened April 23, in Atlantic City, N. J., with Mayor Harry Bacharach performing the ceremony. Jessell, 36, and Norma, 38, plan to honeymoon in Italy. So, if you don't hear George on the air, that's why. Norma just got a Mexican divorce from Joseph Schenck, movie executive, a few weeks before, and came to New York shortly after to make Georgie very happy.

She who values love, tenderness and sympathy above all things has sacrificed them for a career. Today, Rosa Ponselle, famous dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera and of radio, would trade her fame and glory for those things which are every woman's right. Her story will appear in the August issue of RADIO STARS, on sale July 1st.

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